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A ROMAN SINGER.

XI.

EARLY in the morning after Nino's visit to Signor Benoni, De Pretis came to my house, wringing his hands and making a great trouble and noise. I had not yet seen Nino, who was sound asleep, though I could not imagine why he did not wake. But De Pretis was in such a temper that he shook the room and everything in it, as he stamped about the brick floor. It was not long before he had told me the cause of his trouble. He had just received a formal note from the Graf von Lira, inclosing the amount due to him for lessons, and dispensing with his services for the future.

Of course this was the result of the visit Nino had so rashly made; it all came out afterwards, and I will not now go through the details that De Pretis poured out, when we only half knew the truth. The count's servant who admitted Nino had pocketed the five francs as quietly as you please; and the moment the count returned he told him how Nino had come and had stayed three quarters of an hour, just as if it were an every-day affair. The count, being a proud old man, did not encourage him to make further confidences, but sent him about his business. He determined to make a prisoner of his daughter until he could remove her from

Rome. He accordingly confined her in the little suite of apartments that were her own, and set an old soldier, whom he had brought from Germany as a body-servant, to keep watch at the outer door. He did not condescend to explain even to Hedwig the cause of his conduct, and she, poor girl, was as proud as he, and would not ask why she was shut up, lest the answer should be a storm of abuse against Nino. She cared not at all how her father had found out her secret, so long as he knew it, and she guessed that submission would be the best policy.

Meanwhile, active preparations were made for an immediate departure. The count informed his friends that he was going to pass Lent in Paris, on account of his daughter's health, which was very poor, and in two days everything was ready. They would leave on the following morning. In the evening the count entered his daughter's apartments, after causing himself to be formally announced by a servant, and briefly informed her that they would start for Paris on the following morning. Her maid had been engaged in the mean time in packing her effects, not knowing whither her mistress was going. Hedwig received the announcement in silence, but her father saw that she was deadly white and her eyes heavy from weeping. I have anticipated this much

to make things clearer. It was on the first morning of Hedwig's confinement that De Pretis came to our house.

Nino was soon waked by the maestro's noise, and came to the door of his chamber, which opens into the little sitting-room, to inquire what the matter might be. Nino asked if the maestro were peddling cabbages, that he should scream so loudly.

"Cabbages, indeed! cabbage yourself, silly boy!" cried Ercole, shaking his fist at Nino's head, just visible through the crack of the door. "A pretty mess you have made, with your ridiculous love affair! Here am I"—

"I see you are," retorted Nino; "and do not call any affair of mine ridiculous, or I will throw you out of the window. Wait a moment!" With that he slammed his door in the maestro's face, and went on with his dressing. For a few minutes De Pretis raved at his ease, venting his wrath on me. Then Nino came out.

"Now, then," said he, preparing for a tussle, "what is the matter, my dear maestro?" But Ercole had expended most of his fury already.

"The matter!" he grumbled. "The matter is that I have lost an excellent pupil through you. Count Lira says he does not require my services any longer, and the man who brought the note says they are going away."

"Diavolo!" said Nino, running his fingers through his curly black hair, "it is indeed serious. Where are they going?"

"How should I know?" asked De Pretis angrily. "I care much more about losing the lesson than about where they are going. I shall not follow them, I promise you. I cannot take the basilica of St. Peter about with me in my pocket, can I?"

And so he was angry at first, and at length he was pacified, and finally he advised Nino to discover immediately where the count and his daughter were

going; and, if it were to any great capital, to endeavor to make a contract to sing there. Lent came early that year, and Nino was free at the end of Carnival,—not many days longer to wait. This was the plan that had instantly formed itself in Nino's brain. De Pretis is really a most obliging man, but one cannot wonder that he should be annoyed at the result of Nino's four months' courtship under such great difficulties, when it seemed that all their efforts had led only to the sudden departure of his lady-love. As for me, I advised Nino to let the whole matter drop then and there. I told him he would soon get over his foolish passion, and that a statue like Hedwig could never suffer anything, since she could never feel. But he glared at me, and did as he liked, just as he always has done.

The message on the handkerchief that Nino had received the night before warned him to keep away from the Palazzo Carmandola. Nino reflected that this warning was probably due to Hedwig's anxiety for his personal safety, and he resolved to risk anything rather than remain in ignorance of her destination. It must be a case of giving some signal. But this evening he had to sing at the theatre, and therefore, without more ado, he left us and went to bed again, where he stayed until twelve o'clock. Then he went to rehearsal, arriving an hour behind time, at least, a matter which he treated with the coolest indifference. After that he got a pound of small shot, and amused himself with throwing a few at a time at the kitchen window from the little court at the back of our house, where the well is. It seemed a strangely childish amusement for a great singer.

Having sung successfully through his opera that night, he had supper with us, as usual, and then went out. Of course he told me afterwards what he did. He went to his old post under the windows of the Palazzo Carmandola, and as soon

as all was dark he began to throw small shot up at Hedwig's window. He now profited by his practice in the afternoon, for he made the panes rattle with the little bits of lead, several times. At last he was rewarded. Very slowly the window opened, and Hedwig's voice spoke in a low tone :—

"Is it you?"

"Ah, dear one! Can you ask?" began Nino.

"Hush! I am still locked up. We are going away, — I cannot tell where."

"When, dearest love?"

"I cannot tell. What *shall* we do?" very tearfully.

"I will follow you immediately; only let me know when and where."

"If you do not hear by some other means, come here to-morrow night. I hear steps. Go at once."

"Good-night, dearest," he murmured; but the window was already closed, and the fresh breeze that springs up after one o'clock blew from the air the remembrance of the loving speech that had passed upon it.

On the following night he was at his post, and again threw the shot against the pane for a signal. After a long time Hedwig opened the window very cautiously.

"Quick!" she whispered down to him, "go! They are all awake," and she dropped something heavy and white. Perhaps she added some word, but Nino would not tell me, and never would read me the letter. But it contained the news that Hedwig and her father were to leave Rome for Paris on the following morning; and ever since that night Nino has worn upon his little finger a plain gold ring, — I cannot tell why, and he says he found it.

The next day he ascertained from the porter of the Palazzo Carmandola that the count and contessina, with their servants, had actually left Rome that morning for Paris. From that moment he was sad as death, and went about his

business heavily, being possessed of but one idea, namely, to sign an engagement to sing in Paris as soon as possible. In that wicked city the opera continues through Lent, and after some haggling, in which De Pretis insisted on obtaining for Nino the most advantageous terms, the contract was made out and signed.

I see very well that unless I hurry myself I shall never reach the most important part of this story, which is after all the only part worth telling. I am sure I do not know how I can ever tell it so quickly, but I will do my best, and you must have a little patience; for though I am not old, I am not young, and Nino's departure for Paris was a great shock to me, so that I do not like to remember it, and the very thought of it sickens me. If you have ever had any education, you must have seen an experiment in which a mouse is put in a glass jar, and all the air is drawn away with a pump, so that the poor little beast languishes and rolls pitifully on its side, gasping and wheezing with its tiny lungs for the least whiff of air. That is just how I felt when Nino went away. It seemed as though I could not breathe in the house or in the streets, and the little rooms at home were so quiet that one might hear a pin fall, and the cat purring through the closed doors. Nino left at the beginning of the last ten days of Carnival, when the opera closed, so that it was soon Lent; and everything is quieter then.

But before he left us there was noise enough and bustle of preparation, and I did not think I should miss him; for he always was making music, or walking about, or doing something to disturb me, just at the very moment when I was most busy with my books. Mariuccia, indeed, would ask me from time to time what I should do when Nino was gone, as if she could foretell what I was to feel. I suppose she knew I was used to him, after fourteen years of

it, and would be inclined to black humors for want of his voice. But she could not know just what Nino is to me, nor how I look on him as my own boy. These peasants are quick-witted and foolish; they guess a great many things better than I could, and then reason on them like idiots.

Nino himself was glad to go. I could see his face grow brighter as the time approached; and though he appeared to be more successful than ever in his singing, I am sure that he cared nothing for the applause he got, and thought only of singing as well as he could for the love of it. But when it came to the parting we were left alone.

"Messer Cornelio," he said, looking at me affectionately, "I have something to say to you to-night, before I go away."

"Speak, then, my dear boy," I answered, "for no one hears us."

"You have been very good to me. A father could not have loved me better, and such a father as I had could not have done a thousandth part what you have done for me. I am going out into the world for a time, but my home is here, — or rather, where my home is will always be yours. You have been my father, and I will be your son; and it is time you should give up your professorship. No, not that you are at all old; I do not mean that."

"No, indeed," said I, "I should think not."

"It would be much more proper if you retired into an elegant leisure, so that you might write as many books as you desire, without wearing yourself out in teaching those students every day. Would you not like to go back to Serveti?"

"Serveti! — ah, beautiful, lost Serveti, with its castle and good vinelands!"

"You shall have it again before long, my father," he said. He had never called me father before, the dear boy! I suppose it was because he was going away.

But Serveti again! The thing was impossible, and I said so.

"It is not impossible," he answered placidly. "Successful singers make enough money in a year to buy Serveti. A year is soon passed. But now let us go to the station, or I shall not be in time for the train."

"God bless you, Nino mio," I said as I saw him off. It seemed to me that I saw two or three Ninos. But the train rolled away and took them all from me, — the ragged little child who first came to me, the strong-limbed, dark-eyed boy with his scales and trills and enthusiasm, and the full-grown man with the face like the great emperor, mightily triumphing in his art and daring in his love. They were all gone in a moment, and I was left alone on the platform of the station, a very sorrowful and weak old man. Well, I will not think about that day.

The first I heard of Nino was by a letter he wrote me from Paris, a fortnight after he had left me. It was characteristic of him, being full of eager questions about home and De Pretis and Mariuccia and Rome. Two things struck me in his writing. In the first place, he made no mention of the count or Hedwig, which led me to suppose that he was recovering from his passion, as boys do when they travel. And secondly, he had so much to say about me that he forgot all about his engagement, and never even mentioned the theatre. On looking carefully through the letter again, I found he had written across the top the words "Rehearsals satisfactory." That was all.

It was not long after the letter came, however, that I was very much frightened by receiving a telegram, which must have cost several francs to send all that distance. By this he told me that he had no clue to the whereabouts of the Liras, and he implored me to make inquiries and discover where they had gone. He added that he had appeared

in Faust successfully. Of course he would succeed. If a singer can please the Romans, he can please anybody. But it seemed to me that if he had received a very especially flattering reception he would have said so. I went to see De Pretis, whom I found at home over his dinner. We put our heads together and debated how we might discover the Paris address of the Graf von Lira. In a great city like that it was no wonder Nino could not find them; but De Pretis hoped that some of his pupils might be in correspondence with the contessina, and would be willing to give the requisite directions for reaching her. But days passed, and a letter came from Nino written immediately after sending the telegram, and still we had accomplished nothing. The letter merely amplified the telegraphic message.

"It is no use," I said to De Pretis. "And besides, it is much better that he should forget all about it."

"You do not know that boy," said the maestro, taking snuff. And he was quite right, as it turned out.

Suddenly Nino wrote from London. He had made an arrangement, he said, by which he was allowed to sing there for three nights only. The two managers had settled it between them, being friends. He wrote very despondently, saying that although he had been far more fortunate in his appearances than he had expected, he was in despair at not having found the contessina, and had accepted the arrangement which took him to London because he had hopes of finding her there. On the day which brought me this letter I had a visitor. Nino had been gone nearly a month. It was in the afternoon, towards sunset, and I was sitting in the old green armchair watching the goldfinch in his cage, and thinking sadly of the poor dear baroness, and of my boy, and of many things. The bell rang, and Mariuccia brought me a card in

her thick fingers which were black from peeling potatoes, so that the mark of her thumb came off on the white pasteboard. The name on the card was "Baron Ahasuerus Benoni," and there was no address. I told her to show the signore into the sitting-room, and he was not long in coming. I immediately recognized the man Nino had described, with his unearthly freshness of complexion, his eagle nose, and his snow-white hair. I rose to greet him.

"Signor Grandi," he said, "I trust you will pardon my intrusion. I am much interested in your boy, the great tenor."

"Sir," I replied, "the visit of a gentleman is never an intrusion. Permit me to offer you a chair." He sat down, and crossed one thin leg over the other. He was dressed in the height of the fashion; he wore patent-leather shoes, and carried a light ebony cane with a silver head. His hat was perfectly new, and so smoothly brushed that it reflected a circular image of the objects in the room. But he had a certain dignity that saved his foppery from seeming ridiculous.

"You are very kind," he answered. "Perhaps you would like to hear some news of Signor Cardegna, — your boy, for he is nothing else."

"Indeed," I said, "I should be very glad. Has he written to you, baron?"

"Oh, no! We are not intimate enough for that. But I ran on to Paris the other day, and heard him three or four times, and had him to supper at Bignon's. He is a great genius, your boy, and has won all hearts."

"That is a compliment of weight from so distinguished a musician as yourself," I answered; for, as you know, Nino had told me all about his playing. Indeed, the description was his, which is the reason why it is so enthusiastic.

"Yes," said Benoni, "I am a great traveler, and often go to Paris for a day or two. I know every one there. Car-

degna had a perfect ovation. All the women sent him flowers, and all the men asked him to dinner."

"Pardon my curiosity," I interrupted, "but as you know every one in Paris, could you inform me whether Count von Lira and his daughter are there at present? He is a retired Prussian officer." Benoni stretched out one of his long arms and ran his fingers along the keys of the piano without striking them. He could just reach so far from where he sat. He gave no sign of intelligence, and I felt sure that Nino had not questioned him.

"I know them very well," he said presently, "but I thought they were here."

"No, they left suddenly for Paris, a month ago."

"I can very easily find out for you," said Benoni, his bright eyes turning on me with a searching look. "I can find out from Lira's banker, who is probably also mine. What is the matter with that young man? He is as sad as Don Quixote."

"Nino? He is probably in love," I said, rather indiscreetly.

"In love? Then of course he is in love with *Mademoiselle de Lira*, and has gone to Paris to find her, and cannot. That is why you ask me." I was so much astonished at the quickness of his guesswork that I stared, open-mouthed.

"He must have told you!" I exclaimed at last.

"Nothing of the kind. In the course of a long life I have learned to put two and two together, that is all. He is in love, he is your boy, and you are looking for a certain young lady. It is as clear as day." But in reality he had guessed the secret long before.

"Very well," said I humbly, but doubting him, all the same, "I can only admire your perspicacity. But I would be greatly obliged if you would find out where they are, those good people. You

seem to be a friend of my boy's, baron. Help him, and he will be grateful to you. It is not such a very terrible thing that a great artist should love a noble's daughter, after all, though I used to think so." Benoni laughed, that strange laugh which Nino had described, — a laugh that seemed to belong to another age.

"You amuse me with your prejudices about nobility," he said, and his brown eyes flashed and twinkled again. "The idea of talking about nobility in this age! You might as well talk of the domestic economy of the Garden of Eden."

"But you are yourself a noble — a baron," I objected.

"Oh, I am anything you please," said Benoni. "Some idiot made a baron of me, the other day, because I lent him money and he could not pay it. But I have some right to it, after all, for I am a Jew. The only real nobles are Welshmen and Jews. You cannot call anything so ridiculously recent as the European upper classes a nobility. Now I go straight back to the creation of the world, like all my countrymen. The Hibernians get a factitious reputation for antiquity by saying that Eve married an Irishman after Adam died, and that is about as much claim as your European nobles have to respectability. Bah! I know their beginnings, — very small indeed."

"You, also, seem to have strong prejudices on the subject," said I, not wishing to contradict a guest in my house.

"So strong that it amounts to having no prejudices at all. Your boy wants to marry a noble damsel. In Heaven's name, let him do it. Let us manage it amongst us. Love is a grand thing. I have loved several women all their lives. Do not look surprised. I am a very old man; they have all died, and at present I am not in love with anybody. I suppose it cannot last long, however. I loved a woman once on a

time" — Benoni paused. He seemed to be on the verge of a soliloquy, and his strange, bright face, which seemed illuminated always with a deathless vitality, became dreamy and looked older. But he recollected himself, and rose to go. His eye caught sight of the guitar that hung on the wall.

"Ah," he cried suddenly, "music is better than love, for it lasts; let us make music." He dropped his hat and stick and seized the instrument. In an instant it was tuned, and he began to perform the most extraordinary feats of agility with his fingers that I ever beheld. Some of it was very beautiful, and some of it very sad and wild, but I understood Nino's enthusiasm. I could have listened to the old guitar in his hands for hours together, — I, who care little for music; and I watched his face. He stalked about the room with the thing in his hands, in a sort of wild frenzy of execution. His features grew ashy pale, and his smooth white hair stood out wildly from his head. He looked, then, more than a hundred years old, and there was a sadness and a horror about him that would have made the stones cry aloud for pity. I could not believe he was the same man. At last he was tired, and stopped.

"You are a great artist, baron," I said. "Your music seems to affect you much."

"Ah, yes, it makes me feel like other men, for the time," said he, in a low voice. "Did you know that Paganini always practiced on the guitar? It is true. Well, I will find out about the Liras for you in a day or two, before I leave Rome again."

I thanked him, and he took his leave.

XII.

Benoni had made an impression on me that nothing could efface. His tall, thin figure and bright eyes got into my

dreams and haunted me, so that I thought my nerves were affected. For several days I could think of nothing else, and at last had myself bled, and took some cooling barley water, and gave up eating salad at night, but without any perceptible effect.

Nino wrote often, and seemed very much excited about the disappearance of the contessina, but what could I do? I asked every one I knew, and nobody had heard of them, so that at last I quite gave it over, and wrote to tell him so. A week passed, then a fortnight, and I had heard nothing from Benoni. Nino wrote again, inclosing a letter addressed to the Contessina di Lira, which he implored me to convey to her, if I loved him. He said he was certain that she had never left Italy. Some instinct seemed to tell him so, and she was evidently in neither London nor Paris, for he had made every inquiry, and had even been to the police about it. Two days after this, Benoni came. He looked exactly as he did the first time I saw him.

"I have news," he said briefly, and sat down in the armchair, striking the dust from his boot with his little cane.

"News of the Graf?" I inquired.

"Yes. I have found out something. They never left Italy at all, it seems. I am rather mystified, and I hate mystification. The old man is a fool; all old men are fools, excepting myself. Will you smoke? No? Allow me, then. It is a modern invention, but a very good one." He lit a cigarette. "I wish your Liras were in Tophet," he continued, presently. "How can people have the bad taste to hide? It only makes ingenious persons the more determined to find them." He seemed talkative, and as I was so sad and lonely I encouraged him by a little stimulus of doubt. I wish I had doubted him sooner, and differently.

"What is the use?" I asked. "We shall never find them."

"'Never' is a great word," said Benoni. "You do not know what it means. I do. But as for finding them, you shall see. In the first place, I have talked with their banker. He says the count gave the strictest orders to have his address kept a secret. But, being one of my people, he allowed himself to make an accidental allusion which gave me a clue to what I wanted. They are hidden somewhere in the mountains."

"Diavolo! among the brigands, they will not be very well treated," said I.

"The old man will be careful. He will keep clear of danger. The only thing is to find them."

"And what then?" I asked.

"That depends on the most illustrious Signor Cardegna," said Benoni, smiling. "He only asked you to find them. He probably did not anticipate that I would help you."

It did not appear to me that Benoni had helped me much, after all. You might as well look for a needle in a haystack as try to find any one who goes to the Italian mountains. The baron offered no further advice, and sat calmly smoking and looking at me. I felt uneasy, opposite him. He was a mysterious person, and I thought him disguised. It was really not possible that with his youthful manner his hair should be naturally so white, or that he should be so old as he seemed. I asked him the question we always find it interesting to ask foreigners, hoping to lead him into conversation.

"How do you like our Rome, Baron Benoni?"

"Rome? I loathe and detest it," he said, with a smile. "There is only one place in the whole world that I hate more."

"What place is that?" I asked, remembering that he had made the same remark to Nino before.

"Jerusalem," he answered, and the smile faded on his face. I thought I guessed the reason of his dislike in his

religious views. But I am very liberal about those things.

"I think I understand you," I said; "you are a Hebrew, and the prevailing form of religion is disagreeable to you."

"No, it is not exactly that, — and yet, perhaps it is." He seemed to be pondering on the reason of his dislike.

"But why do you visit these places, if they do not please you?"

"I come here because I have so many agreeable acquaintances. I never go to Jerusalem. I also come here from time to time to take a bath. The water of the Trevi has a peculiarly rejuvenating effect upon me, and something impels me to bathe in it."

"Do you mean in the fountain? Ah, foreigners say that if you drink the water by moonlight you will return to Rome."

"Foreigners are all weak-minded fools. I like that word. The human race ought to be called fools generically, as distinguished from the more intelligent animals. If you went to England, you would be as great a fool as any Englishman that comes here and drinks Trevi water by moonlight. But I assure you I do nothing so vulgar as to patronize the fountain, any more than I would patronize Mazzarino's church, hard by. I go to the source, the spring, the well where it rises."

"Ah, I know the place well," I said. "It is near to Serveti."

"Serveti? Is not that in the vicinity of Horace's villa?"

"You know the country well, I see," said I, sadly.

"I know most things," answered the Jew, with complacency. "You would find it hard to hit upon anything I do not know. Yes, I am a vain man, it is true, but I am very frank and open about it. Look at my complexion. Did you ever see anything like it? It is Trevi water that does it." I thought such excessive vanity very unbecoming in a man of his years, but I could not

help looking amused. It was so odd to hear the old fellow descanting on his attractions. He actually took a small mirror from his pocket, and looked at himself in most evident admiration.

"I really believe," he said at length, pocketing the little looking-glass, "that a woman might love me still. What do you say?"

"Doubtless," I answered politely, although I was beginning to be annoyed, "a woman might love you at first sight. But it would be more dignified for you not to love her."

"Dignity!" He laughed long and loud, a cutting laugh, like the breaking of glass. "There is another of your phrases. Excuse my amusement, Signor Grandi, but the idea of dignity always makes me smile." He called that thing a smile! "It is in everybody's mouth, — the dignity of the state, the dignity of the king, the dignity of woman, the dignity of father, mother, schoolmaster, soldier. Psh! an apoplexy, as you say, on all the dignities you can enumerate. There is more dignity in a poor, patient ass toiling along a rough road under a brutal burden than in the entire human race put together, from Adam to myself. The conception of dignity is notional, most entirely. I never see a poor wretch of a general, or king, or any such animal, adorned in his toggery of dignity without laughing at him, and his dignity again leads him to suppose that my smile is the result of the pleasurable sensations his appearance excites in me. Nature has dignity at times; some animals have it; but man, never. What man mistakes for it in himself is his vanity, — a vanity much more pernicious than mine, because it deceives its possessor, who is also wholly possessed by it, and is its slave. I have had a great many illusions in my life, Signor Grandi."

"One would say, baron, that you had parted with them."

"Yes, and that is my chief vanity, —

the vanity of vanities which I prefer to all the others. It is only a man of no imagination who has no vanity. He cannot imagine himself any better than he is. A creative genius makes for his own person a 'self' which he thinks he is, or desires other people to believe him to be. It makes little difference whether he succeeds or not, so long as he flatters himself he does. He complacently takes all his images from the other animals, or from natural objects and phenomena, depicting himself bold as an eagle, brave as a lion, strong as an ox, patient as an ass, vain as a popinjay, talkative as a parrot, wily as a serpent, gentle as a dove, cunning as a fox, surly as a bear; his glance is lightning, his voice thunder, his heart stone, his hands are iron, his conscience a hell, his sinews of steel, and his love like fire. In short, he is like anything alive or dead, except a man, saving when he is mad. Then he is a fool. Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals."

I cannot describe the unutterable scorn that blazed in his eyes as Benoni poured out the vials of his wrath on the unlucky human race. With my views, we were not likely to agree in this matter.

"Who are you?" I asked. "What right can you possibly have to abuse us all in such particularly strong terms? Do you ever make proselytes to your philosophy?"

"No," said he, answering my last question, and recovering his serenity with that strange quickness of transition I had remarked when he had made music during his previous visit. "No, they all die before I have taught them anything."

"That does not surprise me, baron," said I. He laughed a little.

"Well, perhaps it would surprise you even less if you knew me better," he replied. "But really, I came here to talk about Cardogna, and not to chatter

about that contemptible creature, man, who is not worth a moment's notice, I assure you. I believe I can find these people, and I confess it would amuse me to see the old man's face when we walk in upon him. I must be absent for a few days on business in Austria, and shall return immediately, for I have not taken my bath yet, that I spoke of. Now, if it is agreeable to you, I would propose that we go to the hills, on my return, and prosecute our search together; writing to Nino in the mean time to come here as soon as he has finished his engagement in Paris. If he comes quickly, he may go with us; if not, he can join us. At all events, we can have a very enjoyable tour among the natives, who are charming people, quite like animals, as you ought to know."

I think I must be a very suspicious person. Circumstances have made me so, and perhaps my suspicions are very generally wrong. It may be. At all events, I did suspect the rich and dandified old baron of desiring to have a laugh by putting Nino into some absurd situation. He had such strange views, or, at least, he talked so oddly, that I did not believe half he said. It is not possible that anybody should seriously hold the opinions he professed.

When he was gone I sat alone, pondering on the situation, which was like a very difficult problem in a nightmare, that could not or would not look sensible, do what I would. It chanced that I got a letter from Nino that evening, and I confess I was reluctant to open it, fearing that he would reproach me with not having taken more pains to help him. I felt as though, before opening the envelope, I should like to go back a fortnight and put forth all my strength to find the contessina, and gain a comforting sense of duty performed. If I had only done my best, how easy it would have been to face a whole sheet of complaints! Meanwhile the letter was come, and I had done nothing worth

mentioning. I looked at the back of it, and my conscience smote me; but it had to be accomplished, and at last I tore the cover off and read.

Poor Nino! He said he was ill with anxiety, and feared it would injure his voice. He said that to break his engagement and come back to Rome would be ruin to him. He must face it out, or take the legal consequences of a breach of contract, which are overwhelming to a young artist. He detailed all the efforts he had made to find Hedwig, pursuing every little sign and clue that seemed to present itself; all to no purpose. The longer he thought of it, the more certain he was that Hedwig was not in Paris or London. She might be anywhere else in the whole world, but she was certainly not in either of those cities. Of that he was convinced. He felt like a man who had pursued a beautiful image to the foot of a precipitous cliff; the rock had opened and swallowed up his dream, leaving him standing alone in hopeless despair; and a great deal more poetic nonsense of that kind.

I do not believe I had ever realized what he so truly felt for Hedwig, until I sat at my table with his letter before me, overcome with the sense of my own weakness in not having effectually checked this mad passion at its rise; or, since it had grown so masterfully, of my wretched procrastination in not having taken my staff in my hand and gone out into the world to find the woman my boy loved and bring her to him. By this time, I thought, I should have found her. I could not bear to think of his being ill, suffering, heart-broken, — ruined, if he lost his voice by an illness, — merely because I had not had the strength to do the best thing for him. Poor Nino, I thought, you shall never say again that Cornelio Grandi has not done what was in his power to make you happy.

"That baron! an apoplexy on him!

has illuded me with his promises of help," I said to myself. "He has no more intention of helping me or Nino than he has of carrying off the basilica of St. Peter. Courage, Cornelio! thou must gird up thy loins, and take a little money in thy scrip, and find Hedwig von Lira."

All that night I lay awake, trying to think how I might accomplish this end; wondering to which point of the compass I should turn, and above all reflecting that I must make great sacrifices. But my boy must have what he wanted, since he was consuming himself, as we say, in longing for it. It seemed to me no time for counting the cost, when every day might bring upon him a serious illness. If he could only know that I was acting, he would allow his spirits to revive and take courage.

In the watches of the night I thought over my resources, which, indeed, were meagre enough; for I am a very poor man. It was necessary to take a great deal of money, for once away from Rome no one could tell when I might return. My salary as professor is paid to me quarterly, and it was yet some weeks to the time when it was due. I had only a few francs remaining, — not more than enough to pay my rent and to feed Mariuccia and me. I had paid at Christmas the last installment due on my vineyard out of Porta Salara, and though I owed no man anything I had no money, and no prospect of any for some time. And yet I could not leave home on a long journey without at least two hundred scudi in my pocket. A scudo is a dollar, and a dollar has five francs, so that I wanted a thousand francs. You see, in spite of the baron's hint about the mountains, I thought I might have to travel all over Italy before I satisfied Nino.

A thousand francs is a great deal of money, — it is a Peru, as we say. I had not the first sou toward it. I thought a long time. I wondered if the

old piano were worth anything; whether anybody would give me money for my manuscripts, the results of patient years of labor and study; my old gold scarf-pin, my seal ring, and even my silver watch, which keeps really very good time, — what were they worth? But it would not be much, not the tenth part of what I wanted. I was in despair, and I tried to sleep. Then a thought came to me.

"I am a donkey," I said. "There is the vineyard itself, — my little vineyard beyond Porta Salara. It is mine, and is worth half as much again as I need." And I slept quietly till morning.

It is true, and I am sure it is natural, that in the daylight my resolution looked a little differently to me than it did in the quiet night. I had toiled and scraped a great deal more than you know to buy that small piece of land, and it seemed much more my own than all Serveti had ever been in my better days. Then I shut myself up in my room and read Nino's letter over again, though it pained me very much; for I needed courage. And when I had read it, I took some papers in my pocket, and put on my hat and my old cloak, which Nino will never want any more now for his midnight serenades, and I went out to sell my little vineyard.

"It is for my boy," I said, to give myself some comfort.

But it is one thing to want to buy, and it is quite another thing to want to sell. All day I went from one man to another with my papers, — all the agents who deal in those things; but they only said they thought it might be sold in time; it would take many days, and perhaps weeks.

"But I want to sell it to-day," I explained.

"We are very sorry," said they, with a shrug of the shoulders; and they showed me the door.

I was extremely down-hearted, and though I could not sell my piece of land

I spent three sous in buying two cigars to smoke, and I walked about the Piazza Colonna in the sun; I would not go home to dinner until I had decided what to do. There was only one man I had not tried, and he was the man who had sold it to me. Of course I knew people who do this business, for I had had enough trouble to learn their ways when I had to sell *Serveti*, years ago. But this one man I had not tried yet, because I knew that he would drive a cruel bargain with me when he saw I wanted the money. But at last I went to him, and told him just what my wishes were.

"Well," he said, "it is a very bad time for selling land. But to oblige you, because you are a customer, I will give you eight hundred francs for your little place. That is really much more than I can afford."

"Eight hundred francs!" I exclaimed in despair. "But I have paid you nearly twice as much for it in the last three years! What do you take me for? To sell such a gem of a vineyard for eight hundred francs! If you offer me thirteen hundred I will discuss the matter with you."

"I have known you a long time, Signor Grandi, and you are an honest man. I am sure you do not wish to deceive me. I will give you eight hundred and fifty."

Deceive him, indeed! The very man who had received fifteen hundred from me said I deceived him when I asked thirteen hundred for the same piece of land! But I needed it very much, and so, bargaining and wrangling, I got one thousand and seventy-five francs in bank-notes; and I took care they should all be good ones, too. It was a poor price, I know, but I could do no better, and I went home happy. But I dared not tell Mariuccia. She is only my servant, to be sure, but she would have torn me in pieces.

Then I wrote to the authorities at the

university to say that I was obliged to leave Rome suddenly, and would of course not claim my salary during my absence. But I added that I hoped they would not permanently supplant me. If they did, I knew I should be ruined. Then I told Mariuccia that I was going away for some days to the country, and I left her the money to pay the rent, and her wages, and a little more, so that she might be provided for if I were detained very long. I went out again and telegraphed to Nino, to say I was going at once in search of the *Liras*, and begging him to come home as soon as he should have finished his engagement.

To tell the truth, Mariuccia was very curious to know where I was going, and asked me many questions, which I had some trouble in answering. But at last it was night again, and the old woman went to bed and left me. Then I went on tiptoe to the kitchen, and found a skein of thread and two needles, and set to work.

I knew the country whither I was going very well, and it was necessary to hide the money I had in some ingenious way. So I took two waistcoats, — one of them was quite good still, — and I sewed them together, and basted the bank-notes between them. It was a clumsy piece of tailoring, though it took me so many hours to do it. But I had put the larger waistcoat outside very cunningly, so that when I had put on the two, you could not see that there was anything beneath the outer one. I think I was very clever to do this without a woman to help me. Then I looked to my boots, and chose my oldest clothes, — and you may guess, from what you know of me, how old they were, — and I made a little bundle that I could carry in my hand, with a change of linen, and the like. These things I made ready before I went to bed, and I slept with the two waistcoats and the thousand francs under my pillow, though I sup-

pose nobody would have chosen that particular night for robbing me.

All these preparations had occupied me so much that I had not found any time to grieve over my poor little vineyard that I had sold; and besides, I was thinking all the while of Nino, and how glad he would be to know that I was really searching for Hedwig. But when I thought of the vines, it hurt me; and I think it is only long after the deed that it seems more blessed to give than to receive.

But at last I slept, as tired folk will, leaving care to the morrow; and when I awoke it was daybreak, and Mariuccia was clattering angrily with the tin coffee-pot outside. It was a bright morning, and the goldfinch sang, and I could hear him scattering the millet seed about his cage while I dressed. And then the parting grew very near, and I drank my coffee silently, wondering how soon it would be over, and wishing that the old woman would go out and let me have my house alone. But she would not, and to my surprise she made very little worry or trouble, making a great show of being busy. When I was quite ready,

she insisted on putting a handful of roasted chestnuts into my pocket, and she said she would pray for me. The fact is, she thought, foolish old creature as she is, that I was old and in poor health, and she had often teased me to go into the country for a few days, so that she was not ill pleased that I should seem to take her advice. She stood looking after me as I trudged along the street, with my bundle and my good stick in my right hand, and a lighted cigar in my left.

I had made up my mind that I ought first to try the direction hinted at by the baron, since I had absolutely no other clue to the whereabouts of the Count von Lira and his daughter. I therefore got into the old stage that still runs to Palestrina and the neighboring towns, for it is almost as quick as going by rail, and much cheaper; and half an hour later we rumbled out of the Porta San Lorenzo, and I had entered upon the strange journey to find Hedwig von Lira, concerning which frivolous people have laughed so unkindly. And you may call me a foolish old man if you like. I did it for my boy.

F. Marion Crawford.

MARY MOODY EMERSON.¹

I WISH to meet the invitation with which the ladies have honored me, by offering them a portrait of real life. It is a representative life, such as could hardly have appeared out of New England; of an age now past, and of which, I think, no types survive. Perhaps I deceive myself and overestimate its interest. It has to me a value like that which many readers find in *Madame Guyon*, in *Rahel*, in *Eugénie de Guérin*, but it

¹ Aunt of Mr. Emerson, and a potent influence on the lives of him and his brothers. This paper was read before the Woman's Club, in Boston, several years ago, under the title *Amita*, which

is purely original and hardly admits of a duplicate. Then it is a fruit of Calvinism and New England, and marks the precise time when the power of the old Creed yielded to the influence of Modern Science and humanity. I have found that I could only bring you this portrait by selections from the diary of my heroine, premising a sketch of her time and place. I report some of the thoughts and soliloquies of a country girl, poor, was also the original superscription of the *Nun's Aspiration*, in his *Poems*; a rendering into verse of a passage in Miss Emerson's diary.

solitary, — “a goody,” as she called herself, — growing from youth to age amid slender opportunities and usually very humble company.

Mary Moody Emerson was born just before the outbreak of the Revolution. When introduced to Lafayette at Portland, she told him that she was “in arms” at the Concord fight. Her father, the minister of Concord, a warm patriot in 1775, who went as a chaplain to the American army at Ticonderoga, carried his infant daughter, before he went, to his mother in Malden, and told her to keep the child until he returned. He died, at Rutland, Vermont, of army fever, the next year, and Mary remained at Malden with her grandmother, and, after the death of this relative, with her father’s sister, in whose house she grew up, rarely seeing her brothers and sisters in Concord. This aunt and her husband lived on a farm, were getting old, and the husband a shiftless, easy man. There was plenty of work for the little niece to do day by day, and not always bread enough in the house. One of her tasks, it appears, was to watch for the approach of the deputy-sheriff, who might come to confiscate the spoons or arrest the uncle for debt. Later another aunt who had become insane, was brought hither to end her days. More and sadder work for this young girl. She had no companions, lived in entire solitude with these old people, very rarely cheered by short visits from her brothers and sisters. Her mother had married again, — married the minister who succeeded her husband in the parish at Concord (Dr. Ezra Ripley), and had now a young family growing up around her.

Her aunt became strongly attached to Mary, and persuaded the family to give her up to them as a daughter, on some terms embracing a care of her future interests. She would leave the farm to her, by will. This promise was kept; Mary came into possession of the farm many years after, and her dealings with

it gave her no small trouble, though they give much piquancy to her letters in after years. Finally it was sold, and its price invested in a share of a farm in Maine, and she lived there as a boarder, with her sister, for many years. The farm was in a picturesque country, within sight of the White Mountains, with a little lake in front, at the foot of a high hill, called Bear Mountain. Not far from the house was a brook running over a granite floor like the Franconia Flume, and noble forests around. Every word she writes about this farm (“Elm Vale,” Waterford), her dealings and vexations about it, her joys and raptures of religion and Nature, interest like a romance, and to those who may hereafter read her letters, will make its obscure acres amiable.

In Malden she lived through all her youth and early womanhood, with the habit of visiting the families of her brothers and sisters on any necessity of theirs. Her good-will to serve in time of sickness or of pressure was known to them, and promptly claimed, and her attachment to the youths and maidens growing up in those families was secure for any trait of talent or of character. Her sympathy for young people who pleased her was almost passionate, and was sure to make her arrival in each house a holiday.

Her early reading was Milton, Young, Akenside, Samuel Clarke, Jonathan Edwards, and always the Bible. Later, Plato, Plotinus, Marcus Antoninus, Stewart, Coleridge, Cousin, Herder, Locke, Madame De Staël, Channing, Mackintosh, Byron. Nobody can read in her manuscript, or recall the conversation of old-school people, without seeing that Milton and Young had a religious authority in their minds, and nowise the slight, merely entertaining quality of modern bards. And Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, — how venerable and organic as Nature they are in her mind!

What a subject is her mind and life

for the finest novel! When I read Dante, the other day, and his paraphrases to signify with more adequateness Christ or Jehovah, whom do you think I was reminded of? Whom but Mary Emerson and her eloquent theology?

She had a deep sympathy with genius. When it was unhallowed, as in Byron, she had none the less, whilst she deplored and affected to denounce him. But she adored it when ennobled by character. She liked to notice that the greatest geniuses have died ignorant of their power and influence. She wished you to scorn to shine.

"My opinion," she writes, [is] "that a mind like Byron's would never be satisfied with modern Unitarianism, — that the fiery depths of Calvinism, its high and mysterious elections to eternal bliss, beyond angels and all its attendant wonders, would have alone been fitted to fix his imagination."

Her wit was so fertile, and only used to strike, that she never used it for display, any more than a wasp would parade his sting. It was ever the will and not the phrase that concerned her. Yet certain expressions, when they marked a memorable state of mind in her experience, recurred to her afterwards, and she would vindicate herself as having said to Dr. R., or Uncle L., so and so, at such a period of her life. But they were intensely true when first spoken. All her language was happy, but imitable, unattainable by talent, as if caught from some dream. She calls herself "the puny pilgrim, whose sole talent is sympathy." "I like that kind of apathy that is a triumph to overset."

She writes to her nephew Charles Emerson, in 1833, "I could never have adorned the garden. If I had been in aught but dreary deserts, I should have idolized my friends, despised the world and been haughty. I never expected connections and matrimony. My taste was formed in romance, and I knew I

was not destined to please. I love God and his creation as I never else could. I scarcely feel the sympathies of this life enough to agitate the pool. This in general, one case or so excepted, and even this is a relation to God through you. "T was so in my happiest early days, when you were at my side."

Destitution is the Muse of her genius, — Destitution and Death. I used to propose that her epitaph should be: "Here lies the angel of Death." And wonderfully as she varies and poetically repeats that image in every page and day, yet not less fondly and sublimely she returns to the other, — the grandeur of humility and privation; as thus: "The chief witness which I have had of a godlike principle of action and feeling is in the disinterested joy felt in others' superiority. For the love of superior virtue is mine own gift from God." "Where were thine own intellect if others had not lived?"

She had many acquaintances among the notables of the time, and now and then, in her migrations from town to town in Maine and Massachusetts, in search of a new boarding-place, discovered some preacher with sense or piety, or both. For on her arrival at any new home she was likely to steer first to the minister's house and pray his wife to take a boarder; and as the minister found quickly that she knew all his books and many more, and made shrewd guesses at his character and possibilities, she would easily rouse his curiosity, as a person who could read his secret and tell him his fortune.

She delighted in success, in youth, in beauty, in genius, in manners. When she met a young person who interested her, she made herself acquainted and intimate with him or her at once, by sympathy, by flattery, by raillery, by anecdotes, by wit, by rebuke, and stormed the castle. None but was attracted or piqued by her interest and wit and wide acquaintance with books and with emi-

ment names. She said she gave herself full swing in these sudden intimacies, for she knew she should disgust them soon, and resolved to have their best hours. "Society is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions." She surprised, attracted, chided and denounced her companion by turns, and pretty rapid turns. But no intelligent youth or maiden could have once met her without remembering her with interest, and learning something of value. Scorn trifles, lift your aims: do what you are afraid to do: sublimity of character must come from sublimity of motive. These were the lessons which were urged with vivacity, in ever new language. But if her companion was dull, her impatience knew no bounds. She tired presently of dull conversations, and asked to be read to, and so disposed of the visitor. If the voice or the reading tired her, she would ask the friend if he or she would do an errand for her, and so dismiss them. If her companions were a little ambitious, and asked her opinions on books or matters on which she did not wish rude hands laid, she did not hesitate to stop the intruder with "How's your cat, Mrs. Tenner?"

"I was disappointed," she writes, "in finding my little Calvinist no companion, a cold little thing who lives in society alone, and is looked up to as a specimen of genius. I performed a mission in secretly undermining his vanity, or trying to. Alas! never done but by mortifying affliction."

From the country she writes to her sister in town, "You cannot help saying that my epistle is a striking specimen of egotism. To which I can only answer that, in the country, we converse so much more with ourselves, that we are almost led to forget everybody else. The very sound of your bells and the rattling of the carriages have a tendency to divert selfishness." "This seems a

world rather of trying each others' dispositions than of enjoying each others' virtues."

She had the misfortune of spinning with a greater velocity than any of the other tops. She would tear into the chaise or out of it, into the house or out of it, into the conversation, into the thought, into the character of the stranger,—disdaining all the graduation by which her fellows time their steps; and though she might do very happily in a planet where others moved with the like velocity, she was offended here by the phlegm of all her fellow-creatures, and disgusted them by her impatience. She could keep step with no human being. Her nephew [R. W. E.] wrote of her: "I am glad the friendship with Aunt Mary is ripening. As by seeing a high tragedy, reading a true poem, or a novel like *Corinne*, so by society with her one's mind is electrified and purged. She is no statute-book of practical commandments, nor orderly digest of any system of philosophy, divine or human, but a Bible, miscellaneous in its parts, but one in its spirit, wherein are sentences of condemnation, promises, and covenants of love that make foolish the wisdom of the world with the power of God."

Our Delphian was fantastic enough, Heaven knows, yet could always be tamed by large and sincere conversation. Was there thought and eloquence, she would listen like a child. Her aspiration and prayer would begin, and the whim and petulance in which, by diseased habit, she had grown to indulge without suspecting it, was burned up in the glow of her pure and poetic spirit, which dearly loved the Infinite.

She writes: "August, 1847. Vale. My oddities were never designed—effect of an uncalculating constitution, at first, then through isolation; and as to dress, from duty. To be singular of choice, without singular talents and virtues, is as ridiculous as ungrateful." "It

is so universal with all classes to avoid contact with me that I blame none. The fact has generally increased piety and self-love." "As a traveler enters some fine palace, and finds all the doors closed, and he only allowed the use of some avenues and passages, so have I wandered from the cradle over the apartments of social affections, or the cabinets of natural or moral philosophy, the recesses of ancient and modern lore. All say, Forbear to enter the pales of the initiated by birth, wealth, talents, and patronage. I submit with delight, for it is the echo of a decree from above; and from the highway hedges where I get lodging, and from the rays which burst forth when the crowd are entering these noble saloons, whilst I stand in the doors, I get a pleasing vision, which is an earnest of the interminable skies where the mansions are prepared for the poor."

"To live to give pain rather than pleasure (the latter so delicious) seems the spider-like necessity of my being on earth, and I have gone on my queer way with joy, saying, 'Shall the clay interrogate?' But in every actual case 't is hard, and we lose sight of the first necessity, — here too amid works red with default, in all great and grand and infinite aims, yet with intentions disinterested, though uncontrolled by proper reverence for others."

When Mrs. Thoreau called on her, one day, wearing pink ribbons, she shut her eyes, and so conversed with her for a time. By and by she said, "Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know whether you have observed that my eyes are shut." "Yes, madam, I have observed it." "Perhaps you would like to know the reasons?" "Yes, I should." "I don't like to see a person of your age guilty of such levity in her dress."

When her cherished favorite, E. H., was at the Vale, and had gone out to walk in the forest with Hannah, her niece, Aunt Mary feared they were lost,

and found a man in the next house, and begged him to go and look for them. The man went, and returned, saying that he could not find them. "Go, and cry 'Elizabeth!'" The man rather declined this service, as he did not know Miss H. She was highly offended, and exclaimed, "God has given you a voice that you might use it in the service of your fellow-creatures. Go instantly, and call 'Elizabeth,' till you find them." The man went immediately, and did as he was bid, and having found them apologized for calling thus, by telling what Miss Emerson had said to him.

When some ladies of my acquaintance, by an unusual chance, found themselves in her neighborhood and visited her, I told them that she was no whistle that every mouth could play on, but a quite clannish instrument, a pibroch, for example, from which none but a native Highlander could draw music.

In her solitude of twenty years, with fewest books, and those only sermons, and a copy of *Paradise Lost*, without covers or title-page, so that later, when she heard much of Milton, and sought his work, she found it was her very book which she knew so well, she was driven to find Nature her companion and solace. She speaks of "her attempts in Malden to wake up the soul amid the dreary scenes of monotonous Sabbaths, when Nature looked like a pulpit."

"Malden, 1805, November 15th. What a rich day, so fully occupied in pursuing truth that I scorned to touch a novel, which for so many years I have wanted. How insipid is fiction to a mind touched with immortal views!

"November 16th. I am so small in my expectations, that a week of industry delights. Rose before light every morn; visited from necessity once, and again for books; read Butler's *Analogy*; commented on the *Scriptures*; read in a little book, Cicero's *Letters*, — a few; touched Shakspeare; washed, carded,

cleaned house, and baked. To-day cannot recall an error, nor scarcely a sacrifice, but more fullness of content in the labors of a day never was felt. There is a sweet pleasure in bending to circumstances while superior to them."

"Malden, 1807, September. The rapture of feeling I would part from, for days more devoted to higher discipline. But when Nature beams with such excess of beauty, when the heart thrills with hope in its Author, — feels that it is related to him more than by any ties of creation, — it exults, too fondly perhaps for a state of trial. But in dead of night, nearer morning, when the eastern stars glow, or appear to glow, with more indescribable lustre, a lustre which penetrates the spirit with wonder and curiosity, — then, however awed, who can fear? Since Sabbath, Aunt B—— [the insane aunt] was brought here. Ah! mortifying sight! instinct perhaps triumphs over reason and every dignified respect to herself, in her anxiety about recovery, and the smallest means connected. Not one wish of others detains her, not one care. But it alarms me not, I shall delight to return to God. His name my fullest confidence. His sole presence ineffable pleasure."

"I walked yesterday five or more miles, lost to mental or heart existence, through fatigue, just fit for the society I went into: all mildness and the most commonplace virtue. The lady is celebrated for her cleverness, and she was never so good to me. Met a lady in the morning walk, a foreigner, — conversed on the accomplishments of Miss T. My mind expanded with novel and innocent pleasure. Ah! were virtue and that of dear heavenly meekness attached by any necessity to a lower rank of genteel people, who would sympathize with the exalted with satisfaction? But that is not the case, I believe. A mediocrity does seem to me more distant from eminent virtue than the extremes of station:

though after all it must depend on the nature of the heart. A mediocre mind will be deranged in either extreme of wealth or poverty, praise or censure, society or solitude. The feverish lust of notice perhaps in all these cases would injure the heart of common refinement and virtue."

Later she writes of her early days in Malden, "When I get a glimpse of the revolutions of nations, — that retribution which seems forever going on in this part of creation, — I remember with great satisfaction that from all the ills suffered, in childhood and since, from others, I felt that it was rather the order of things than their individual fault. It was from being early impressed by my poor, unpractical Aunt that Providence and prayer were all in all. Poor woman! Could her own temper in childhood and age have been subdued, how happy for herself, who had a warm heart; but for me would have prevented those early lessons of fortitude which her caprices taught me to practice. Had I prospered in life, what a proud, excited being, even to feverishness, I might have been. Loving to shine, flattered and flattering, anxious, and wrapped in others, frail and feverish as myself."

She alludes to the early days of her solitude, sixty years afterwards, on her own farm in Maine, speaking sadly the thoughts suggested by the rich autumn landscape around her: "Ah! as I walked out this afternoon, so sad was wearied Nature that I felt her whisper to me, 'Even these leaves you use to think my better emblems have lost their charm on me too, and I weary of my pilgrimage, — tired that I must again be clothed in the grandeurs of winter, and anon be bedizened in flowers and cascades. Oh, if there be a power superior to me, — and that there is my own dread fetters proclaim, — when will He let my lights go out, my tides cease to an eternal ebb? Oh for transformation!

I am not infinite, nor have I power or will, but bound and imprisoned, the tool of mind, even of the beings I feed and adorn. Vital, I feel not; not active, but passive, and cannot aid the creatures which seem my progeny, — myself. But you are ingrate to tire of me, now you want to look beyond. 'Twas I who soothed your thorny childhood, though you knew me not, and you were placed in my most leafless waste. Yet I comforted thee when going on the daily errand, fed thee with my mallows on the first young day of bread failing. More, I led thee when thou knewest not a syllable of my active Cause, (any more than if it had been dead eternal matter,) to that Cause; and from the solitary heart taught thee to say, at first womanhood, Alive with God is enough, — 't is rapture.' ”

[1826.] “This morning rich in existence; the remembrance of past destitution in the deep poverty of my Aunt, and her most unhappy temper; of bitterer days of youth and age, when my senses and understanding seemed but means of labor, or to learn my own unpopular destiny, and that — but no more; — joy, hope and resignation unite me to Him whose mysterious Will adjusts everything, and the darkest and lightest are alike welcome. Oh could this state of mind continue, death would not be longed for.” “I felt, till above twenty years old, as though Christianity were as necessary to the world as existence: — was ignorant that it was lately promulged, or partially received.” Later: “Could I have those hours in which in fresh youth I said, To obey God is joy, though there were no hereafter, I should rejoice, though returning to dust.”

“Folly follows me as the shadow does the form. Yet my whole life devoted to find some new truth which will link me closer to God. And the simple principle which made me say in youth and laborious poverty, that should He make me a blot on the fair face of his

creation, I should rejoice in His will, has never been equaled, though it returns in the long life of destitution like an angel. I end days of fine health and cheerfulness without getting upward now. How did I use to think them lost! If more liberal views of the Divine Government make me think nothing lost which carries me to His now hidden presence, there may be danger of losing and causing others the loss of that awe and sobriety so indispensable.”

She was addressed and offered marriage by a man of talents, education, and good social position, whom she respected. The proposal gave her pause and much to think, but after consideration she refused it, I know not on what grounds: a few allusions to it in her diary suggest that it was a religious act, and it is easy to see that she could hardly promise herself sympathy in her religious abandonment with any but a rarely-found partner.

“1807, January 19, Malden [alluding to the sale of her farm]. Last night I spoke two sentences about that foolish place, which I most bitterly lament, — not because they were improper, but they arose from anger. It is difficult, when we have no kind of barrier, to command our feelings. But this shall teach me. It humbles me beyond anything I have met, to find myself for a moment affected with hope, fear, or especially anger, about interest. But I did overcome and return kindness for the repeated provocations. What is it? My uncle has been the means of lessening my property. Ridiculous to wound him for that. He was honestly seeking his own. But at last, this very night, the bargain is closed, and I am delighted with myself: my dear self has done well. Never did I so exult in a trifle. Happy beginning of my bargain, though the sale of the place appears to me of the worst things for me at this time.”

“January 21. Weary at times of objects so tedious to hear and see. Oh

the power of vision, then the delicate power of the nerve which receives impressions from sounds! If ever I am blest with a social life, let the accent be grateful. Could I at times be regaled with music, it would remind me that there are *sounds*. Shut up in this severe weather with careful, infirm, afflicted age, it is wonderful, my spirits; hopes I can have none. Not a prospect but is dark on earth, as to knowledge and joy from externals; but the prospect of a dying bed reflects lustre on all the rest. The evening is fine, but I dare not enjoy it. The moon and stars reproach me, because I had to do with mean fools. Should I take so much care to save a few dollars? Never was I so much asbamed. Did I say with what rapture I might dispose of them to the poor? Pho! self-preservation, dignity, confidence in the future, contempt of trifles! Alas, I am disgraced. Took a momentary revenge on — for worrying me."

"January 30. I walked to Captain Dexter's. Sick. Promised never to put that ring on. Ended miserably the month which began so worldly.

"It was the choice of the Eternal that gave the glowing seraph his joys, and to me my vile imprisonment. I adore Him. It was His will that gives my superiors to shine in wisdom, friendship and ardent pursuits, while I pass my youth, its last traces, in the veriest shades of ignorance and complete destitution of society. I praise Him, though when my strength of body falters it is a trial not easily described." "True, I must finger the very farthing candle-ends, — the duty assigned to my pride; and indeed so poor are some of those allotted to join me on the weary, needy path, that 't is benevolence enjoins self-denial. Could I but dare it in the bread-and-water diet! Could I but live free from calculation, as in the first half of life, when my poor aunt lived. I had ten dollars a year for clothes and

charity, and I never remember to have been needy, though I never had but two or three aids in those six years of earning my home. That ten dollars my dear father earned and one hundred dollars remain, and I can't bear to take it, and don't know what to do. Yet I would not breathe to — or — my want. 'T is only now that I would not let — pay my hotel-bill. They have enough to do. Besides, it would send me packing to depend for anything. Better anything than dishonest dependence, which robs the poorer, and despoils friendship of equal connection."

In 1830, in one of her distant homes, she reproaches herself with some sudden passion she has for visiting her old home and friends in the city, where she had lived for a while with her brother [Mr. Emerson's father] and afterwards with his widow. "Do I yearn to be in Boston? 'T would fatigue, disappoint; I, who have so long despised means, who have always found it a sort of rebellion to seek them? Yet the old desire for the worm is not so greedy as [mine] to find myself in my old haunts."

"1833. The difficulty of getting places of low board for a lady is obvious, and, at moments, I am tired out. Yet how independent, how better than to hang on friends! And sometimes I fancy that I am emptied and peeled to carry some seed to the ignorant, which no idler wind can so well dispense." "Hard to contend for a health which is daily used in petition for a final close." "Am I, poor victim, swept on through the sternest ordinations of nature's laws which slay? Yet I'll trust." "There was great truth in what a pious enthusiast said, that, if God should cast him into hell, he would yet clasp his hands around Him."

"Newburyport, September, 1822. High, solemn, entrancing noon, prophetic of the approach of the Presiding Spirit of Autumn. God preserve my reason! Alone, feeling strongly, fully, that I

have deserved nothing; according to Adam Smith's idea of society, 'done nothing;' doing nothing, never expect to; yet joying in existence, perhaps striving to beautify one individual of God's creation.

"Our civilization is not always mending our poetry. It is sauced and spiced with our complexity of arts and inventions, but lacks somewhat of the grandeur that belongs to a Doric and unphilosophical age. In a religious contemplative public it would have less outward variety, but simpler and grander means; a few pulsations of created beings, a few successions of acts, a few lamps held out in the firmament, enable us to talk of Time, make epochs, write histories, — to do more, — to date the revelations of God to man. But these lamps are held to measure out some of the moments of eternity, to divide the history of God's operations in the birth and death of nations, of worlds. It is a goodly name for our notions of breathing, suffering, enjoying, acting. We personify it. We call it by every name of fleeting, dreaming, vamping imagery. Yet it is nothing. We exist in eternity. Dissolve the body and the night is gone; the stars are extinguished, and we measure duration by the number of our thoughts, by the activity of reason, the discovery of truths, the acquirement of virtue, the approach to God. And the gray-headed god throws his shadows all around, and his slaves catch, now at this, now at that one; at the halo he throws around poetry or pebbles, bugs or bubbles. Sometimes they climb, sometimes creep into the meanest holes; but they are all alike in vanishing, like the shadow of a cloud."

To her nephew Charles: "War; what do I think of it? Why, in your ear I think it so much better than oppression, that if it were ravaging the whole geography of despotism it would be an omen of high and glorious import. Channing paints its miseries, but

does he know those of a worse war, — private animosities, pinching, bitter warfare of the human heart, the cruel oppression of the poor by the rich, which corrupts old worlds? How much better, more honest, are storming and conflagration of towns! They are but letting blood which corrupts into worms and dragons. A war-trump would be harmony to the jars of theologians and statesmen such as the papers bring. It was the glory of the Chosen People; nay, it is said there was war in Heaven. War is among the means of discipline, the rough meliorators, and no worse than the strife with poverty, malice, and ignorance. War devastates the conscience of men. Yet corrupt peace does not less. And if you tell me of the miseries of the battle-field, with the sensitive Channing (of whose love of life I am ashamed), what of a few days of agony, what of a vulture being the bier, tomb, and parson of a hero, compared to the long years of sticking on a bed and wished away? For the widows and orphans — Oh, I could give facts of the long-drawn years of imprisoned minds and hearts, which uneducated orphans endure!

"O Time! thou loiterer, thou whose might has laid low the vastest and crushed the worm, retest on thy hoary throne, with like potency over thy agitations and thy graves, oh when will thy routines give way to higher and lasting institutions? When thy trophies and thy name and all its wizard forms be lost in the Genius of Eternity? In Eternity, no deceitful promises, no fantastic illusions, no riddles concealed by thy shrouds, none of thy Arachnean webs, which decoy and destroy. Hasten to finish thy motley work, on which frightful Gorgons are at play, spite of holy ghosts. 'Tis already moth-eaten, and its shuttles quaver, as the beams of the loom are shaken.

"25, Saturday. Hail, requiem of departed Time! Never was incumbent's

funeral followed by expectant heir with more satisfaction. Yet not his hope is mine. For in the weary womb are prolific numbers of the same sad hour, colored by the memory of defeats in virtue, by the prophecy of others, more dreary, blind and sickly. Yet He who formed thy web, who stretched thy warp from long ages, has graciously given man to throw his shuttle, or feel he does, and irradiate the filling woof with many a flowery rainbow, — labors, rather, evanescent efforts, which will wear like flowerets in brighter soils ; — has attuned his mind in such unison with the harp of the universe that he is never without some chord of hope's music. 'Tis not in the nature of existence, while there is a God, to be without the pale of excitement. When the dreamy pages of life seem all turned and folded down to very weariness, even this idea of those who fill the hour with crowded virtues lifts the spectator to other worlds, and he adores the eternal purposes of Him who lifteth up and casteth down, bringeth to dust and raiseth to the skies. 'Tis a strange deficiency in Brougham's title of a *System of Natural Theology*, when the moral constitution of the being for whom these contrivances were made is not recognized. The wonderful inhabitant of the building to which unknown ages were the mechanics is left out as to that part where the Creator had put his own lighted candle, placed a vicegerent. Not to complain of the poor old earth's chaotic state, brought so near in its long and gloomy transmutings by the geologist. Yet its youthful charms as decked by the hand of Moses' *Cosmogony* will linger about the heart, while Poetry succumbs to Science. Yet there is a sombre music in the whirl of times so long gone by. And the bare bones of this poor embryo earth may give the idea of the Infinite far, far better than when dignified with arts and industry : its oceans, when beating the symbols of ceaseless ages, than when covered with

cargoes of war and oppression. How grand its preparation for souls, — souls who were to feel the Divinity, before Science had dissected the emotions and applied its steely analysis to that state of being which recognizes neither psychology nor element.

"September, 1836. Vale. The mystic dream which is shed over the season. Oh to dream more deeply ; to lose external objects a little more ! Yet the hold on them is so slight that duty is lost sight of, perhaps, at times. Sadness is better than walking, talking, acting somnambulism. Yes, this entire solitude with the Being who makes the powers of life ! Even Fame, which lives in other states of Virtue, palls. Usefulness, if it requires action, seems less like existence than the desire of being absorbed in God, retaining consciousness. Number the waste places of the journey, — the secret martyrdom of youth, heavier than the stake, I thought ; the narrow limits which know no outlet, the bitter dregs of the cup, — and all are sweetened by the purpose of Him I love. The idea of being no mate for those intellectualists I've loved to admire is no pain. Hereafter the same solitary joy will go with me, were I not to live, as I expect, in the vision of the Infinite. Never do the feelings of the Infinite, and the consciousness of finite frailty and ignorance, harmonize so well as at this mystic season in the deserts of life. Contradictions, the modern German says, of the Infinite and Finite."

I sometimes fancy I detect in Miss Emerson's writings a certain — shall I say polite and courtly homage to the name and dignity of Jesus, not at all spontaneous, but growing out of her respect to the Revelation, and really veiling and betraying her organic dislike to any interference, any mediation between her and the Author of her being, assurance of whose direct dealing with her she incessantly invokes : for example, the parenthesis, "Saving thy pres-

ence, Priest and Medium of all this approach for a sinful creature!" "Were it possible that the Creator was not virtually present with the spirits and bodies which He has made, — if it were in the nature of things possible He could withdraw himself, — I would hold on to the faith that, at some moment of His existence, I was present: that, though cast from Him, my sorrows, my ignorance and meanness were a part of His plan; my death, too, — however long and tediously delayed to prayer, — was decreed, was fixed. Oh how weary in youth — more so scarcely now, not whenever I can breathe, as it seems, the atmosphere of the Omnipresence: then I ask not faith nor knowledge; honors, pleasures, labors, I always refuse, compared to this divine partaking of existence; but how rare, how dependent on the organs through which the soul operates!

"The sickness of the last week was fine medicine; pain disintegrated the spirit, or became spiritual. I rose, — I felt that I had given to God more perhaps than an angel could, had promised Him in youth that to be a blot on this fair world at His command would be acceptable. Constantly offer myself to continue the obscurest and loneliest thing ever heard of with one proviso, — His agency. Yes, love Thee, and all Thou dost, while Thou sheddest frost and darkness on every path of mine."

For years she had her bed made in the form of a coffin; and delighted herself with the discovery of the figure of a coffin made every evening on their sidewalk by the shadow of a church tower which adjoined the house.

Saladin caused his shroud to be made, and carried it to battle as his standard. She made up her shroud, and death still refusing to come, and she thinking it a pity to let it lie idle, wore it as a night-gown, or a day-gown, nay, went out to ride in it, on horseback, in her mountain roads, until it was worn out. Then

she had another made up, and as she never traveled without being provided for this dear and indispensable contingency, I believe, she wore out a great many.

"1833. I have given up, the last year or two, the hope of dying. In the lowest ebb of health nothing is ominous; diet and exercise restore. So it seems best to get that very humbling business of insurance. I enter my dear sixty the last of this month."

"1835, June 16. Tedious indisposition; — hoped, as it took a new form, it would open the cool, sweet grave. Now existence itself in any form is sweet. Away with knowledge; — God alone. He communicates this our condition and humble waiting, or I should never perceive Him. Science, Nature, — oh I've yearned to open some page; — not now, too late. Ill health and nerves. Oh dear worms, — how they will at some sure time take down this tedious tabernacle, most valuable companions, instructors in the science of mind, by gnawing away the meshes which have chained it. A very Beatrice in showing the Paradise. Yes, I irk under contact with forms of depravity, while I am resigned to being nothing, never expect a palm, a laurel, hereafter."

"1826, July. If one could choose, and without crime be gibbeted, were it not altogether better than the long drooping away by age without mentality or devotion? The vulture and crow would *caw, caw*, and, unconscious of any deformity in the mutilated body, would relish their meal, make no grimace of affected sympathy, nor suffer any real compassion. I pray to die, though happier myriads and mine own companions press nearer to the throne. His coldest beam will purify and render me forever holy. Had I the highest place of acquisition and diffusing virtue here, the principle of human sympathy would be too strong for that rapt emotion, that severe delight which I crave; nay, for that

kind of obscure virtue which is so rich to lay at the feet of the Author of morality. Those economists (Adam Smith) who say nothing is added to the wealth of a nation but what is dug out of the earth, and that, whatever disposition of virtue may exist, unless something is done for society, deserves no fame, — why, I am content with such paradoxical kind of facts; but one secret sentiment of virtue, disinterested (or perhaps not), is worthy, and will tell, in the world of spirits, of God's immediate presence, more than the blood of many a martyr who has it not." "I have heard that the greatest geniuses have died ignorant of their power and influence on the arts and sciences. I believe thus much, that their large perception consumed their egotism, or made it impossible for them to make small calculations."

"That greatest of all gifts, however small my power of receiving, the capacity, the element to love the All-perfect, without regard to personal happiness; happiness, — 't is itself."

She checks herself amid her passionate prayers for immediate communion with God: "I who never made a sacrifice to record, — I cowering in the nest of quiet for so many years; I indulge the delight of sympathizing with great virtues, blessing their Original: have I this right?"

"While I am sympathizing in the government of God over the world, perhaps I lose nearer views. Well I learned his existence *a priori*. No object of science or observation ever was pointed out to me by my poor aunt, but His Being and commands; and oh how much I trusted Him with every event till I learned the order of human events from the pressure of wants."

"What a timid, ungrateful creature! Fear the deepest pitfalls of age, when pressing on, in imagination at least, to Him with whom a day is a thousand years, — with whom all miseries and irregularities are conforming to universal

good! Shame on me who have learned within three years to sit whole days in peace and enjoyment without the least apparent benefit to any, or knowledge to myself, — resigned, too, to the memory of long years of slavery passed in labor and ignorance, to the loss of that character which I once thought and felt so sure of, without ever being conscious of acting from calculation."

Her friends used to say to her, "I wish you joy of the worm;" and when at last her release arrived, the event of her death had really such a comic tinge in the eyes of every one who knew her that her friends feared they might, at her funeral, not dare to look at each other, lest they should forget the serious proprieties of the hour.

She gave high counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood; a blessing which nothing else in education could supply. It is frivolous to ask, "And was she ever a Christian in practice?" Cassandra uttered, to a frivolous, skeptical time, the arcana of the Gods, but it is easy to believe that Cassandra domesticated in a lady's house would have proved a troublesome boarder. Is it the less desirable to have the lofty abstractions because the abstractionist is nervous and irritable? Shall we not keep Flamsteed and Herschel in the observatory, though it should even be proved that they neglected to rectify their own kitchen clock? It is essential to the safety of every mackerel fisher that latitudes and longitudes should be astronomically ascertained; and so every banker, shopkeeper and wood-sawyer has a stake in the elevation of the moral code by saint and prophet. Very rightly, then, the Christian ages proceeding on a grand instinct have said: Faith alone, faith alone.

I confess that when I read these papers I do not feel that religion has

made any progress in our community. Neither do I feel that society and conversation have. But elevation must always be solitary. Plotinus, and Her-

bert, and Thoreau, and this woman, have no contemporaries: —

“Nor pour these visions of my Lord
Through this glad mind as erst they poured.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE INITIATE.

SLOWLY, with day's dying fall,
And with many a solemn sound,
Slowly from the Athenian wall,
The long procession wound.

Five days of the mystic nine
Clad in solemn thought were passed,
Ere the few could drink the wine
Or seek the height at last.

Then the chosen, young and old,
To Eleusis went their ways;
But no lip the tale has told
Of those mysterious days.

In the seer's seeing eye,
The maiden with a faithful soul,
In youth that did not fear to die,
Was felt that strange control.

Yet no voice the dreadful word
Through these centuries of man
Made the sacred secret heard,
Or showed the hidden plan.

All the horrors born of death
Rose within that nine days' gloom,
Chasing those forms of mortal breath
From awful room to room.

Deep through bowels of the earth
They drove the seekers of the dark,
Hearts that longed to know the worth
Hid in the living spark.

In that moment of despairs
Was revealed — but who may tell
How the Omnipotent declares
His truth that all is well?

Saw they forms of their own lost?
 Heard they voices that have fled?
 We know not, — or know at most
 Their joy was no more dead.

Light of resurrection gleamed,
 But in what shape we cannot hear;
 Glory shone of the redeemed
 Beyond this world of fear.

Old books say Demeter came
 And smiled upon them, and her smile
 Burned all their sorrow in its flame,
 Yet left them here awhile.

O shadowed sphere whereon we pause
 To live our dream and suffer, thou
 Shroudest the initiate days; the cause
 Gleams on thy morning brow!

A. F.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

III.

IN the immediate neighborhood of the Fountain of Trevi, within sound indeed of its falling jets and cascades, was an ordinary building at the corner of the Via del Nazereno and the Angelo Custode. An alto-relievo figure of such an angel, on the walls of a house near by, gave the latter street its name. An oil-lamp burning before a shrine supplied the neighborhood, on moonless evenings, with pretty much all its light, whether for those who, coming down from the direction of the Pincian, turned to the left towards the Stamperia and the Fountain, or for those who took the right fork, the Nazereno, towards S. Andrea delle Fratte.

In the latter narrow street is the stone-arched doorway to this corner house, closed by two strong wooden doors, on one of which hangs a large

iron knocker. Two distinct blows with this are followed by a sharp click within; a large iron latch is invisibly lifted by a cord from above; and, pushing the heavy door slowly open, the visitor finds himself in a small, dark, lava-paved vestibule. Entering, the deep gurgling of unseen waters, ever flowing somewhere just beneath, is his welcome. A dark stone stairway opens on the right; and unless the stranger has learned to provide himself with a small match-box and a waxen taper, which the resident in Rome generally carries for such an exigency, he must grope his way up-stairs, with no light but his imagination or his memory. On the second landing a small red and white cord and tassel hang out from a little hole in a well barred and bolted door, with which, if needful, a second summons can be given.

At least, all this was so twenty-four years ago. And then a voice would

promptly meet the ascending visitor with its quick "*Chi è?*" (Who is it?) And if the reply were satisfactory, or if a searching glance from within, through a little grated wicket, rendered the inquiry superfluous, the door was quickly opened, and a bright little woman, unnaturally short in stature, appeared upon the threshold with an antique brass Roman lamp, to give a cheery greeting, and to show the comer into a small apartment of three rooms, which did duty for the first rectory of the American church in Rome. What the ante-room of the Palazzo Bernini and the Chancellerie of the American Legation were to St. Paul's-within-the-Walls, that this little apartment was to the rectory which is now slowly going up on the Via Napoli, near that church.

No one of these three rooms boasted either fireplace or chimney, — indeed, few Roman houses had anything of the kind save in the kitchen; but a sheet of tin replaced a pane of glass in one parlor window, and a hole in this gave egress to the outer air for a pipe from a little stove standing near; and in this stove, on a cold or rainy day, our dwarf maid, Checca, would light up a fagot or two of brush for us. Another and a less obstructed window looked out across the Angelo Custode upon the quarters of certain officials of the French Army of Occupation. Here the French colors were brought back after every great parade, escorted by a special guard of honor, and were formally saluted, before being taken into the house, by military music from a fine brass band of fifty-seven pieces. This frequent performance was a great attraction to the neighborhood.

Checca, good soul, was a devotee, and never missed her daily mass, or her devout prayer in the Fratte on every festa. Her padrone and our landlord, on the contrary, was a liberal and a republican. He had his stories of the early days of Pius IX., of the lay ministry of Count

Mamiani, of the assassination of Count Rossi, of the flight of the Pope to Gaeta, and of the siege of Rome. He had been a member of the civic guard under Garibaldi, in the defense of the city against the French, ten years before. Checca faithfully brought us all the church news. She knew when the Pope might be seen driving in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio, when a triduo would be sung at the Gesù, who would preach the Quarantina at the Fratte, or what were likely to be blessed numbers at the pontifical lottery. From the padrone, on the other hand, we were pretty sure to hear of all the revolutionary ebullitions or half-open secrets, to get a copy of any political pamphlet which might be in clandestine circulation, or to learn the latest rumors from the world without, bearing on the prospects of the national movement. That Checca believed in the holy church and asked no questions was clear. That the padrone was concerned in every demonstration against the Pope-king, of which he so forewarned us, or afterwards gave us details, was very probable.

When the Pope and Antonelli had given up all hope from the congress and the diplomates, they turned appropriately to more ecclesiastical defenders and methods of defense. St. Joseph was the husband and protector of the Virgin: consequently, he was the natural protector of the church. To San Giuseppe, therefore, on the 19th of March, 1860, all the faithful were now exhorted to address themselves, invoking his interference to arrest the revolution. Checca of course went over to the church betimes; but so did the padrone! At St. Peter's and everywhere the churches were thronged far beyond ecclesiastical expectation; but by no means only with devotees. For the Romans, wishing to do honor to any one, instead of observing his birthday, as with us, celebrate his name-day; that is, the festa of the saint whose name he bears. The lib-

erals now opportunely recollected that Giuseppe was the Christian name of Garibaldi, and the festa was accordingly observed in a spirit most uncalled for; and San Giuseppe (Garibaldi) was invoked in the very churches, as well as in the piazza, to come to the relief of Rome.

This, as may be imagined, was most aggravating to the authorities. A charge of cavalry could readily be launched against any liberal demonstration in the streets, — as was done, indeed, on this very St. Joseph's day, — and bad politics there corrected with sabre blows and horses' hoofs. But when the Romans conformed only too generally to the *Invito Sagro* of the cardinal vicar, and filled the very churches themselves, what could be done about it?

We were not supposed to get any political information which the authorities did not think best for the faithful to receive; but, early in April, in spite — or in consequence? — of this observance of St. Joseph's Day, disquieting rumors began to come again, this time from the south. What the Naples papers and the *Giornale di Roma* called "some unimportant disturbances" had taken place in Palermo and Messina, possibly in other parts of Sicily. These were, it seems, "readily suppressed;" but the steamers of the Marseilles line were pressed into government service, and twenty thousand troops dispatched from Naples, — a fact which raised a doubt about the "unimportance" of the uprising. Private letters, moreover, and even the Paris press soon represented the whole island as in arms, the most inland villages being in insurrection, until it was difficult to say whether the Neapolitan troops in the cities held the inhabitants of the island in a state of siege, as the *Giornale di Roma* assured us to be the case; or the insurgents had shut up the troops in the cities, which was more probable.

Under these circumstances, although the Roman journal reiterated the assur-

ance that these Sicilian troubles were "wholly without significance," yet the Pope decided to organize a small army of "Pontifical Volunteers," upon which he could rely were French protection suddenly to fail him. The cardinal vicar, also, ordered a litany procession on the 15th of April, for the defense of the Pope and "the recovery of the Romagna."

The procession came off, as ordered, but was spoken of as consisting only of "three fraternities, the last of whom were Cappuccini, bearing crucifixes and sauntering along negligently, carrying candles and chanting in a monotonous, soulless way." But the Papal army was soon made up of volunteers of almost every nationality, — notably, however, Belgian and Irish; the French General Lamoricière being authorized by the emperor to enter into the Papal service and take the command. Yet even these seemed soon to be infected with the spirit of the place. Some Irish squads were quite too ready to extemporize a fight on any occasion, even though they chanced to get on the wrong side; and "it was said" that a whole regiment, the second Cacciatori, apparently Italians, having been severely upbraided by their French commander, marched off from Viterbo, over the frontier, and tendered their services to the King of Italy.

The popular feeling about these pontifical zouaves found little opportunity of expression in Rome itself. But the Florence *Lampione* of May 17th had a cartoon representing Lamoricière marching forth to the defense of Rome, armed with a sword in one hand and a pastoral staff in the other, the cross-keys on his breast, and on his head a cardinal's hat, from which waved a military plume. A long winding train of priests and priestlings followed him, in full churchly rig, fiercely prancing onward, four abreast, chanting in full chorus, and armed with bell, book, and holy-water sprinklers.

Meanwhile that Rome was thus at once assuaging alarm and preparing for the worst, news was brought by travelers and by newspapers in their pockets that, whatever San Giuseppe might be doing, Giuseppe Garibaldi had escaped the vigilance of the Sardinian authorities at Genoa, suddenly embarked for Sicily with a thousand or more enthusiasts from North Italy (three thousand, as the story then came to Rome), well supplied with arms and ammunition, and landed at Marsala, under the virtual protection of some English vessels, which were so constantly in the way that the Neapolitan cruisers could not attack the Garibaldians.

During this month of May, the news from Sicily came bit by bit, and in such shape that no one could tell what to make of it. The Papal authorities evidently dreaded political infection. Almost daily did the *Giornale di Roma*, on the faith of official information from Naples, announce one after another a succession of actions or skirmishes, in which the royal cause was invariably victorious, — losses, defeats, routs, pursuits, for the patriots, until it was a marvel what there could be left from one of these disasters to form material for the next. Daily did the cause of the heroic adventurer, desperate at first, seem to grow worse and worse; until the climax was finally reached in the announcement that, in despair of escape, Garibaldi had committed suicide. But in the teeth of such veracious chronicling, private rumor would persist in telling a very different story. A three days' prayer to the Virgin for the King of Naples was unnecessarily, as would seem, ordered to be observed at S. Andrea delle Fratte, under the auspices of some of the cardinals. The very scenes of all these defeats and routs, as given in the *Giornale* itself, succeeded each other in an extraordinary direction, — the victors ever falling back, the defeated ever advancing, until we learned at last,

as a Munich paper put it, that Garibaldi "was so much exhausted by his repeated discomfitures that he was obliged to retreat to Palermo, and rest himself in the royal palace." Even after the Sicilian capital had actually been surrendered, the *Giornale di Roma* would not admit the fact, until the Count de Goyon threatened, if it were not at once acknowledged, to placard the intelligence in the streets over his own signature.

Remarkable as this expedition will ever be held as an episode in history, it seemed even more extraordinary at the time. Few then knew how far Garibaldi really received coöperation where the effort was apparently made to thwart and arrest him. Count Cavour was obliged to reprove the negligence of the officials who allowed arms to be left where Garibaldi could get possession of them, and to charge the naval commander at Genoa to prevent his departure from that port. But both the Italian and the English naval officers understood perfectly, in the one case, that they were not expected to be over-vigilant; and, in the other, that they would not be severely censured should Garibaldi turn to account their presence in Sicilian waters. But neither Garibaldi nor the public understood this at the time. A popular caricature of a little later day, July 8th, represented Cavour as a balancer on the tight rope of Italian unity, at one end of which Garibaldi is tugging, with great danger to the equilibrium of the other. Cavour, carrying the long pole of diplomacy, weighted with England and France at either end, calls to Garibaldi not to pull so hard upon the rope. The latter rejoins that he must do his duty; that it is Cavour who does not know how to perform his part properly. The world now knows with what great skill Cavour was, at that very time, guarding his gallant but most undiplomatic collaborer from foreign interference, and securing for him the possibilities of success.

Few of those, moreover, who had not come within the sphere of Garibaldi's personal influence then fully realized the moral power of the man,—of his great unselfishness, of his sublime single-heartedness. He was indeed a brave and daring soldier; but he was no general. It was this moral power, not exceptional military capacity, that was the secret of his Sicilian campaign. It was this power that, at Calatafimi, gave to a thousand of his volunteers victory over six times as many regular Neapolitan troops, who cared little for either their cause or their king. This confidence in the paladin of the Italian revolution was so unquestioning that the news of the taking of Palermo actually anticipated the fact. For a week previous to the event, the record appears, in the diary on which this article largely depends, of whispered congratulations on the *piazze*, and the assurance of our padrone that “after a skirmish, in which the royal troops were repulsed, Garibaldi intrenched himself on the heights of Monreale, above Palermo; and it is now stated definitely that on the [day following] he marched into the city itself.” Palermo was actually occupied on the 6th of June, one month from the date of Garibaldi's departure from Genoa.

Here Garibaldi, without the slightest authority for so doing, save his own honest heart and loyal purpose, proclaimed himself dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel. During the month of June, while the cession of Savoy and of his native Nice to France was quietly effected, and while he was himself engaged in organizing a provisional government for Sicily,—a work for which he was but poorly fitted, and in which contending factions of either extreme sought to make their own account,—Rome was comparatively free from rumors and disturbances.

Towards the close of June, Francis of Naples made a late and desperate attempt to save his throne. The Florence

caricaturist represented him as a gallant in the street, guitar in hand, serenading Signorina Cavour at a window above. The serenade consisted of the offer of a general amnesty, a constitution, the tri-colored flag, an almost independent viceroyalty for Sicily, and an alliance with Piedmont. But the Sicilians and Neapolitans received the tardy offer in much the same amused and sarcastic temper as the fair lady at the window, and both Francis and Rome awaited the progress of the revolution, helpless either to persuade or to resist it.

Just at this time, moreover, a comet appeared over Rome, which was of course interpreted as the precursor of war and further troubles, causing no small excitement amongst the people, and thus added to the perturbation which the news from Sicily and Naples gave to Antonelli and the Pope. “Almost daily,” to quote a private letter of this date, “the troops are practiced in the fields near the city. The Pope himself went to witness the drill a few days since, praised and encouraged them, and presented each soldier with a little medal of the Virgin, for whose aid there are daily and constant prayers and special ceremonies in the churches in behalf of the Pope, and for his victory over his enemies.”

But to turn from this little flurry in the secular armory to these more appropriate “special ceremonies,” on St. Peter's day, June 29th, the function at the Vatican basilica was, or was intended to be, exceptionally solemn. It was, however, far too seriously wanting in reverence and even in common decency, on the part of the subordinate performers, to impress the northern spectator with its religious character.

The Pope was always reverent in manner, and even devout, on such occasions. Antonelli never forgot himself. But near the high altar was a sort of buffet; and during the services a continual preparing, cleansing, and arrang-

ing of the sacred vessels, — not only for the altar service, but also for washing the Pope's hands, — napkins, serving-aprons, etc., gave the whole, at times, quite as much the appearance of a domestic gathering as of a religious ceremony. There was nothing serious in the demeanor even of the officiating priests. The officials at the *side table* talked and lounged as servants would in an anteroom.

The most impressive part of the services was when, during the Pope's celebration of the mass, he elevated the host. The whole multitude in the vast church knelt, save here and there a Protestant spectator. The sabres of the noble guard rung for a moment on the pavement; then, after a solemn stillness, a breathless silence, the sound of the silver trumpets came from the dome above, the clear notes seeming to float downwards from heaven itself.

To this provision of spiritual bread succeeded, in the evening, the *circenses*, which were, the day after, thus described in a private letter from a lady:

"The celebrations of the day were finished off by the *girandola*, or display of fireworks from Monte Pincio. W—— obtained a comfortable place for me, and at half past eight we set off in a little carriage. After being stopped at the corners of several streets by mounted guards, we finally reached the Ripetta, and driving for a little distance on the bank of the river (which was lighted up with bonfires, producing beautiful effects on the water) we had from this point a view of St. Peter's, which was again illuminated, looking like some temple of fairy-land. We were only permitted to go within a very short distance of the Piazza [del Popolo], so we alighted, and, mingling with the crowd, soon got to the place where our chairs were waiting for us.

"The commencement was announced by the firing of cannon. Then followed the ascent of some beautiful rockets,

which burst and descended in showers of fire; then a magnificent volcanic irruption preceded the transformation of the great architectural piece — which [on this occasion] was St. Peter's, followed by the Fountain of Trevi — into a temple of light. The various changes of form and color were magical, and at each, a signal was given by the cannon. There was not enough wind to carry off the smoke, but as it was lighted up it gave a beauty of its own, though it marred the brilliancy of the whole.

"After a while, a flame of light shot from the Pincian to the base of the obelisk, played around it, and then darted to posts standing about in the piazza, where it lighted the lamps and revealed the crowd in all directions, thus serving the double purpose of a fine finishing off and of lighting up their homeward departure. All was quiet and orderly. The immense mass, estimated at twenty thousand, had enjoyed the fireworks, and, being satisfied, passed away in groups by the three streets which terminate in the Piazza del Popolo. We gained our carriage without trouble or being in any way inconvenienced by the motley crowd about us."

Of one of the special ceremonies of the church at this period, the same correspondent writes:

"While I was at the window [in the Via Sistina, July 8th] I was attracted by a large crowd about the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. I have since learned that it was a procession to take the picture of the Virgin — a miraculous picture, highly esteemed, having stopped the cholera at one time when it was raging in Rome, — from that church to the Gesù, in order there to have prayers to the Virgin for *peace*. It was attended by the cardinal vicar of Rome and thousands of priests and frati, bearing lighted candles. The picture was brilliantly illuminated, and the people from time to time cried out, 'Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!'"

On the second Sunday following, July 22d, there was another of these solemn processions, to which the Pope resorted for protection in his danger; in honor, however, of an entirely different madonna.

I quote now from a diary of the time: "First, after a line of guards, came two drummers, rattling away at a singular rate. Then came a long double row of candle-bearing frati; then a brass band, followed by an immense picture of the Madonna and child, swung from a large gilt rod and two upright staffs, borne by priests. The reverse of this picture represented a saint adoring and imploring the Virgin. After this were a few more priests, and then a huge cross, seemingly of logs. It was about sixteen feet high; the foot, pointed as if to go into the ground, rested in a belt socket of the bearer. It was of pasteboard, but the imitation was perfect, both of the bark and of the section, which was about twelve inches in diameter, and also of a few little ivy vines and leaves twining around it. This was followed by another double row of frati, Dominicans.

"Then came another brass band, some more priests, a mitred bishop bearing a small silver crucifix, and then, the great object of the procession, the shrine of the Madonna. It was much like a throne raised upon an altar, borne by sixteen men, and rising in heavily gilt arabesque forms, supported by cherubs, to a large crown which formed its canopy. In this shrine sat an image of the Virgin, arrayed in a dress of white satin, embroidered heavily with gold, low in the neck and with flowing sleeves. She wore also a jeweled crown. The infant Saviour in her arms was somewhat similarly dressed.

"The people had showed some reverence at the other parts of the procession; but when this shrine came by, the crowds that filled the streets knelt on all sides, more than I think I had

seen before, offering the profoundest worship to the image."

"There is to be still another procession, next Sunday" (July 29th), — quoting again the private correspondence already cited, — "to carry back the picture of the Madonna from the church of Il Gesù to that of Santa Maria Maggiore, the Pope having in the mean while presented the miraculous picture with a silver chalice."

On the 30th, the same writer resumes: "In the evening, about six, W—— went to the church to see the procession. The picture was loaded with votive offerings of gold and silver and precious stones. I don't know what effect has been produced upon Italian affairs, but at the appearance of the picture the crowd prostrated themselves in humble adoration. I could see from my window the illumination of the church, which presented the appearance of a pyramid of lights and was very beautiful."

This procession, it seems, was "some forty minutes in passing." The streets along the route through which it passed were gayly decked with red and yellow tapestries; and at least one private house opposite the church, as well as the campanile of the church itself, was thus illuminated.

During the period of these great July processions, to which far more than to his secular defenders the Pope had confident recourse for protection against the approaching revolution, Garibaldi was pressing his attack upon Messina, the last hold of Francis upon the island of Sicily. On the 30th, the day following this formal and solemn restoration of the miraculous picture to Santa Maria Maggiore, the news reached Rome that Messina was taken, this extraordinary three months' campaign at an end, and Trinacria redeemed for constitutional liberty and Italy. Our good Checca shook her head, and devoutly said that "we must accept the decrees of Providence;" the padrone sententiously as-

sured us that Garibaldi "would take Naples also in the coming fall, and that he would be in Rome itself ere winter should set in."

There were few left in Rome then to give an unbiased judgment upon such a prophecy. The American minister

was gone. The American church was closed for the summer. The August heats now forced away to the mountains, or to cooler latitudes, the last Americans who yet lingered in Rome. Even the Italian revolution paused again in its advance.

William Chauncy Langdon.

O-BE-JOYFUL CREEK AND POVERTY GULCH.

"WHAT'S in a name?" is no idle question in a mining country. Everything is in the names; records of hope, disappointment, success, failure, exiles' homesickness, lovers' passion, desperadoes' profanity, — all are left, written often in strange syllables on the rocks, hills, and streams of the half-conquered wilderness.

When the wilderness has proved a mockery, refusing to give up its treasures, and the miners have pushed on, leaving behind them no trace except deserted cabins and mounds of tin cans, the names they gave still linger, becoming part of the country's history, and outranking in importance ordinary geographical designations. No doubt, in centuries to come, antiquaries will puzzle and delve over the nomenclatures in all those portions of America now known as "mining regions." It would not be strange, either, if the tin-can mounds ultimately became centres of archaeological research. Nothing can be more certain than that, if the human race continues to advance, an age will come which will abhor and repudiate the tin can, with all its sickening contents. After a century or two of disuse and oblivion, the hideous utensil and its still more hideous foods will be relegated to their proper place as relics of a phase of barbarism; and then the exhuming of some of the huge mounds of them, now being piled up in mining

camp, will be interesting to all persons curious in such matters. The miner's frying-pan also may come in for a share of analytic attention; will perhaps take a place in museums, in the long procession headed by the Indian's stone mortar and pestle. It may even come about that there will be an age catalogued in the archæologist's lists as the tin age. Contrasted with it, what noble dignity will "the stone age" assume!

Such forerunning fancies as these, sometimes fantastic, sometimes, again, melancholy to the last degree, haunt one in journeying among mining camps, old and new. It is hard to keep separate the fantastic and the sad, in one's impressions; hard to decide which has more pathos, the camp deserted or the camp newly begun, the picture of disappointment over and past or that of enthusiastic hopes, nine out of ten of which are doomed to die. I have sometimes thought that the newest, *livest*, most sanguine camps were saddest sights of all.

The expression of a fresh mining camp, at the height of its "boom," is something which must be seen to be comprehended.

The camp is in the heart of a fir forest, perhaps, or on the stony sides of a gulch. Trees fall here, there, everywhere, day and night. Nobody draws breath till he has got a cabin, or a bough hut, or a tent over his head. As if by

magic, there grows up a sort of street, a dozen or two board shanties, with that cheapest and silliest of all shams, the battlement front, flaunting its ugly squares all along the line. Glaring signs painted on strips of cotton sheeting, bleached and unbleached, are nailed over doors. In next to no time, there will be a "mint," an "exchange," a "bank," a "Vienna bakery," a "Chinese laundry," a "hotel," and a "livery stable." Between each night and morning will blossom out crops of "real estate offices," and places where "mining properties are bought and sold," "claims located, proved, bought and sold," "surveys of mining claims made," etc.; crops also, alas, of whiskey saloons, with wicked names and lurid red curtains, danger and death signals.

The stumps are not taken out of the pretense of a road, neither are the bowlders; nobody minds driving over them, or over anything, in fact, so he gets quick to his "claim," or to the tract in which he is feverishly "prospecting." If a brook trickles through the camp, so much the better; it can do double duty as drain and well. Luckiest they who drink highest up, but they who drink lowest down do not mind. The women, if women there are, are fierce and restless, like the men. They make shifty semblances of homes out of their one-roomed cabins. It is not worth while to have things comfortable, or keep them in order, for there is no knowing whether the camp will turn out to be a good one or not; and tomorrow they may pack up their chattels and move on. At the faintest rumor of a bigger "find," in another camp, the men to whom they belong will be off, and they must follow. They stand in their doorways, idling, wondering, waiting, gossiping, and quarreling. The only placid creatures are the babies, whose simple needs of sun, dirt, and being let alone are amply supplied. They are happy, and they only, in all the camp.

It is a strange life, unnatural, unwholesome, leading to no good, comfortless to a degree which many of those who lead it would not endure a day, except for the hope of great gain, which fires their very veins. The worst of it is that the life is as fascinating as it is unwholesome. "Once a miner always a miner" is a proverb which is little less than an exact truth. The life is simply a gamester's life, with the wide earth for a hazard table, and the instances are rare in which a person who has once come under its spell ever breaks away. It is no uncommon thing, in Colorado, to meet an old gray-haired man who has been prospecting and mining all his life, and has not yet made a dollar, but is buoyantly sure that he will "strike it" soon.

During the autumn of 1880 there were frequently to be seen in the Colorado newspapers, and also in the leading ones of the Eastern States, accounts of new and wonderful discoveries of precious metals and minerals in Gunnison County, Colorado. The excitement was not so intense and sudden as that which followed upon the Leadville finds, but it was sufficient to send thousands of men swarming into the "Gunnison country," as it was called, and to bring into existence, in less than a year, scores of brisk, bustling, "bonanza" mining towns.

"On to Gunnison!" was the cry throughout the mining population of the State. It is instructive as well as interesting to read now, and on the ground, the descriptions then written and the prophecies then made of some of these towns. There was, perhaps, no exaggeration in the descriptions or the prophecies, applying them to the region at large, for it is undoubtedly one of the richest and most varied in treasures in all Colorado. But the casual observer would hardly believe this, journeying to-day through some of the districts of which, at the beginning of the

"boom," such unbounded successes were predicted. The likelihood of the first being last and the last first was never better proven and shown. There seems, on a closer view of the situations, to have been a half-fantastic analogy between the irregular and unforeseeable human conditions and successions in the country and the puzzling conditions and successions geologically recorded there: veins crossing and outcropping in inexplicable places; crevices and fissures doubling on themselves, twisting and tying knots, tendril-like; deposits and measures due, according to all known antecedents, in one spot appearing in quite another,—overlying where they should underlie, going to left where they should go to right, and setting at defiance all the horizontal and vertical conventionalities in well-regulated geological society. Evidently there were periods when something, whether misery or joy, made strange bedfellows underground in Gunnison County. Evidently, also, the law had not then been heard of that as one makes his bed so he must lie; for every mother's son of them,—primitive granite, coal-measure sediments, silica, calc-spar, porphyry,—all have shifted around as they liked, century in and out, till a state of things has resulted which puzzles the best experts in rocks and formations.

The town of Crested Butte and its vicinity afford good opportunities for observing these interesting phenomena of both the upper and the under world.

Crested Butte lies among the peaks of the Elk Mountain range, twenty-eight miles north of Gunnison City, in a beautiful basin, to the making of which go three mountains, two streams, and many gulches. The town gets its odd and rather high-sounding name at second hand, from the highest mountain in its neighborhood. Why Hayden, in his survey, should have named this sharp, pyramidal peak Crested Butte does not at all appear until one goes some dis-

tance north of the mountain. Seen from that side, part of its sky line is a curious jagged cock's-comb sort of crest, which vindicates the first half of the epithet, but leaves the last hardly less inappropriate than before: a peak twelve thousand feet high, its upper half of bare majestic stone, is surely entitled to a rank higher than "Butte."

Crested Butte, more than any other town, is centrally located in relation to the mines of Gunnison County. Every road leading out of the town to east, west, or north brings out before long in a mining camp. It is thus a natural centre of supplies, and has in that one fact alone an excellent reason for being, aside from its own resources, which are already so great that it would be a rash man who undertook to-day to set limit to them. Both south and north of the town are vast coal measures, the extent of which can as yet only be guessed at. Thousands of acres in the immediate outskirts of the village are evidently underlaid by the veins already in working; and similar measures are to be traced on the terraced fronts of the hills and mountains for many miles to the north and west. Mountains full of silver and gold, and creek beds and gulches close at hand full of fuel to smelt and refine them,—what more could the heart of money-lover ask, and what plainer indication could nature give of the chief duty of man in lands thus formed and filled? This would be the miner's creed of predestination in the Crested Butte region.

One need not, however, be either money-seeker, miner, or predestinarian to enjoy Crested Butte and its vicinity. Even to eyes that could not tell trachyte from sandstone, or a coal measure from a granite ledge, the country has treasures to offer. There are many sorts of "claims," "prospectors," and "prospecting."

There is a field of purple asters two miles west of Crested Butte that some

people would rather possess for the rest of the summers of their lives than the coal bank opposite it, — a million times rather; and if a man would secure them a perpetual “claim” to the roadway and a narrow strip of shore of O-Be-Joyful Creek, he might have all the gold and silver in the upper levels of its canyon, and welcome. There is no accounting for differences in values; no adjusting them, either, unluckily. The men who are digging, coking, selling the coal opposite the aster field, do not see the asters; the prospectors hammering away high up above the foaming, plashing, sparkling torrent of the O-Be-Joyful water do not know where it is amber and where it is white, or care for it unless they need drink. And I, before whose eyes the aster field, only once seen, will go on and on waving its purples and yellows all winter, with the laugh of the O-Be-Joyful stream still echoing and the mystery of its amber pools still lingering in my heart, — I shall never see either the radiant field or the laughing water again.

There is one comfort: the “market” in which stock in aster fields and brooks is bought is always strong. Margins are safe, and dividends sure. Ten years from now, that coal bank may not pay, but I shall have my aster field. Whoever goes in July to Crested Butte may have it also, if he will drive out of town westward, up Coal Creek Gulch, on the road leading to the White Cloud, Ruby, Irwin, and Hopewell camps. It is a toll road, built at the time when from Ruby Camp there were daily being taken out masses of ruby native and wire silver, and fortunes were supposed to be waiting to be picked up on all hands. The road lies high on the south-facing slope of the gulch’s north wall; far below it, to the left, dashes the black little stream, close to the base of the gulch’s south side, which is a steep and almost unbroken wall of fir and spruce forests. On the right-hand slope run

the aster fields, — not asters alone, but every other flower of the region: where the slope is steepest, the uppermost ranks and ranges of blossoms are pricked out against the sky; where the hills fall back, and the fields spread out at easier angles, their surface is a mosaic. The blue harebells, scarlet gilia, lupine of all shades of blue and purple, mariposa, golden-rod, white yarrow, purple vetch, red roses, are there in abundance wherever the purple aster leaves space; but the asters have plainly been first in the field for generations. They grow like clover, in clumps and thickets, making in many places a firm tint of shaded mauve and purple, as solid as ever meadow clover can make at its best. Next to the asters in supremacy is wild parsley, which grows here with a magnificent prodigality, spreading feathery umbrels two hand’s-breadths broad. The delicate white “bedstraw” also is stippled in, in masses; and crowning, lighting up all, like the last touches of gold in the illuminated page, is spread a blazonry of yellow, — sunflowers of unusual varieties: one, deep orange, with long, pointed, drooping petals, like a greyhound’s ears, — perhaps it is not a sunflower; another, pale straw color, with an old-gold button in the centre, — dusky old gold, like the color of a bumble-bee in the sun; another, small, thick-set, like a glorified dandelion; golden coreopsis, of many kinds, and a satin-surfaced, yellow-disked blossom, like the immortelle: these are a few I knew, or partly knew, and can recollect. But there were scores of others, of which I knew neither face nor name. Never, except in a certain meadow in the Ampezzo Pass, in Titian’s country, have I seen such splendid and unstinted massing of flowers. Snow lies from five to twelve feet deep, in the Crested Butte region, all winter, and the winter is from five to seven months long. This is the secret — this, and the plentiful spring rains — of the short summer’s

brilliant blossoming; only another of the myriad instances of the great and tender law of compensation.

There are eight miles of these flower fields and fir forests between Crested Butte and White Cloud, the first of the mining camps on the Ruby road. At the end of this eight miles the gulch suddenly widens into a basin, surrounded by high mountains, on the summits of which clouds are always resting. Hence the beautiful name of White Cloud. Of White Cloud's past I learned nothing, except by the picture of its present: a half dozen houses, all deserted; windows boarded up, and wild weeds running riot over door-sills; even the mounds of tin cans and broken bottles, sunk and softened into rounded contours, being fast draped in green and reclaimed into decency by gracious nature.

The most significant sight in White Cloud was a large building, evidently intended for smelting-works: every window and door boarded, and the whole place as it were barricaded by piles of rusty, battered iron machinery which would never again do duty, — piles of old iron wheels, cylinders, pipes, trays of pots, tanks, all the innumerable contrivances and devices for metal working; there they lay, in confused heaps, like the débris of a fire, or a wreck. And so they are, — débris of fire and wreck in which the hope and strength of many a heart have been lost forever.

At White Cloud the Ruby road turns sharply to the north and follows up another gulch, heading toward two high red mountains, named Ruby One and Ruby Two. In some lights, these peaks glow like carnelians, and it is easy to see why their baptismal name, Ruby, was numerically pieced out, and made to do double duty for them both. No other name would have answered so well for either.

Just beyond White Cloud we passed a heavy ore wagon, whose driver, at

some inconvenience, drew out to one side of the narrow stony road, to let us pass; an attention for which I expressed warm gratitude to him, and proceeded to make similar comments on it to my driver. He listened amusedly to all I had to say, and then replied, in a deliberate tone, —

"Well, p'r'aps he ain't so kind 's you think. A feller that 's teamin' on these roads 's got to be accommodatin' 'n' git out th' way, 's often 's he can. Ef he don't, there won't nobody git out th' way for him, don't you see? A feller 'd better be accommodatin', I tell you, or he 'll get paid up 'mighty quick. Any feller 's on the road 'll tell all the rest." After a short interval of reflection, he continued, "A pusson thet ain't in any hurry can make a heap o' trouble for one thet is," which bit of well-phrased philosophy gave me pleasure, and is worth recalling in many a crisis in life.

Ruby is — was (one hesitates as to tenses, in speaking of these camps) much larger than White Cloud, and had a more vigorous and developed life in its day. It is not yet quite dead. Smoke was curling from a chimney or two; one multifarious shop had its door open; also, one whisky saloon, where on the door-sill, with their elbows on their knees, sat three men, whose faces of ludicrous wonderment, as we drove by, were speaking tokens of the evenness of the tenor of the usual way in Ruby. Big-lettered signs, grotesquely out of proportion to the diminutive buildings, even in their heyday of brisk business, looked still more grotesque, now, on the fronts of shanties with doors boarded and windows either boarded or ghastly with cobwebs and broken panes. "Ruby City Bank," "Exchange," "News Company," all closed; the place that knew them knew them no more. Above some of the doorways hung fluttering shreds of cotton cloth, the remains of signs which more economical migrants (is there any other word that would

so properly designate the class?) had stripped off their deserted houses, and carried on to the next camp.

Where Ruby leaves off and Irwin begins does not appear. In fact, the camps need not have had two names, most of the Irwinites being Ruby men, who pushed on a half mile farther up the gulch, to be nearer to the Forest Queen and other seductive mining properties of high-grade ores. Irwin still lives. At least half of the houses are occupied, and businesses of various sorts seem to be—it would perhaps be exaggeration to say, going on; seem to be still extant would come nearer to giving a correct picture of the curious atmosphere of half-suspended activity which the place presents. Dumps of ore here and there on the hillsides and sounds of steam-pumping indicated that miners were at work; the faces of the people also showed it. They were going about their business, in one way or another, but the very fact of this partial activity seemed only to heighten and emphasize the desolate look of the many houses deserted. I wondered what would be the effect on a sensitive and impressionable nature of living for a year in a place where one half the houses were not only empty, but abandoned forever by the men who had builded them. Simply the continued seeing of such houses might well breed a contagion of restlessness and migratory impulse. Whither did all those men go? Was it not to a better place? Are they not glad they went? There are not such fierce suns as this, perhaps, or so cold rains, where they are. “Let us follow!” says the idle, dreaming thought, looking day after day on the deserted homes.

In the northward suburbs of Irwin were several deserted log cabins, among trees, in rude inclosures, overgrown and choked with scrambling, blossoming things. It was noticeable that there was about these no expression of dreariness

or desolation. The log cabin is, of all man-built homes, the nearest to nature. Left unoccupied, it is quickly relegated to its original affinities, slips back into much of its old tree dignity, and can never by any chance become unsightly. Coming upon such a cabin, open-doored, windowless, the grass perhaps its only floor, the traveler is never repelled, only attracted. “Not a bad place to sleep, if one need,” he says, and half wishes he need. But the board shanty, and above all the battlement-fronted board shanty, has only to be left disused for a brief period to acquire abjectness, ignominy, a look of having come from base uses and being fit only for such. There is room here for analysis and reflection, if one chose; especially is there room for analytic reflection on the battlement front, its significance and insignificance. It is in pioneer ways and means and standards at once a feature and a factor; its appearance and its disappearance are alike gauges of the community’s condition, a record much more exact than would be supposed. There can be few better signs in a new town than the arrival of the day when a man is ashamed to put up a battlement-fronted house, and knows that it would be against his business interests to do so.

Just beyond Irwin’s last uninhabited log cabin, on the shores of a beautiful emerald-green lake, we found a United States survey party camped.

“You call these camps deserted?” said one of the engineers. “Why, these camps are lively. You have n’t been to Silver Cliff, I guess. Down there, there are thousands of acres with the prospect holes not over a foot apart. The ground is nothing more than a colander, and there is n’t a living person in Silver Cliff, and has n’t been for a year. These Ruby camps are lively. You’d better go to Silver Cliff. It’s a sight worth seeing, just to look at those acres of prospect holes.”

At the head of the gulch, close at the

base of Ruby One and Ruby Two, lies the town of Hopewell, the last of the four once "booming" mining camps in Ruby Gulch. Of the half dozen houses, two were inhabited. One was the "Pink Boarding-House," a building quoted as a landmark in giving us our directions for finding the Ruby chief mine. The house was not so flagrant as its name; æsthetic art would have found some other designation for its mongrel tint, which was nearer to the crushed strawberry than to any other defined color. It stood out in amazing relief. Its two high stories, abundant in windows, its double doors and expansive sides of startling hue, — all these contrasted with the desolate loneliness of the spot, and the low cabins of logs or rough boards on either hand seemed to lift the ugly structure into a sort of magnificence; and it was not to be wondered at that it had attained an eminence of notoriety in the region.

The keeper of the Pink Boarding-House was an elderly woman, with bright, resolute hazel eyes, who had a story to tell; one of the instances, so frequently met with in Colorado journeying, of lives which would read like romances if written out in detail. She moved from Seneca Falls in New York to Denver, in 1859; "the second white woman who," as she emphatically said, "ever set foot in Denver." She lived there through the horrors of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne wars. She saw, drawn in open wagons through Denver streets, the dead bodies of men and women, killed by Indians. She also saw white men, Chivington's men, murderers of friendly and unarmed Indians, ride through the same streets, carrying at their saddle-bows unmentionable trophies of the horrible massacre they had perpetrated. After seven years of this life, she migrated back again, eastward, to Wisconsin, where they had good luck, made a comfortable home, and lived until the mining fever of 1880 seized

her husband. On the pleasant Wisconsin home, "with every comfort heart could wish," they had turned their backs, and plunged into this wilderness for gain of silver and gold. Here she had lived three years. Two winters she had spent in this home, with the snow twelve feet deep all around; no going about except on snow-shoes; no going out at all, for her, for twelve long weeks. The windows on the south side of the house were blocked by drifted snow to the eaves; on the north side one row of panes in the upper-story windows was left uncovered; long tunnel ways led to the doors, through banks of snow so high that the tunnel ways were dark. This it is to mine for precious metals in Hopewell in winter. Strange as it seems, however, the winter is the better part of the year for work. In summer, the innumerable mountain springs are so full that pumps have to be kept going continually to clear the mines of water. In winter the only danger is from snow-slides. Hearing this woman's graphic account of a slide in the winter of 1882, which "went off like a cannon," she said, "waking them right up" at midnight, and in a minute had piled its mountain of snow far down the valley, having carried with it all the buildings of the Ruby chief mine, and buried two miners, asleep in their cabins (one killed instantly; one worse off than his dead comrade, crushed, but left alive, to linger in agony for days): all this over and past in the twinkling of an eye, at dead of night, — hearing this story, it no longer seemed strange that Hopewell and Ruby and Irwin and White Cloud were so nearly deserted of men; the wonder was that any should remain. But the nonchalant indifference of miners to chances of death is proverbial. They play at the game so constantly that their sense is dulled. Later on this very day, I spoke with a Hopewell miner, who said, "I was in that slide she was a-tellin' ye about."

"In it!" I cried. "Were you hurt?"

"No. I was in the tunnel, when it went off. I'd changed round with another feller: I'd gone on the night shift in place of him. He wa'n't feelin' well, so I took his place on the night shift. My cabin was buried up: reckon I might ha' been killed if I'd happened to ha' been in it." No more trace of feeling in his tone as he said this than if he had spoken of the most every-day matters.

Sixteen miles north of Crested Butte is a new and live mining town called Schofield. It is in a basin; the centre of a knot, almost a tangle, of peaks, all supposed to be full of mineral. The drive to it from Crested Butte is a succession of beautiful and weird pictures: first, low hills, flower meadows, and slopes similar to those on the westward road; then, steep mountain spurs, dark green lakes, and dense fir forests. High up on one of these spurs, midway between Crested Butte and Schofield, is the town of Gothic, at the base of a grand trachyte pyramid fourteen thousand feet high, bearing the same name. Two years ago Gothic was larger and more flourishing than Crested Butte. To-day Gothic is dead, and Crested Butte thrives and grows. A Gothic philosopher, sitting at midday on his saw-horse smoking his pipe, nodded complacently to us as we passed.

"Where are all the people of this town?" I asked.

"Gone to the mountains," was the reply.

"Ah, the place is not really deserted, then?" I said.

"Well, not exactly," answered the philosopher, with a twinkle.

"What do you think about the place?" I continued.

"Well, it's this way: there's plenty of good properties here, but the people are too poor to work them, anything more'n just to do their assessment work and hold 'em."

"Do you mean to stay?"

"Yes, I think I'll see it through."

"When were all these houses built?"

"Two years ago, when everybody thought that mountain" — pointing to Gothic peak — "was made of solid silver; and so 'tis, pretty near, if there was only any getting at it."

A few steps farther on we met another Gothic man: rosy, hearty, accoutred in fringed buckskin, with a canopy-brimmed yellow sombrero, he galloped along as if he owned the earth and the air. To him, also, we put the same questions. He had been there two years; had no idea of going away. The region was "full of splendid properties," and Gothic would be "a first-rate camp to live in when they got things fixed up a little." It was not "just the place for the winter," but by and by it would be. Gothic was "all right."

Chance bits of talk like these, along roadsides, always bring interesting facts to surface. They are like the deep-sea soundings of naturalists; not one of the masses of sand and rubbish which dredgers bring up, is without its shell, or bone, or scale, or plant, significant in record.

"Waiting for a boom; that's what's the matter with this town," said a discontented woman, in Schofield. "I've got no patience with this boom business. It's the ruination of this country. It just spoils everything. There isn't a decent house in the town, and there won't never be."

"The camp's been pretty dull, this spring," said the landlord of the board shanty which does duty as Schofield's inn, — "the camp's been pretty dull, and so we have n't got our horses in yet. You see there was a foot of snow lyin' in the street here the 22d of June, and that's put things back." It looked for a spell as if there would n't be much doin' here this season; but they're comin' now, fast."

This was the 10th of August; in six

or eight weeks more, Schofield would be snowed in again. Before the first of November everything needed for seven months' living must be provided, and must be packed up to the mines over steep trails.

After the first deep snow, all mines high up on the mountain sides are cut off from communication with the region below. It must be a good deal like being dead, seven months of such isolation, and severance of all connection with human life outside the walls of the mine and the cabin. At the bare thought of it the imagination instantly teems with fancies of terrible possibilities: illness, death, in that icy solitude; hardly less awful, the coming down in the spring, ignorant of what the winter may have wrought of harm or loss. One pictures the mute question of the eye, which the lips would refuse to frame, on the first meeting of such an exile with his neighbor below. Though a man should gain the whole world, would he be well paid for such a life as this?

It is claimed by enthusiastic Crested Butteians that there are within an easy day's drive of their town seventy miles of good roads, all leading through wild and picturesque scenery. This seems in no wise incredible on the spot, when going only to the west and northwest one has driven out twenty miles a day, for three successive days, never repeating a mile previously seen, and finding each day's journey more and more beautiful. Our third and last day was most brilliant of all; a twelve-hour day, but if the sun could have been bribed we would have had it longer.

In the morning we climbed up through flowery meadows and cottonwood groves, among ridges and basins and gulches, over a thousand feet in a vertical line, above the Crested Butte level, to a large coal mine recently opened, and promising to be of enormous value.

To look through green vistas of waving boughs, grasses five feet high, myr-

iads of huge-leaved plants of almost tropical luxuriance, up to the glistening black coal measures and grim stone terraces, hundreds of feet above, was a strange sight. Once up at the mine's mouth the picture is stranger still. The mountain side is so steep that the Crested Butte basin sinks, and seems a low valley. Down this valley the Slate River winds in so serpentine a course that at most of the angles it is lost from sight, and the effect on the eye, looking down from above, is of an infinity of small, oval-shaped, shining tarns in the green meadows. The three majestic trachyte mountains, Crested Butte, Wheat Stone, and Gothic, rising from these meadows, are now seen to be the upper crests, monarchs as it were, of a vast system of divides, gulches, basins, mountains, and ridges, which at once suggest, even to the most superficial thought, the idea of a period of terrific throes in the whole visible frame of the earth. Down the sides of these mighty stone-walled basins spin threads of silver water, like the fosses in Norwegian fjords; the bottoms of the basins are emerald green, as if of solid moss; they seem a reproduction, on a colossal scale, of the exquisite little cup-like, moss-carpeted basins, fed by trickling springs, which are to be found along the rims of mountain brooks in rocky beds. This beauty of coloring gives to the titanic shapes a look of warm vitality, almost personality, weird in effect. There is a radiant exultance about them, a mysterious audacity of delight, which fills the very air itself with a solid warp and woof of uncanny spell.

A Scotchman called Jim Brennan, "a sort of genius," — "more what they call a genius at the East, though, than out here," our guide and legend-teller said, — had prospected in 1879, up and down, over and through, this whole kingdom, and given queer names to many of the localities, branding them by the stamp of his own good or ill luck. He

it was who, having searched along the sides of one of the dark fir-crowded gulches, and found nothing, nailed up, on one of the trees at the mouth, as he came out, a shingle on which he had scrawled the name "Poverty Gulch;" the most opprobrious epithet a miner could invent. Bad names stick to localities as to persons. The gulch is still called Poverty Gulch, spite of the fact that some of the best paying and best promising mines to-day are on its sides. Brennan was not so wise as those who came after him. He searched too low down; was perhaps a trifle lazy about climbing precipices.

"I don't never want to hear nothin' about no claims down among the slip rock," said an old miner we met drawing a load of good silver ore from his mine in this very gulch. "The higher up a claim is, the better I like it; 't least, in these mountains. Them fellers that prospected here first did n't know nothin' about the way things is tilted up endways here. That's the reason they was in such a hurry to call it Poverty Gulch. Ain't much poverty about it now."

From Poverty Gulch the Scotchman and his party pushed south, and came soon into a splendid basin, where they found rich indications of ore and a delightful stream of water leaping from summits above, and cutting a fantastic way for itself down between porphyry walls and layers of slate to the valley below. "O-Be-Joyful" basin they forthwith named it; and the darling stream,

the "O-Be-Joyful Creek." The name will commend itself forever, so long as water runs and sun shines. The basin is hard to get at; it is to be reached only by a narrow trail, difficult even to sure-footed mules. But the creek is at all men's pleasure to follow. Along its right-hand bank was the natural way for a road to go, to a nest of mining camps in some small gulches and basins a few miles out to the westward; so the road goes up, and the brook comes down, and the pair of them are as fine a sight as ever was seen out-of-doors on a summer day. The road has rims and walls of blossoms, chiefly purple asters; the brook has shelves and beds of purple slate, columns of porphyry and great tables of granite, ferns and moss in every crevice, and still green pools after every tumble. When it reaches the valley level it spreads out in many a rivulet, with winding, shaded beaches; and you ford and ford and ford it before you leave it fairly behind, and come to the straight river road in the meadow.

When Jim Brennan named these basins and gulches, nothing was farther from his mind, probably, than the idea of speaking in parables. But if he had so meant he could not have done better. Poverty Gulch and O-Be-Joyful Creek, — the two will be found always side by side, as they are in Gunnison County. Only a narrow divide separates them, and the man who spends his life seeking gold and silver is as likely to climb the wrong side as the right.

H. H.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

THAT year? Yes, doubtless I remember still, —

Though why take count of every wind that blows!

'T was plain, men said, that Fortune used me ill

That year, — the self-same year I met with Rose.

Crops failed ; wealth took a flight ; house, treasure, land,
 Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes and goes.
 One friend I had, but he too loosed his hand
 (Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks ; some rumor, too,
 Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows ;
 Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,
 Throve, spite of all ; but I,—I met with Rose !

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died :
 Some trouble vexed her quiet heart, — who knows ?
 Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,
 Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

Was there no more ? Yes, that year life began :
 All life before a dream, false joys, light woes, —
 All after-life compressed within the span
 Of that one year, — the year I met with Rose !

Edmund C. Stedman.

NEWPORT.

XII.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FATE.

THE discovery of Josephine's hidden predilection for Oliphant brought upon Octavia a rush of new excitement which she could not fathom or control. That fine sheathing of comparative indifference, which had enabled her to go on thus far without sacrificing her peace of mind, suddenly vanished, and she ceased to be merely a spectator of her relations with Oliphant. Like an actress carried away by her part, she became subject to the situation ; no longer felt that she was moulding it, but rather that she was at the mercy of events.

She was willing to confess, now, that during the busy weeks of their acquaintance a strong admiration for Oliphant had grown up in her mind. She had not suspected that a character so little salient, a presence so quiet, could acquire

such sway over her ; yet it had come to pass that if she missed seeing him for a single day she was conscious of a void and blankness in the day's experience. There was a silent persuasive power about him, a something calmly strong, which had caused a belief to gain upon her that his worth was sound and complete beyond that of men who might be more brilliant, or of more flexible mind. And now her belief and her admiration were confirmed by the deep impression he had made upon Josephine. Who would ever have dreamed that that self-possessed, ambitious girl could fall in love with him ? For a moment, indeed, Octavia allowed herself to doubt that it could be so. "At any rate," she thought, "if she does love him, what does it amount to ? Nothing but an icicle giving back a ray of the sun. She's too cold. She *can't* love him as — as *I* could." But those unspoken words brought blushes to her cheeks,

and frightened her. Was it already possible for her to come to such a climax, even in fancy?

Moreover, had she not decided that love was an illusion, a tradition, a thing no one could be sure of? If this was her conviction, surely she could not pretend to anything more than a friendly sentiment towards Oliphant; yet it irked her to suppose that she could be inferior to Josephine in the capacity for an honest and trusting affection. Besides, it was beyond all dispute that Oliphant cared for her, and not for Josephine. The knowledge gratified her; but at the next instant she was thrilled by a notion of renouncing him for herself, and making him marry Josephine. It was delightful to think how noble such a proceeding would be. Before she had time, however, to sketch it out in all its bearings, she had abandoned the scheme, and dropped helplessly back into the vortex of uncertainty from which circumstances would not permit her to escape.

Retreat might be another alternative; but what would become of her purpose, then? Had she not made an inward vow? Was there not a duty for her to perform, a revenge to take? Anger and pity and a gathering tenderness swept by turns through her heart, confusing her more and more; but one thing, she saw, was decided: there could be no retreat. In the restlessness engendered by this conflict, she had gone out upon the grounds of High Lawn, after Josephine's visit, and was walking aimlessly among the trees, when she saw a man's figure passing up the driveway to the house. She could not tell who it was, but her heart throbbed quickly; she at once thought of Eugene. Returning by a door near the silk-paneled room, she was disappointed to find that it was Raish Porter who awaited her. But he brought an invitation that promptly enlivened the coloring of her mood; for he had devised a yachting

party, to come off the next day, in which the Wares, Count Fitz-Stuart, Josephine, Oliphant, and several others would be included. Mrs. Farley Blazer was not invited, and Octavia consented with eager readiness to go.

"It's unusual to get people out on that sort of trip, here," said Raish, "and I'm as elated at my success as the sailor I've heard of, who fiddled so well that the whales all came round him to be harpooned."

Raish's jovial deportment had nothing to do with the placidity that returned to Octavia. It was the prospect of the excursion that brought back her good spirits. Her perplexities were not solved, but they had disappeared: the knowledge that she was to have Oliphant by her side, on the yacht, furnished a thread which she was content to take for her clue through the maze, at present.

It was a cool morning when Raish's small schooner-yacht, the *Amaranth*, glided out of the harbor, leaving behind the fossil part of Newport, with its tape-measure sidewalks and huddled gambrel-roofs, and quaint, cramped old Thames Street. The sky was half-clouded, like a face softened by pensive memories; but the gayety of the sailing-party was not abated, and their light talk and laughter around the deck played sympathetically into the murmur of the rippling tide. Smoothly the trim craft ran past Fort Adams and the bare hills arrayed in dull green, or, where the sun shone, in a warm, smiling brown that held a hint of rose; past the Point of Trees and Ramshead, too, with Conanicut on the right, all blended of mild grays and varying greens, except for its border of rough rock harsh with shadow. Then, as they made out into the open ocean, they saw a white strip of marguerites, like a broad chalk-streak, amid the green on the right, and far away a line of blue and purple heights. Under the changing heaven Beaver Tail Light, with its blanched tower on the long, low

point, was brought out in white-spotted clearness by wandering sunbeams, and swiftly reduced to moist dimness again, as if it had been a lantern-picture abruptly dissolving.

"Look there!" said Raish, pointing to the cliff, as the Amaranth buffeted her way gayly across the stronger waves that met them after they had passed Gooseberry Island and Spouting Rock. "Look at that row of summer palaces! Where can you show me anything to equal it? Think of all that growing out of the quiet little town behind it, dressed in Quaker gray and white."

"The wicked worldling," said Octavia, with a smile, "coming after the stern and pious parent."

"It's a great contrast," Oliphant assented. "I should like to know what is to be the result of the new development."

"I'll tell you," said Raish, addressing several of the group. "We have three epochs represented here: first, the early settlers, by the old stone mill; then the defunct American democracy, who built the older part of the town; and these villas here, standing for the present American oligarchy. After that will come — revolution."

He shrugged his shoulders, and looked quite French; that is, like a cynic suddenly disordered by a gust of prophecy.

"*Mais non.* How can you think possible?" Fitz-Stuart exclaimed, a diminutive consternation agitating his features.

"But, Mr. Porter," objected Vivian, "revolution belongs to the effete monarchies, you know. Surely, you don't think we can descend to borrowing anything of the kind from them."

"Why not?" Raish answered. "We imitate them in everything else, as far as possible; and we'll have to end by imitating them in that, too."

Josephine laughed. "I shall be safe, at any rate," said she. "When the time

comes, and you are all blown up over here at Newport, I shall be quietly eating bread and milk in Jamestown. That's the advantage of being pastoral and innocent."

As the rest broke into a general buzz of conversation, Oliphant said to her, "I should n't think Jamestown would be likely to satisfy *you*."

"To tell you the truth," she replied frankly, in a lower voice, "it does n't. I'd rather be in Newport and be destroyed with the rest, if it came to that."

"Oh, Raish is talking nonsense," he said.

"I'm not so sure," Josephine answered, slowly. "We're often told that society is in an unhealthy state, and I almost believe it is."

"Then why are you so fond of it?"

"Well, it's like taking arsenic, you know. If you once begin, even in small doses, you get to depending on it. But what's your taste, Mr. Oliphant? Don't you like arsenic?"

"I'm afraid I do," he said, unconsciously stealing a glance at Octavia. "I've begun to, lately. But there was a time when I used to dream of an idyllic sort of life in some sleepy little place not too far out of the world."

"Like Jamestown?"

"Possibly."

A gentle dreaminess suffused her face. "It might be a very happy life," she said, "under certain conditions." And as her eyes met his, he thought he saw burning deep within them a peculiarly tremulous flame.

"Why isn't Perry Thorburn here to-day?" he suddenly asked, glancing around as if the young man might have been hidden in the cabin and were about to emerge.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Josephine. "Does his absence trouble you?"

He saw that she was annoyed by his question, which was in fact a too significant one. Accordingly he began to

praise the absent Perry, telling her that he had grown to like him very much. "Still," he added, smiling in a gallant manner, "I can get along perfectly without him, at present."

This speech was not a success, either. It was a refinement of pain to poor Josephine, who knew how superficial the complimentary tone must be, since his heart was really with Octavia. But she concealed its effect upon her, and kept him engaged in talk, drawing him always a little deeper, and always with that strange trembling light in her eyes. Oliphant felt the fascination, and even felt that he might begin to succumb to it before long. Meanwhile Octavia was left mainly to the attentions of Stillman Ware, who remarked with great satisfaction that Fitz-Stuart was progressing admirably with Vivian: they had gone away by themselves towards the forward part of the yacht, under the shadow of the foresail, and were apparently engrossed with each other. Oliphant several times resolved to move away from Josephine, but he still remained by her. She knew the power of the spell she could exercise, and had recklessly resolved to use it. Was it not her right, by nature? Moreover, if Octavia was bent upon trifling with this man, any means were justifiable for saving him, even to winning him away from her. And Oliphant, though he did not know her motive, became conscious that she exhibited a singular interest in him. Shall we admit that the discovery excited his vanity a little? Or shall we say that he enjoyed it because it was extraneous evidence, giving him a sense of his value which made it seem less audacious for him to hope that he could gain Octavia's love?

Octavia watched them, at first with scorn for what she considered Josephine's unfairness, and then with a rankling envy of her friend's easy power: finally, the desire to bring Oliphant to her feet — whether for mere triumph, or for the

securing of a genuine happiness, she scarcely knew — began to rise to the point of fever.

The situation was broken by an announcement of lunch in the cabin, made by Raish's negro steward, Fortune.

"Is n't he a perfect specimen?" Porter asked his guests, as they assembled to go in. "You noticed the wonderful curl of his hair, I suppose. Why, it's so woolly that positively he has to put camphor in it, early in the summer, to keep the moths out!"

Porter, as usual when at table, was in the best of spirits, and soon allayed for the time being the conflict and agitation that were threatened in the minds of Octavia, Oliphant, and Josephine. Several dainty and elaborate courses were served, but the choicest dish of all consisted of broiled green plover served on plates which had been washed in champagne. "It's the only way to get the finest flavor," Raish declared; "and the only thing I know of that comes anywhere near plover served like this is the 'larks stewed in morning's roseate breath, or roasted by a sunbeam's splendor,' which Tom Moore once offered to the Marquis of Lansdowne."

He was so gay that one would have thought he had n't a care in the world; but as a matter of fact he had not at all enjoyed Josephine's proceedings toward Oliphant, since it was for his own interest that Perry's attachment for her should come to a prosperous issue. He was disappointed, too, at Perry's failure to join the party, and still more disturbed by the knowledge that that young speculator had not yet actually taken or paid for the Orbicular stock which he proposed to buy. But, as I say, he kept his company in capital humor. They suspected nothing; and if he had never been going to give another entertainment — if he and they had all been destined to fade away into the mists and be seen no more, with the Amaranth turning to a phantom yacht

under their feet — he could not have made a happier ending.

But they had no intention of fading. When they came out, with smiling lips and with the delicate tingle of wine in their veins, the mists had disappeared, and they turned to make the run homeward in a soft glow of sunshine. As they approached within a certain distance of the shore, a strange phenomenon saluted them. All at once the saltiness of the air seemed to cease; the wind came from off the land, and poured around them in a breath of honey the mingled scent of flowers by thousands in the rich villa-gardens of Newport, and in the fields far away. It was an intoxicating aroma; it was like the exhalation from some enchanted territory of delights. In a minute or so, with a veering of the wind, it had passed; but Oliphant, hanging over Octavia, murmured, "This is a good omen for our return to land, is n't it?"

"Yes; a much more hopeful one than the chilly mist we sailed out with."

And there was a new significance in her gaze, as she spoke with lifted face, — a significance that referred to his lingering near Josephine so long before lunch, and to the slight shadow of jealousy which she allowed to rest upon her own mind, and was willing that he should perceive.

He sat down beside her, his face radiant with something more than the sunshine, and remained there until they came into port. He had made another advance; they had entered a new phase in their friendship; and to him the understanding established between them was the next thing to a mutual confession. Still, when he landed, he felt that he had left behind him, on that little voyage, the last vestige of the independence which had been his at the beginning of the season; and this independence, albeit one of loneliness and sorrow, was something the loss of which might have to be regretted. He was

drifting, now; he was at her mercy he knew; yet the fact was sweet to him, and he rejoiced in it. One must "give all for love;" but the price was not too great.

He longed to put his fate to the test; but somehow there was difficulty in finding room for any action so momentous in the crowded round of social occupations. The very next day was to culminate in that brilliant musical drainage entertainment, the well-vouched-for benefit concert in aid of Dana Sweetser's movement, at which Justin was to make his public *début*; and during most of the interval Oliphant was busy in assisting about the final arrangements.

With the social support which had been pledged to it, the concert could not have missed being the success it was. Mrs. Farley Blazer would have done all the injury she could to the enterprise, because of Justin's participation, except for the restraint put upon her by friendly regard for Dana. This prevented her active hostility, and she compromised by sending Tilly and Lord Hawkstane, in charge of some friends, while she herself stayed at home. Mrs. Chauncey Ware, however, threw her patronage unreservedly into the scales on Dana's side; and the sibylline scrolls of gray hair that identified as hers a certain black bonnet, from under which they projected, were seen in one row of chairs with Stillman and Vivian and Count Fitz-Stuart. The mother and brother were thus gracious in respect of Justin because they believed the coolness that obviously had interposed between him and Vivian was to be permanent; and in the fullness of their gratitude to Providence for the sacred gift of this lovers' quarrel, they were able to spare a little gentle generosity for the young musician.

I am not going to describe the concert, but from the interest which Vivian Ware took in the music it must have been passably good. Several times she

bent her head and wrote comments on the programme, with the small gold pencil which the count lent her for the purpose, and then folded up the paper, as if the brief record of her pleasure were too precious to be exposed to the outer air. The count betrayed a lover-like curiosity to see what she had written, but with corresponding coquetry she kept putting him off, and he did not get a sight of it, the whole evening.

After the performance, Justin appeared for two or three minutes in the eddying drift of copious silks, light shoulder-wraps, and black coats, moving towards the exit. Octavia in her pansy bonnet and Oliphant in evening dress were there to welcome him with hearty praise; many bystanders regarded him with manifest admiration; and as he drew near Vivian, she was so eager to thank him for his playing, that she dropped her programme in turning to meet him. He caught it before it had reached the floor, and offered to return it to her.

"Never mind," she said. "It has some notes of my impressions. Keep it, and tell me by and by if I am right."

Justin bowed, and almost instantly glided away. The count at first looked mortified that the programme should have escaped him; but the expression was followed by one of serenity, as of a man who could afford so trifling a loss, in view of what he retained; and so he went out with Vivian to join Stillman, who was busy finding the carriage.

XIII.

HAWKS AND DOVES.

The episode of the programme, however, had not escaped the notice of one or two ladies who were standing near.

They belonged to a small coterie which was in the habit of meeting every day or two at the houses of the several

acquaintances who composed it. The members of this circle gathered together for self-improvement; that is, they devoted an hour to trimming and polishing their finger-nails, by means of the latest and most approved apparatus. This species of culture induced in them a liberality which extended to the improvement of other people, so far as that could be done by defining and thoroughly discussing their demerits, in order that if those persons *should* improve every one would know exactly how much they had done so.

Pious Mrs. Ballard Mole was one of this group. It had been proposed by somebody to hold concerts at the Casino on Sunday evenings, and this was enough to deter Mrs. Ballard Mole from going to any musical affair in that place, however worthy the object. None the less, though, was she willing to listen to reports of what had occurred at the Sweetser entertainment; and when Miss De Peyster (Roland's ugly sister) began to say something about the strangeness of Vivian's remark to Craig, Mrs. Mole experienced a chilly joy in thinking that if any germ of scandal had effected a lodgment in that distinguished audience, it was only a righteous judgment on the projectors of chimerical Sunday concerts that had not come to pass.

"There seems to be something between those two,—some understanding that is n't quite right, under the circumstances," said Miss De Peyster, opening her case of nail instruments, and inspecting them as if she had been a surgeon about to begin vivisection.

She was seated on the broad veranda, shaded by vines and canvas curtains, of Mrs. Mole's scriptural villa, called Petra, on the Cliff, where the conclave had been called for that morning.

"Then, do you consider Vivian engaged to the count?" asked Mary Deering, who was one of the worldly representatives in this little circle.

"Well, if she is n't, it's about time

she should be," Miss De Peyster answered, clicking her scissors sharply.

"Oh, do you know what I heard yesterday?" This question proceeded from a lady who wore a jaunty ruby-tinted turban, and enjoyed great intimacy with Mrs. Farley Blazer.

"No; what?" "Anything about the count?" Uttering responses of this sort, everybody became attentive, and there was a momentary pause in the wielding of their small steel weapons.

"Yes; the count. Dana Sweetser says he was walking, the other morning, over where the Cliff begins, you know, — that bare spot where it's so quiet, — and he noticed three Frenchmen sitting on the grass, with a basket of breakfast and some claret; and they were talking quite loud and laughing, don't you know, so they did n't notice him. And he made out that they were creditors of the count's. They're lying in wait for him, in a sort of way; at any rate, watching him. Mr. Sweetser says he believes they even have a detective keeping his eye on Hartman's, where the count stays, you know. Is n't it odd, — a man who might have been King of England, may be, having creditors after him?"

The rest agreed that it was *very* odd, and that the count's speedy engagement to Vivian, with a claim on the Ware property, ought to be wished for by every one who understood the pathos of the situation.

"Besides," Mrs. Mole declared, "he's a much more desirable person than that penniless pianist."

"But Mr. Craig plays the organ in church," Mary Deering suggested, with a spice of malice, and spoiled the effect of her shot by sending off another: "The count is penniless, too, it appears."

"Temporarily, my dear," Mrs. Ballard Mole retorted, assuming a mien of devout loyalty. "Temporarily penniless; that is all. It can't last."

"The creditors evidently think it

can't, or sha'n't," whispered Mary to Mrs. Richards, who was present.

Then they all began talking about other things and people. There were rumors of an approaching divorce, to be assorted; and the ladies next devoted themselves sadly to comment on various unfortunate traits in their associates, which ought to be corrected, as well as to the ins and outs of sundry quarrels that had begun to shatter the harmony of Newport society. Gradually an approach was made to the subject of Mrs. Blazer's confidential relations with Porter; though, in deference to Mrs. Blazer's friend, who was there, the approach was characterized by Christian tenderness.

"It's really a pity, you know," said Miss De Peyster to the friend, "when her husband is about, and they're not living together. *I don't believe there's anything in it, you know; but so many will take that view.*"

Mrs. Richards burst into uncontrollable laughter. "Oh, the funniest thing yet!" she ejaculated, while the jewels on her generous bosom shook with sympathetic humor. "Sarah Loyall made a mistake yesterday, and called Mr. Porter 'Mr. Blazer,' in Mrs. Blazer's presence. But she was equal to the occasion: she said, 'Oh, Mrs. Loyall, don't make him out to be anything so disagreeable as a husband!' Was n't that rich?"

There was great amusement on the veranda, at this; even the ruby-turbaned friend of Mrs. Blazer joining in the merriment.

Snip, snip, went the scissors, as the ladies chattered on, and deftly labored to modify the lingering vestiges of a savage state at the termination of their soft, white fingers. The scissors were stumpy, curved and sharply pointed like the beaks of hawks; and as they continued their work they seemed at the same time to be tearing numerous reputations into fragments.

Mrs. Deering finished her task first,

and, being obliged to go, bade the rest good-morning. As soon as she had disappeared, the lady in the ruby turban saw an opportunity to equalize matters for Mrs. Farley Blazer by introducing a slight diversion at Mary's expense.

"I'm afraid," she observed, "our last remarks were n't entirely agreeable to Mrs. Deering."

"Oh," began Mrs. Ballard Mole, "on account of" —

"Mr. Atlee, of course," supplemented Mrs. Richards.

"It really is becoming disgraceful," said the ruby turban, "the way those two are going on. It grows worse and worse."

"Can't something be done to stop it?" queried Mrs. Mole, in a regenerating frame of mind. "I really wish there could."

"Stop it?" Miss De Peyster shrilled. "Stop an avalanche! Why, he goes with her everywhere, — driving, hunting, polo; and not satisfied with that, they take quiet walks together in the twilight. Then they are on the Cliff, Sundays. He never goes to church with her, I notice, but he spends a great deal of time at the house, and is constantly there at dinner while Mr. Deering is in New York. I should think she would have some consideration for her children's sakes, at least. What she can find in the man, either! Really and truly, I think *sometimes* people ought just to be exiled!"

An instant's silence intervened after this outburst; and then Mrs. Richards said sweetly, "My dear, you should n't use the steel. It's injurious, very." She referred merely to the fact that Miss De Peyster, in her preoccupied excitement, was rather fiercely prodding one of her finger-nails with the smooth end of a flat steel file.

They had now reached the powdering and polishing stage of their work, and the remarks interchanged gradually took on a more suave and dignified character.

The reflections which had been made upon Mary Deering were not, however, confined to the self-improving coterie whose confidences we have allowed ourselves to summarize. Oliphant had here and there come upon the traces of similar ones, which, aided by his own observation, had disturbed him excessively. He noticed the increasing imprudence of his cousin's conduct; also that Roger now came on to Newport less frequently than before, and that when he did come there was a queer kind of restraint on his part towards his wife. The ruddy-faced, short-haired broker's former air of confidence was perceptibly subdued. To Oliphant the change was pathetic, and he had resolved to speak to his cousin seriously. He fancied that he understood the case. Mary Deering had simply had her head turned by the frivolities of the place, and had been led into making an idol of this Anglicized nonentity, who to her mind represented the most important local tendency. Nevertheless, the idol or fetich was a man, and she ought not to carry her admiration too far.

Obedying his advisory impulse, he betook himself to her house, on the second day after the concert; but Mary was not at home. He decided to wait; and in a moment or two, seeing the door into the dining-room half open and some one apparently seated at the table there, he moved to the threshold, half believing that it was Atlee. With a rush of sudden anger, he determined to upbraid the dandy, and so stepped forward vigorously. But, to his astonishment, he beheld only little Clarence in a chair by the table.

The boy had a glass of claret and water before him, and was smoking a cigarette.

"What does this mean?" cried Oliphant. "Are you crazy, Clarence?"

"I'm trying to soothe my nerves," the child answered, looking up wearily at him. Oliphant was horrified at

the premature age in his unformed little countenance. He stood speechless. "It's just what papa does now," Clarence continued, calmly, "whenever he comes here. I don't know what the matter is, but" — At this point he slid from his chair, and rapidly made his way towards Oliphant. "Oh, cousin Oliphant, papa does n't seem a bit happy! Last time he came here, he took me out on the piazza, and mamma and Mr. Atlee were talking all the time, inside here, and papa said to me, he asked me, — was n't it queer? — if I did n't want to go away with him back to New York, or way out West somewhere; and I said I didn't, unless mamma and all of us were going. And then he said, 'Um,' like that," — Clarence pursed his lips up severely, — "and he said he did n't think there was any room for us here, he did. Now what did he mean, cousin Oliphant?"

His cousin took him by the hand and led him away into the other room, sickened and aghast by the dreary, unconscious revelation; but just as he was making a suitably superficial reply, Mary Deering appeared from the hall.

She dismissed Clarence with harsh peremptoriness, to his nurse, and returned to Oliphant, looking, as he conceived, rather distraught and ill at ease. It was late; the dusk was beginning to throw its soft folds of crape around the trees and the house, casting deeper shadows into the small interior. Oliphant thought Mrs. Deering must have a prescient sense of his object in calling upon her. Ah, how sadly unlike that bright, playfully mischievous face with which she met him when he first dropped down in Newport was the mobile, anxious one that he saw opposite to him now!

A crisis impended. He opened his attack weakly with some general inquiries about Roger.

Suddenly they heard steps ascending to the piazza. There was an impetuous

knock at the door. Again Oliphant thought of Atlee, and became so excited that he braced himself for a personal encounter. Mary Deering, overwrought and expectant of some painful scene, uttered a low cry. But, as they rose to meet the new-comer, their suspense relaxed; for it was Stillman Ware whom they descried in the increasing gloom.

"Is my sister here?" he inquired at once.

They both answered, "No."

"I meant," said Stillman, in a shaky and unnerved sort of way, "is Mr. Oliphant here? Ah, yes, that is Mr. Oliphant. I have just been to Mrs. Gifford's to look for my sister; and she is n't there. We can't find her. Do you know anything about young Craig's movements?"

"Nothing," returned Oliphant, "except that he told me he should be out of town this afternoon."

"Then," cried Stillman, clapping one hand to his distracted little bald forehead, "they have gone together! My God, Oliphant, she has run away with him!"

XIV.

THE FLIGHT OF A METEOR.

No one could tell how the elopement had come about, but every one was voluble in relating that the event had really taken place, and there were many wild rumors and surmises added to the fact. It was said that several persons had suspected that something of the kind was about to happen; there was also a story of a clandestine meeting effected by the two young people near the Forty Steps, the night after the concert. A servant had seen a woman's white figure in the grassy street there, which was presently joined by a dark, shadowy man, and both had disappeared over the edge of the Cliff, so that the servant had thought them to be ghosts, and kept silence,

through fear. The fashionable world was excitedly scandalized; poor little Stillman continued in great agitation; Mrs. Ware took it upon herself to be "prostrated," and her course in so doing was generally approved by her friends. A search was begun for the fugitives, and Stillman even engaged detective assistance.

But, whatever else might be in doubt, it was soon made clear that Octavia and Oliphant received a large share of blame for the occurrence. The circumstance of the two runaways having dined at High Lawn with the widow and widower, a few days before, came to light, and was construed as a proof of connivance. It was also remembered that, on the previous Sunday, Octavia and Oliphant had strolled on the Cliff Walk with Justin, and that, by turning often, they kept meeting Vivian, who was likewise sauntering in the throng there with Count Fitz-Stuart.

In reality our friends knew nothing about the scheme; but the false construction placed upon them was strengthened by Oliphant's receiving very promptly a message from Craig, dated at Tiverton, and saying that Vivian and he, having been quietly married, had taken lodging for a short time in that modest and drowsy watering-place, which gazes so meekly from the mainland towards the prouder shores of Aquidneck Island. The reason for their precipitancy was that the count, becoming urgent, and being sustained by Mrs. Chauncey Ware and Stillman, had insisted upon an ultimate decision as to his suit, and Vivian had been driven to an unexpected mode of settling the question.

Oliphant hastened by the first train to Tiverton; and finding that Justin had no capital beyond two or three hundred dollars, a large part of which he had received for his services in the Sweetser concert, he made the heartiest offers of assistance. "You know," he said, "I

was going to send you to Germany. I meant to hand you, as a first installment, a thousand dollars. Why not take it now?"

"Because I'm not going to Germany just yet," said Justin, with buoyant good fellowship and enviable serenity. "I shall go on with my work at Trinity and find people to take piano lessons."

"But if you need me you will let me know?" queried Oliphant almost plaintively, pleading with the portentous self-reliance of the new husband. "Miss Vivian, — Mrs. Craig, I mean, — I rely upon you to see to this;" and he appealed to her.

Vivian was dressed in white, as usual. Her costume was an expensive work of artifice, imported from Paris, and by a rare purity of outline, with a draping of folds from one shoulder across the waist, produced a semi-statuesque Greek effect, which gained an amusing piquancy from its utter inappropriateness to Vivian's quick, whimsical, and wholly modern attitudes and gestures. The three were standing on a plot of grass in front of the absurdly stunted and riotously ugly French-roofed cottage where the lovers had ensconced themselves. Vivian gave a little half jump, which disarranged her classic folds, and said, "You are a dear good fellow, Mr. Oliphant; and we appreciate you. But I'm sure my husband can make his own way. Can't you, Justin?"

She placed one hand for an instant on Justin's arm, in token of dependence and of possession, but quickly took it away again. Then she fronted towards Oliphant, with a shining happiness in her eyes, the like of which he had never seen.

He had come to play the part of a venerable benefactor, bestowing something of practical value on these children. He went away as the recipient of an inspiration from that spectacle of ideal love which made him poor by con-

trast, and reproached him with his poverty.

Intending to go and describe his visit to Octavia (to whom he had already sent a note saying that he had heard from the truants), he was prevented from doing so, on his return, by an occurrence so extraordinary as to merit recital.

Transcontinental Telegraph stock, under the impulse imparted to it through the private wire from Thorburn's villa, had been executing some interesting but not unnatural manœuvres. First it fell off a very little in price; then it began to rise; and as it ascended there were many purchases made on the strength of a rumor that Thorburn had gone to work in earnest to "peg" the stock quite up to par. The buyers were very confident; they wore a joyous look, as of men at last released from all harassing doubts, and kindly presented with a free pass to fortune. No one could explain precisely why the thing was so certain, but few thought of questioning. It was one of those grand spontaneous movements of the human mind which, in Wall Street, teach us that faith in the unseen and the unknowable still survives, notwithstanding the churches may bemoan its decline. Suddenly, however, Transcontinental began to go down again. It dropped below the point from which it had started, and kept on sinking, by eighths and quarters, from one figure to another, with ominous regularity. Did this shake the sublime confidence of the multitude? Not at all. A few timid souls here and there shrank affrighted, and parted with their holdings; but there were plenty of people who had bought at the highest prices, and now not only kept increasing their margins, but also invested in more shares.

Their courage was apparently justified when the stock began to rally and went up several points in a few days. Many

now sold out and cleared handsome amounts. Those, however, who were anxious to "get in" and go on with the flood-tide were more numerous; and Thorburn accommodated them with a good deal of stock which he had acquired at a lower price. At last, after one or two more of these ups and downs, and when Thorburn had sold a sufficient quantity "short," Transcontinental took its final plunge. It had been like a kite sailing aloft and gleefully watched by school-boys, as it rose or fell with the wind; but the pulling of the string had brought it to such a point that, without warning, the kite came tilting over on its head, and made straight for the ground.

Perry ran to his father for advice. That heroic old gentleman told him that without pluck and endurance he never would make an "operator." He pointed out some of the reasons why Transcontinental never could remain for a great length of time at the bottom of the heap.

"Still," he said, "*I* can't advise you. You must decide everything for yourself, and make up your mind whether you are carrying too much load or not."

Reassured, Perry held on, and many of his friends and their acquaintance, knowing this, did likewise. Some actually continued to buy in afresh. Presently, however, he and they awoke to the fact that they were in a financial Bay of Fundy, where the ebb of the tide was abnormal and altogether beyond their calculations. The sinking went on immitigably. Old Thorburn professed to be unable to account for it, and seemed perplexed. Then Perry, who had assumed altogether too large a risk, and was already severely depleted by his margins, decided to take care of himself. He got rid of nearly all his Transcontinental at an enormous sacrifice, paid in full for a couple of hundred shares which he retained, and found

that his losses amounted to nearly fifty thousand dollars.

"Now, sir," he said to his father, with pardonable indignation in his tone, "I've acted without consulting you," and he explained his situation, omitting to speak of the shares he had kept; "but I should like to know what you meant by getting me into this trap. I consider that I've been treated outrageously!"

Old Thorburn displayed no anger. On the contrary, he leaned back in his chair, beneath the spider-web design of his alcove, and laughed slyly, then broadly; finishing up with a second sly chuckle. "Why, my dear boy," said he, in his heavy, spongy voice, "what are you talking about? Can't you see the point?"

"The point, eh? Is it a joke?"

"Of course it is, — for you and me. Some of the outsiders, I suppose, think it's pretty serious. I just wanted to show you how to do things."

"Well, you've shown me how to lose fifty thousand dollars."

Old Thorburn broke into a roar of laughter. "Exactly!" he cried. "And now that you know how, don't you do it again. That's *my* advice, Perry. By George, this is the neatest piece of tactics I ever carried through!"

"You call it neat, then, to swindle your own son?" Perry inquired, with intense disgust.

"Swindle' is your word, not mine," returned his father. "Call it what you like. I call it keeping my own counsel. I've taught you not to trust anybody in business, — not even me." Thorburn's manner conveyed a sort of virtuous surprise at himself that he could not be trusted. "And at the same time, I've used you to good purpose in making the mob do just what I wanted. Damn it, Perry," — the old gentleman was beginning to exhibit heat, — "I should think you would have some kind of appreciation, instead of growling like a hurt child."

Perry's expression was far from conveying respect. "Perhaps I have *some* kind of appreciation," he said, curtly. "And now I suppose you're going to work to drive the stock up, after buying all you wanted from me and from the rest at a ruinous rate."

"We shall see," answered the elder man, crafty glee reappearing in his eyes. "I don't like to tell you anything about it, because you see — ha, ha! — you might not believe me."

At this climax, his merriment entirely overcame him, and Perry scornfully left him to enjoy it by himself. The only satisfaction he had was in the thought of the shares he owned, which would receive the benefit of his father's next move, and probably bring him back in the long run a third of what he had lost. Yet even this prospect gave him a certain horror of himself, because it reminded him that he was acting on the same instinct of deceit which struck him as so hideous in his father.

Thorburn senior proceeded to encourage the market, for the purpose of realizing the immense profits which formed the object of all his strategy; but his victims were, for the most part, too much crippled to take the field again and share in the benefit of the gradual rise which presently began. Many of them, indeed, were wrecked for life by the terrible throw their invisible antagonist had given them.

Raish Porter was a heavy sufferer; and, besides being greatly out of pocket, he had to endure the disappointment of learning that Perry, owing to the absorption of half his private property in the recent "deal," would be unable to take at present the block of Orbicular stock which had been promised him. It was a painful crisis for Raish; but he did not lose his nerve. His quiet, searching eye remained imperturbable as ever; his bluff, self-confident demeanor underwent no change; and perhaps he would have found a way out of his dilemma,

had it not been for sundry other unlucky accidents.

Mr. Hobart had become dissatisfied with the slow progress of the Orbicular Company, from which as yet he could get no return on his investment; and, what was more serious, he began to evince suspiciousness regarding the value of the company's patents. Raish suggested that he should ask Judge Malachi Hixon to confer with his (Raish's) lawyer, Strange, and investigate the subject anew. Raish was fond of extolling the judge's incorruptibility, but this was chiefly with a feeling that it might some time be peculiarly useful to have Hixon considered unimpeachable; privately, he believed that he could insinuate his own prepared statements into that gentleman's mind, and induce him to ratify them.

Accordingly it was settled that Strange should call upon the judge, at the Ocean House. He did so, and was courteously received by the learned Malachi, who was grappling at the moment with an especially huge and black cigar, the pressure of his lips upon which greatly increased the usual complexity of wrinkles in his face.

"So you think this is a good thing, Mr. Strange?" he asked.

"Oh, excelsior," said Strange, casually as it were, and softly. He was a small, dexterous, accommodating man, with a conical head, which looked as if it would make a great effort to pass through almost any required knot-hole.

"Have you got any papers with you — schedules, lists of the patents, and so forth?"

"Why, certainly; any amount," Mr. Strange replied, apparently eager to empty the contents of his satchel. But, after bustling at it, he paused, and launched into a general disquisition. He told of the marvelous growth of the corporation, and named some of the substantial men who held its stock; and he

was very ingenuous and pleasing and enthusiastic, altogether.

Judge Hixon, nevertheless, continued to mention the papers. Strange showed him one or two, and then, after feeling around a little, came to his point. "I've told you enough in a general way," he said, "to satisfy you of the excellence of the concern and its prospects. We should like very much to have you for a stockholder, judge, — very much, indeed. Now, anything you can do in the way of satisfying Mr. Hobart, or any one else who should fall into similar confusion about the details of the affair, will be of as much service to my client, of course, as to Mr. Hobart. Mr. Porter can let you have five thousand dollars' worth of the stock, just as well as not, and — and you need n't pay for it until convenient."

Mr. Strange was bland, but slightly nervous: his conical head looked as if it were preparing to dodge. Judge Malachi Hixon straightened up in his chair, and removed his right leg from its resting-place on the knee of the left. He gazed steadily at Mr. Strange, who hastily noted the judge's resemblance to a harassed and dejected specimen of the American eagle, and was in suspense as to which of the attributes of that typical bird the judge was about to offer, — the arrows or the olive-branch.

"It is a very liberal proposition," said Judge Hixon slowly. "I have n't got any too much money laid up, and this may prove profitable. Did you bring the stock with you?"

"Oh, yes," said Strange, diving into his bag with the greatest alacrity.

"Never mind it now," resumed the judge, genially, taking the cigar out of of his mouth and letting the wrinkles ameliorate themselves. Then he placed it between his teeth once more, and the wrinkles all came back. "You can wait till I send for it," he explained. "Meanwhile, leave me any papers you like, and I will look them over."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Strange, and left a few.

He reported his success to Raish. The game had always worked well before, and they had no reason to suppose that it would not do so now. But Malachi Hixon immediately set to work investigating in earnest. He started the district attorney in New York upon the case, and rapidly pumped into his own mental reservoir whatever knowledge Hobart had of the company's transactions. By means of brief research and some detective work, it was found that the enterprise had been built up from small beginnings by advertising in metropolitan journals, then copying these advertisements with laudatory notices in rural papers throughout several States, and by sustaining a showy office upon the receipts which rapidly flowed in. Apparently, all the money obtained was spent in clerk-hire and more advertising. Then Porter had flown for higher game; and, through his business and social connections, had induced a number of capitalists to put in considerable sums. The district attorney was surprised at some of the names Strange had given him, but his inquiry corroborated the list. Little by little, he ascertained that these men were convinced that the Orbicular Manufacturing Company was fraudulent, but did not dare to appear against its promoter, for fear of injuring their own credit with the banks; since a prosecution must reveal their want of judgment in making such an investment. Fortunately Hobart, being a man of irritable leisure, and vindictive as well, was not restrained by any such scruples.

It was important, however, to obtain further evidence of imposture by proving the unauthorized character of some of the manufactures contemplated by Raish. Unexpectedly, this came to hand, through the labors of the detective. A workman employed in another machine-works was brought to confess that he

had traced the patterns of appliances made by his employers, and had furnished them to Raish, who in turn had had drawings made from them, with which he shrewdly dazzled the minds of successive investors.

On the evening of Oliphant's return from Tiverton, after he had dined comfortably at the Queen Anne cottage with Raish, the latter noticed that his guest was thoughtful and looked despondent. The truth is, Eugene was overburdened with anxiety for the results of Justin's rash proceeding, with worry about Mary Deering, and with his own problem in connection with Octavia.

"Do you ever feel gloomy?" Raish asked him, blowing out a cloud of smoke which thinly veiled the cheery twinkle of his eyes.

"Yes, I do," answered Oliphant solemnly.

"Well, I don't!" Raish affirmed, with hearty satisfaction. "It doesn't pay. I've seen a good many vicissitudes, and I've been through more than one Saturday night when I didn't have a red cent in my pocket, and didn't know where my Sunday's dinner was coming from. But I've always smoked the best cigars and drank the very best wines, and I never have felt gloomy."

There was such a superabundance of ease and buoyancy in Raish's tone that Oliphant began to feel decidedly better.

Ten minutes later, some one rang at the door. James returned to the parlor and announced a strange gentleman, on business. "Well, let's see him," said Raish, good-humoredly. "I have n't any appointment at this hour, but show him right in, James."

The visitor proved to be a sergeant of police, in plain clothes, with requisition papers from the Governor of Rhode Island and a warrant for Raish's arrest on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

"Never heard anything so ridiculous

in my life!" exclaimed Raish, cordially. "How do you explain it, sergeant? Who's the complainant? By the way, have a cigar?"

"Thank you, sir," said the sergeant, accepting the favor. "The complaint was entered by Mr. Hobart. You know him, I suppose."

"I have an idea that I do," Raish responded. "But I never was aware that the Hobart I know could be so silly and suicidal as to do this. Sit down, and let's see if we can't straighten the thing out, somehow."

After a brief colloquy, Raish perceived that there was no escape: he was given a letter from Hobart, informing him of the workman's confession. Nevertheless, he maintained his jauntiness, and proposed to the sergeant that he be allowed to remain in the house over night, and proceed to New York in the morning.

This the sergeant at first refused: he had two other officers waiting outside, and said it was impossible to keep them up all night. But Raish insisted on their being asked in. "We'll give 'em some supper, at any rate," he declared, with as much welcome as if they had been the most desired of companions. "Better stay over, sergeant," he continued, invitingly. "I'll give you all a fine sail on my yacht to Wickford, first thing in the morning, and we can take any train you like from Providence. It's nothing but a dyspeptic whim of old Hobart's," he added to Oliphant: "I don't see why I should be so inconvenienced by it."

The officer was really charmed by Raish's ease and hospitality, and at length fell in with the plan. His prisoner then applied himself to packing a valise, and setting his affairs in order as well as he could, though he was not allowed to handle a single object without close surveillance, nor to be for a moment out of sight. About one o'clock, Raish asked permission to walk up and

down the open piazza at one side of the house, with Oliphant. This was granted, but the sergeant took a chair out, too, and remained on guard.

Raish tramped leisurely to and fro with his friend, talking in his customary entertaining way. All at once, Oliphant was startled out of the mood of a quiet listener by seeing Raish put his fingers into his vest-pocket and then suddenly raise his arm, carrying a small object to his lips.

Without having time to reflect, Oliphant instinctively struck down the arm and clutched Raish's hand. There was a small phial in it, which Raish attempted to throw away; but his friend was too quick for him, and seized it. The sergeant came promptly to their side, and pinioned the brilliant financier.

"Yes, it's poison," Raish confessed in a species of gasp, answering Oliphant's look of amazement and reproach. "Cyanide of potassium. In two minutes I should have been a dead man. Oh, yes, it's all up, Oliphant, my boy. Too bad, too bad!" He lifted his forehead, and gazed at the sky for an instant. "You remember what I said this evening about the best cigars?" he went on, smiling sarcastically. "Well, there they are: all those stars! Those are the smouldering stumps, it strikes me." He groaned slightly. "Ah," he cried, "I was too respectable! I ought to have been like the gamblers over there, who are plying their game at this moment, and are left in peace; or else like old Thorburn, who cleaned me out, and prevented me from warding off this accident. I'll tell you what I'm reminded of: that fellow who was porter (see the pun?) on a drawing-room car, and had a wife at each end of the line. By his painstaking diligence in bigamy he attained to the ripe honors of a term in the penitentiary; but the only thing he regretted was that he could n't divide his term, as he had all his other possessions, between the two wives! I would

be willing to make that sacrifice myself, for Thorburn and the other gamblers."

Something of his wonted hilarity returned to him as he finished. "I'm more sorry than I can tell you, for all this," said Oliphant. "Is there anything I can do for you, Porter?"

"Nothing whatever, my boy." The sergeant here explained that he felt obliged to put handcuffs upon his prisoner, and Raish, having submitted to that operation, talked on without embarrassment. "I only want you," he said, "to recognize the correctness of what I have said to you about the hollowness and humbug of society here. I'm a humbug, and therefore I was able to perceive it all. I don't speak from

envy: what good would that do me now? No, I merely notice that I am a straw on the current, or a falling cigar-stump in the sky, that shows what may happen as soon as a general combustion begins."

When the first chill and distant gray light of morning came, Oliphant accompanied his quondam host and the police officers to the wharves, whence they were rowed out to the Amaranth. He watched her getting under sail, and waited until the pretty schooner was well out in the harbor. Far above her, one star glimmered wearily in the pale, whitish-blue of the sky; but that, too, faded while the yacht was growing smaller, and disappeared.

George Parsons Lathrop.

BERMUDIAN DAYS.

THREE feet of snow, the thermometer at zero, bitter March winds, and remembrances of the slow coming of the New England spring. To sit in the sun and be idle seemed best of all things, so we went to Bermuda.

The road to Paradise is rough and thorny. Beautiful Bermuda sits upon her coral reefs, guarded by waters that are not to be lightly ventured. Crossing the Gulf Stream diagonally is not conducive to ease of mind or body. Given the passage of the English Channel intensified and stretched out over four days instead of four hours, and you have the voyage from New York to Bermuda. The less said about it the better.

But beyond Purgatory lies Paradise. We left New York on a Thursday in March. On Sunday morning (Easter Sunday of 1883), those of us who were on deck saw a wonderful transformation scene, as the Orinoco passed from the dark and turbulent billows of the Atlantic into the clear blue waters of the

land-locked harbor of Bermuda. There was no gradual blending of color. On one side of a sharply defined line was the dull black of molten lead; on the other the bright azure of the June heavens. One by one the white and haggard passengers crept on deck. How they mocked at the delusion of pleasure travel at sea! How they protested that the dry land would be good enough for them, after this! Yet in three days' time these same passengers were chartering whale-boats, sail-boats, yachts, steam-tugs, anything that would take them far out among the reefs, where the ocean swell was heavies. So blessedly evanescent is the memory of seasickness!

The Bermudas are a cluster of islands, lying in the form of a fishhook, or a shepherd's crook. It is claimed that there are three hundred and sixty-five of them, one for each day in the year. But in this count, if count it is, are included many so minute that a single

tree would shade their whole circumference. The five largest are St. David's, St. George's, the Main Island, or the Continent, as it is occasionally called, Somerset, and Ireland's Island. St. George's lies at the upper end of the crook; Ireland's at the extreme point. Nature seems to have taken great care of this precious bit of her handiwork. So perfectly is it guarded by its outlying coral reefs that there is but a single channel by which large vessels can enter the harbor. Fifteen miles from shore, at the extreme northern limit of the reefs, rises a picturesque group called the North Rocks,—the highest pinnacles of a submerged Bermuda. But though according to the chronicles they may be seen, they seldom are, and the first land sighted by the New York steamer is the northeast coast of St. George's Island. By night, the fixed white light on St. David's Head alone gives evidence that land is near. The tortuous though well-buoyed channel can be entered only by daylight.

Out comes the negro pilot, and scrambles up on deck. We round St. George's, and follow the northern coast line at a respectful distance till we reach Point Ireland and her majesty's dockyard, and come to anchor in Grassy Bay. It is barely noon, but we find to our chagrin that the tide is out, and we must lie here till night and wait for it. Presently appears the little steam-tug, the Moondyne (or Mo-on-dy-nè,—meaning the messenger,—if you choose to appear wiser than other folks), which sooner or later becomes so pleasantly known to all Bermudian visitors, and demands the mail. It is but a five-mile run into Hamilton harbor, and most of the passengers avail themselves of this opportunity to leave the steamer; but the Moondyne, crowded from stem to stern, looks half under water, and the descent by the swaying stairs is not enticing to heads and feet that are still unsteady.

It is dark when we reach the dock at Hamilton,—a dark, rainy, moonless night. How long it takes to lay the planks, and make ready for our disembarkation! H—— hurries on shore to look for quarters. No rooms at the hotels for love or money, but pleasant lodgings “out,” with board at the Hamilton. A carriage waits, and a not long drive through the soft, damp, odorous darkness brings us to our temporary home.

By a flight of winding stairs we reach a covered balcony, over which a tropical vine wanders at will. Double glass doors lead into a large, square chamber, with walls of snow and floor of cedar, out of which open two good-sized bedrooms. The furniture is quaint and old-fashioned, and there are brass bedsteads with lace draperies wonderful to behold.

We crept into blessed beds that would not roll, with a queer but delightful sense of isolation akin to that one feels at night on the highest peak of some lonely mountain. What was Bermuda but a speck, a dot upon the map! Surely the wind that was stirring the cedars would blow us off this atom in the illimitable waste of waters. But we slept, nevertheless.

Two or three low, sweet bugle notes, that I afterwards discovered to be the morning call of the baker's boy, and a burst of jubilant bird-song awakened me. It took but a moment to throw open the window. What a contrast to icy mountains and valleys of drifted snow! Before me were large pride-of-India trees, laden with their long, pendulous racemes of pale lavender, each separate blossom having a drop of maroon at its heart. Clumps of oleanders, just blushing into bloom, rose to the right and the left. Beneath me were glowing beds of geraniums, callas, roses, Easter lilies, and the many-hued coleus. Scarlet blossoms burned against the dark green of the pomegranate leaves.

There rose the tall shaft of a stately palm ; there the spreading fans of the palmetto, or the slender spires of the swaying bamboo. As far as the eye could reach was one stretch of unbroken bloom and verdure. But stop a minute ! Surely there are patches of snow set in all this greenery ; snow-covered roofs glittering in the morning sun, and dazzling the eye with their brilliancy. It took more than a glance to discover that the snow was but the white coral rock, of which more anon.

It seemed a cruel waste of time to go to breakfast, but there was no help for it. As we passed from beneath our pride-of-Indias to the winding Serpentine, a very pretty girl, neatly, even daintily, dressed, and carrying a little basket lined with scarlet, tripped up to us, and with a graceful apology for detaining us, in words as well chosen as those of any lady, begged the privilege of doing our washing ! The pretty face was dark, — as dark as that of a bronze Venus. We said Yes, quite shamefacedly, no doubt, and went our way, wondering what manner of land this might be, where melodious bugle notes announce the advent of the baker, and your washerwoman has the speech and carriage of a duchess.

Kind and thoughtful courtesy is the rule in Bermuda. A handful of *loquottes* were laid beside my plate that morning with the remark that they were nearly out of season, and this might be my only opportunity to taste them. The loquotte is somewhat like a yellow plum ; bitter and astringent if plucked too soon, but juicy and most delicious when fully ripe.

That Easter Monday was a great day for the boys of Pembroke grammar school. There were to be athletic sports at Tucker's Field, and the victors were to receive their prizes from the fair hands of no less a personage than the Princess Louise. Such an opportunity to see Bermuda in gala-dress was not to

be despised. So to the Field we went, starting early, and taking a long drive to the Flatts on Harrington Sound on the way, in order to call at the quaint and beautiful home of the American consul. There we saw our first cocoa-nut palm, its feathery branches making a soft, rustling music as the wind swept through them. And here, too, in the basin of a fountain fed directly from the sea, were dozens of beautiful angel fish, so exquisite in their blue and gold, and with something so human in their mild, innocent faces, that they seemed half uncanny. Here, also, were the little striped "sergeant majors," or pilot-fish. These curious wee creatures seem to be the forerunners, or "pilots," of the mighty sharks, and, it is said, always precede them. Without vouching for the truth of this, I may say that whenever we saw sharks in these waters, as we often did, the pilot-fish invariably preceded them.

Tucker's Field was a gay sight. All Bermuda was there, — a throng of well-dressed, handsome grown folks and pretty children. Full one half were colored people, and it is not too much to say that some of the finest looking and finest mannered of the crowd were among them. One of the most noticeably elegant men on the grounds was a tall and stately black, with a beautiful child in his arms and his pretty wife by his side. There were soldiers in gay coats, streamers and banners flying in the soft yet not heated air, a close greensward under our feet, a wall of cedars encircling us, the blue sky over our heads, and glimpses of the blue sea in the distance. Against a background of cedar arose a white pavilion, over which floated the Bermudian flag ; and in front of it was a raised platform, covered with scarlet cloth, sacred to the princess and her suite. Her royal highness had not arrived, but the boys were already at their work, running hurdle races, vaulting, and leaping.

Presently there was a little commo-

tion, a stir of expectancy. Down sank the flag of Bermuda, and the princess's own standard, gorgeous in scarlet and gold, rose in its stead, as an open carriage, with outriders, drove on to the grounds. The princess, in a pretty and simple costume of purple silk, with a bonnet to match, — a little puffed affair, guiltless of flowers or feathers, — bowed to the right and to the left, her strong, sweet, womanly face lighting up as she received the greetings of the people. In Bermuda the Princess Louise won all hearts by her gracious sweetness, her affability, and the cordial kindness and simplicity with which she met all advances.

But to go back to the boys. They raced; they jumped; they ran "three-legged races;" they rode obstinate though gayly caparisoned donkeys, amid cheers and laughter; they vaulted, the pole being raised higher and higher, until the princess put a stop to it, lest the brave lads should break their necks: and then, one by one, the blushing and victorious knights received their shining silver cups from the hands of her royal highness. The pretty pageant was over, and our first day in Bermuda as well.

I have said that courtesy is the rule in Bermuda. Here is a proof of it. At one time during these performances, the crowd surged in front of me, so that I could see only a wall of backs and shoulders. A kindly-faced and sweet-voiced negro woman, perceiving this, touched my shoulder, saying, "Take my place, lady. You cannot see." "But," I answered, "if I do, you will see nothing." "Oh, that does not matter," she said, with a bright smile. "The lady is a stranger, but I have seen the princess a good many times."

Manners in the islands, if not hearts, are exceedingly friendly. Everybody, as a rule, salutes. No man, be he white or black, passes a lady without lifting his hat. Every child makes its grave little salutation. Negro women, with

baskets on their heads, give you a word or a smile, as they go by. Little boys and girls steal shyly up with gifts of flowers or fruit. Nobody is in a hurry, nobody seems to have anything to do; yet every one is well clad, and looks happy and contented.

Perhaps there is poverty in Bermuda, but squalor and absolute want, if they exist, keep themselves strangely out of sight. The first thing, perhaps, that strikes the visitor, after the beauty of the water and the perfection of the flowers, is the appearance of ease and well-to-do comfort that pervades the islands. There is no rubbish, no dirt, no dust, no mud. Instead of the tumble-down shanties that deform and defile the rest of the world, here the humblest citizen not only dreams of marble halls, but actually dwells in them — or seems to. All the houses are built of the native snow-white stone; a coral formation that underlies every foot of soil. When first quarried, this stone is so soft that it can be cut with a knife. But it hardens on exposure to the air, and so durable is it that a house once builded is good for at least a hundred years. That it readily lends itself to architectural purposes is shown by the interior of Trinity Church, and by the handsome and massive gateways, with their arches and columns, that one meets at every turn. These, with the well-kept grounds, give an impression of affluence and elegance that is, perhaps, sometimes misleading. For we are told there are not many large incomes in Bermuda, and that the style of living in these beautiful and picturesque homes is very simple and unostentatious.

It is the very afternoon for a walk, the air being cool and bracing, though the sun is hot. It is the 3d of April, and the mercury at eight A. M. stood at 62° in the shade. "Too cold to work out-of-doors," explained a laborer whom our landlord had engaged to work in his garden; and forthwith he gathered

up his tools and departed. Think of that, ye Yankee farmers, who chop wood and "cut fodder" with the thermometer at zero!

Shall we go to the North Shore, taking Pembroke church by the way? You can see its square tower of massive stone rising above the trees yonder. The long white roof with the two towers, nearly opposite, just beyond that stately royal palm, belongs to Woodlands, one of the finest places here. Here the hard, smooth road leads us on between long avenues of cedar-trees, and there between walls of coral rock thirty feet high. We pause to rest on a low stone wall, where the oleander hedges, just bursting into bloom, pink and white and vivid crimson, reach far above our heads and fill the air with fragrance. Deadly sweet? Poisonous? May be so, like many other charming things. But we'll risk it, with this strong sea-breeze blowing.

We meet funny, sturdy little donkeys drawing loads preposterously large; carts laden with crates of onions for the outgoing steamer; negro women bearing baskets and bundles on their turbaned heads, — tall, erect, stately, oftentimes with strong, clearly cut features almost statuesque in their repose; children, white and black, just out of school, with their books and satchels.

For a wonder, the square-towered Pembroke church is closed. But the gate is open, and we turn into the quiet churchyard, where so many generations lie buried. To unaccustomed eyes the scene is a strange one, and the effect is most singular. The surface of the ground is almost hidden by gray, coffin-shaped tombs, like huge sarcophagi, solid and heavy as the eternal rocks of the island. As I understand it, the bodies are deposited, tier upon tier in many cases, in excavations, or tombs, cut in the underlying rock, and these strange structures are raised over them. But the impression one gets is that of

a multitude of great stone coffins, resting on the ground. Very few of them bear any inscription. For the most part, they are simply numbered, and the record of names and dates is kept in a parish book.

Of course there are exceptions, as in the case of Bishop Field, who lies under a polished slab of Peterhead granite, suitably inscribed. But love cares for her dead, all the same. Palms rustle softly. Pride-of-India trees, oleanders, and pomegranates wave their boughs and scatter their blossoms. Lilies and callas and roses in rich profusion make the place lovely beyond description, while wreaths and crosses lie upon tombs that are gray with age. At the head of one grave — that of Governor Laffan, who died last year — is a great tub of English violets. At its foot a sago-palm stretches its broad arms as if in benediction.

We go past the government house, Mount Langton, catching a glimpse of the avenue, where the *bourganvillier*, a tropical vine, covers a wall thirty-five feet high with a solid mass of crimson flowers. But special permission to enter must be had; so we can only take a surreptitious glance to-day, and are soon at the North Shore, looking straight out to sea.

The nearest point of land is Cape Hatteras, six hundred and fifty miles away. The strong ocean winds, free from all taint of earthly soil or sin, sweep over us with strength and healing in every breath. And the coloring! Look! Far off on the horizon, the sky, azure overhead, softens to a pale rose-color. The line that meets it is a deep indigo blue, — a blue so intense that we can hardly believe it is the sea. Thence, through infinite gradations, the color faints and fades, from indigo to dark sapphire, from sapphire to lapis-lazuli, from lapis-lazuli to the palest shade of the forget-me-not. It changes, even as we gaze, to deepest emerald, which

in turn fades to a tender apple-green, touched here and there with rose. It dies away in saffron and pale amber where it kisses the shore, with long reaches of purple where the coral reefs lie hidden.

But as we scramble down upon the rocky shore, how the huge breakers foam and fret! They toss their proud heads, and dash themselves against the frowning cliffs with the noise of booming thunder. We can scarcely hear our own voices, and will run from the spray and the tumult to a quieter spot farther on. Here we find some oddly shaped shells, and that strange creature called the Portuguese man-of-war. It looks like a pale bluish pearl, shining in the sea. But it is merely an elliptical bladder, and floats about, balanced by long, blue, hanging tentacles. Capture it with cane or parasol, if you can. But beware of touching it, for it exudes a subtle liquid that will sting you like a nettle.

To-morrow, an' you please, we will cross the island to the Sand Hills, on the South Shore; shortening the distance, if we choose, by taking the ferry across the harbor to Paget. The ferry is a row-boat, and Charon will take us over for a penny ha'penny apiece, with all the beauty and the soft sweet airs thrown in. Cheap enough, in all conscience! For here are softly undulating shores, green-clad hills, white cottages, each a pearl in a setting of emerald, the busy dock with its quaintly foreign aspect, the white-winged yachts flying hither and thither, the blue sky overhead, the bluer sea below. Is it not worth the money? Yonder lies a Norwegian ship, with her sailors climbing the shrouds like so many monkeys. Round the nearest point comes a boat from H. M. ship Tenedos. The Tenedos is lying at Grassy Bay, making herself fine to receive the princess, and her jolly tars are in high spirits. When her royal highness sails, next week, what with the flying

banners and the gayly dressed crowd, the blue and white canopy with its flower-wreathed pillars, the broad scarlet-covered steps leading down to the water, the admiral's cutter with its blue-jacketed tars, the gold-laced admiral himself with his sword and his plumed hat and all the rest of the fuss and feathers, it will be for all the world like a scene from Pinafore.

But this morning Jack is bent on getting rid of his money. He will manage to leave half a year's wages behind him in those queer, dark, uninviting little shops on Front Street. For there are more enticements hidden away in most incongruous nooks and corners than one would imagine. You step into a grocery, for instance, and find a fine display of amber jewelry. If you are in want of some choice cologne, do not fail to ask for it at the nearest shoe-shop. It is as likely to be there as in more legitimate quarters. The rule is, If you want a thing, hunt till you find it. It is pretty sure to be somewhere.

A pleasant walk from the ferry brings us to the Sand Hills, over which we tramp, only pausing to admire the exquisite oleander blooms, the largest we have yet seen. We clamber down the rocks, and reach the long, smooth, white beach, as hard and level as a floor. There is a fresh breeze, and the surf comes rolling in, driving the baby crabs far up the beach, and leaving them stranded. We laugh at their queer antics for a minute, and then leave them to chase the sea-bottles that are rolling over the sand. Can they really be alive, these little globes of iridescent glass filled with sea-water?

But we turn, erelong, from all the strange creatures of the sea to the sea itself, lured by its own resistless spell. There is not a being in sight, save one lone darkey gathering mussels in the distance. There is not a sign of human habitation. Only the long stretch of sandy beach, the rocky background, and

the wide ocean, vast, lonely, illimitable. We write dear names on the sand, and with half a smile and a whole sigh watch the tide as it blots them out. What do we care that myriads before us have played at the same childish game? Higher and still higher up we write them, but the result is always the same. The cruel, crawling, hungry sea stretches its hand over them, and they are gone.

Having done much tramping within a day or two, what if we were to take a drive to-day, a long one to St. George's? We can go by the North Road, the South Road, or the Middle Road. They are all good. But we will take the North, returning by the South. The comfortable carriage has seats for four; but we look dubiously at the one horse, until we are told that on these hard, smooth roads, hewn out of the solid rock, one horse will do the work of two. It is whispered, also, under the rose, that there are not more than four pairs of horses, or "double teams," in all Bermuda.

So off we go, in the cool, clear morning, bright with sunshine and odorous with flower scents. As we bowl swiftly along, the sea sparkles at our left, as if there were a diamond in the heart of every sapphire wave. Between us and it the slight and graceful tamarisk rises like a pale green mist. The Bermudians call it the "salt cedar." Taste it, and you get the very flavor of the brine. To the right are undulating hills and sleepy valleys, with pretty cottages nestling in their green recesses, and here and there a stately mansion perched far up on some height that commands two ocean views. We pass clumps of cedar and thickets of the fan-leaved palmetto. The curious, club-like paw-paw rises, straight as an arrow, with a tuft of leaves at the top, and fruit, looking not unlike a great green lemon, growing directly from the trunk. The aloe is in bloom, and the Spanish bayonet bristles by the wayside. The drooping purple

flower of the banana and its heavy clusters of fruit are in every garden. The banana is as omnipresent as the onion.

Often the road passes for long distances between lofty walls of solid rock, from the crevices of which all lovely growths are springing. The dainty sweet elyssum clings to the rock in great patches, and the little rice plant lays its pink cheek against it lovingly. Here and everywhere spring the life-plant and the blue stars of the Bermudiana. The orange is not now in fruit, but on many of the lemon-trees the yellow globes are hanging like golden lamps.

A long causeway — a gigantic piece of work, massive and strong enough to defy wind and water for ages — connects St. George's with the mainland. As we approach it, a fresh and exquisite picture meets us at every turn, while the views from the causeway itself are surpassingly fine. It is nearly two miles in length, and a revolving bridge gives two wide water passages for boats.

The quaint, picturesque old town, which was founded in 1612, seems to bristle with forts. Indeed, this is true of the whole island range, — the Bermudas being, with the exception of Gibraltar, England's most strongly fortified hold. One not to the manner born cannot help wondering why this infinitesimal bit of land in the midst of mighty seas should require a fort on every exposed point; why there should be batteries and martello towers at every turn, and why red-coats and marines should meet you at every corner. But it must be remembered that this is the rendezvous for the British fleet in all these waters, and here vast quantities of arms and ammunition are stored. England doubtless knows her own business; and it cannot be questioned that her strong position here would give her an immense advantage, in case — which may God forbid! — of her ever going to war with America.

Strangers are not allowed inside the

forts. But we can climb the heights, if we choose, and see the outside of the shore. Or, while we are waiting for dinner to be made ready in the old-fashioned inn facing the square, where the landlord himself will serve you at table, carving the joints with his own hand, we can wander about the narrow streets with their odd balconied and jalousied houses, and imagine ourselves in the Orient. Or we can go to the Public Garden, and sit under the shade of date-palms one hundred and fifty years old. Here, in the ivy-covered wall at the left of the lower gate, — a dark slab in a niche, — is the monument of Sir George Somers, for whom the town was named, and in honor of whom the Bermudas were once known as the Somers Islands. Only his heart is buried here. His body lies in White Church, Dorsetshire, England. In the wall above the old monument is a white marble tablet, erected by Lieutenant-General Lefroy, bearing this inscription : —

Near this spot
Was interred, in the year 1610, the Heart of the
Heroic Admiral,
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, K.T.,
Who nobly sacrificed his Life
To carry succor
To the infant and suffering Plantation,
Now
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.
To preserve his Name to Future Ages
Near the scene of his memorable shipwreck of
1609,
The Governor and Commander-in-Chief
Of this Colony for the time being caused this
tablet to be erected.
1876.

Building's Bay, on the North Shore, is believed to be the spot where, after the shipwreck, the "heroic admiral" built his two cedar ships, the Deliverance and the Patience.

In the Public Library at Hamilton one is shown with much pride a thin booklet of perhaps a dozen pages, printed in black letter. It has lately been rebound in red morocco, thus renewing its youth. It bears the imprint "London, 1613," and purports to be Sir George's

own account of his shipwreck and deliverance.

It is but a step from the Public Garden to St. Peter's, the oldest church on the islands. In the walls are many interesting tablets, and the sexton will show you the communion service, of massive silver, presented by King William III., in 1684.

To American eyes, its narrow streets and oddly shaped houses give St. George's a charm that is quite distinctive. York Street is but ten feet wide, and, with its gardens crowded with semi-tropical vegetation, it is like an oriental picture.

On the way home there are marvelous caves it would be a sin not to visit. We leave the carriage, and pick our way for some distance through thickets of cedar and oleander, with coffee-trees, bamboos, and lemons interspersed, till we reach the desired haven. It proves by no means a haven of rest, however, for the descent into the caves is rough and precipitous. Yet, if you are fond of cavernous depths, it pays. Our guide, an intelligent colored man, who owns the place, lights a bonfire of cedar brush, and the transformation scene begins. The dark, damp, gloomy cavern stretches away through magnificent distances, and through openings in the walls we catch glimpses of other chambers, of whose splendors we are content to dream. Far above us soars the vaulted roof, hung with stalactites, and glittering as with the light of countless jewels. Below us lies a lake, clear and cold, whereon fairies might launch their airy shallops. There are many of these caves in different parts of the islands, but one description answers for all. We may, however, stop for a moment at the "Devil's Hole." No rendezvous for gods or fairies this, but a natural fish-pond, through whose rocky basin, set in a huge cavernous chamber, the ocean sends its tides continually. The fish, strange creatures called groupers, with great sluggish bodies and horribly hu-

man faces, come crowding up to be fed, and stare at us hungrily with their awful eyes.

It is Sunday morning, and all eyes are turned anxiously to the signal station at Mount Langton. As we look, a red, white, and blue pennant flies from the yard-arm, announcing that the steamer from New York is in sight. Now we can go to church in peace, sure of getting our mail some time to-morrow. It is impossible to get it to-day, and after a little natural Yankee grumbling at Bermudian slowness we accept the situation. What does it matter? What does anything matter in this lazy, lotus-eating land, where it seems always afternoon?

The Bermudians are a church-going people. The question asked is not, "*Are you going to church to-day?*" but, "*Where are you going?*" The going is taken for granted, as it used to be in New England. Yet there is no Puritanic sombreness. All is gay and bright. Flags fly in honor of the day from Mount Langton, from Admiralty House, and from the shipping in the harbor. At half past nine A. M. precisely, a pennant flies from the staff in Victoria Park, to announce that church time is near.

We Hamiltonians can go to Pembroke, beautifully set in its garden of green; or to Trinity, a handsome church, with fine memorial windows, and columns and arches of the native stone. Or we can get Charon to row us across the ferry, and stroll for a mile along a quiet, shaded country road to the beautiful Paget Church. If we do this last, we shall surely be tempted to rest a while on a low stone wall that runs parallel with the road behind the parish school, and try to fix the lovely picture in our minds forever.

We can easily find a Presbyterian kirk and a Wesleyan chapel. But here, as in England, Dissenters are in the minority, the union of church and state being very close. Wherever we

go, however, we shall find the same pleasant and cordial mingling of whites and blacks in the audience. Bermuda does not raise a partition wall between her children, setting the light on one side, the dark on the other. Their pews are side by side, in the flower-decked churches, and as a rule the colored people are as neatly dressed, as well mannered, and as devout, as their lighter brethren. One cannot look upon their tranquil, thoughtful faces, or hear their low-toned, musical voices in the responses, without thanking God for what fifty years of freedom, under favorable auspices, can do for the black race.

Bermuda belongs to the see of Newfoundland and Labrador, the bishop making a yearly visitation. What a rounding of the circle, — to live half the year in frozen Labrador, and half in soft Bermuda!

There are eight parishes, with the names of which the visitor soon grows as familiar as with the streets of his native town; if he stays long he talks of Southampton, Devoushire, and Warwick as glibly as the islanders themselves. Parliament is composed of a legislative and executive council appointed by the crown, and an assembly. The latter, formed of four members from each parish, is elected for a term of seven years. The schools are in charge of the parish authorities, who are empowered to enforce attendance. A fine is exacted from the parent if the child fails to appear. There are also several private schools, which are said to be good. At all events, the Bermudians are refined and intelligent, and by far the greater number, of course, have been educated at home. Now and then the son or daughter of a well-to-do family is sent to England to be "finished," but one meets many bright and clever men and women who have never left the islands.

A certain insular narrowness may sometimes be felt, as when a lady said to her friend, "I wonder what the world

would do without Bermuda! Just think how many potatoes and onions we export!" It is a blessed fact that one's own home is the hub of the universe. Bermuda does not seem small to its inhabitants. To them it is the world, and holds the fullness thereof. "The maps do not do us justice," said one of them to the writer. "For you see we really are not so very small."

But the truth is that in its exceeding smallness lies one of its chief charms. And to realize how small it is one must visit the lighthouse, a drive of six miles, or so, from Hamilton. Down the hill to Front Street, past Parliament House and the Public Library, past Pembroke Hall and its group of Royal Palms, — five magnificent trees, lifting their stately, granite-colored shafts like columns in some ancient temple, — round the harbor, and then on through Paget and Warwick to Gibbs's Hill in Southampton. This is one of the most delightful drives possible, the road running past fine country mansions and cozy cottages, with here and there a glimpse of the shining sea. Just where we leave the highway to go to Gibbs's Hill we pass a ruined house, weird and sombre in its desolation. It is a place to haunt one's dreams. The high stone steps are worn in great suggestive hollows. The water tank is empty, and rats have taken possession. From the broken windows ghostly faces seem peering out. But we pick a geranium that flaunts gayly in the sun by the shattered door-sill, and go on our upward and winding way to the lighthouse.

The ascent of the lofty tower is not difficult, in spite of its height. The light is, we are told, a "revolving dioptric lens with mirrors," — whatever that may be, — and is among the largest and most powerful in the world. The building is exquisitely kept, its polished floors and glittering brasses being dainty enough for my lady's boudoir. Civil service means something in Bermuda.

One of the three keepers told me he had not left his lonely eyrie for a night in seventeen years, and it was evident he considered himself settled for life. Very proud were the three of their stately and beautiful charge, touching the costly and delicate machinery as tenderly as if it were a sentient being and felt their caressing hands.

But it is the view from the gallery we came to see, and out we go, with a word of caution from the guide as to the wind. We are on the very outermost point of the southwestern coast, and from where we stand we can take in the whole island group, from St. George's to Ireland. What a little spot it is, to be sure! — a mere point in the illimitable waste of waters that stretch away to the horizon on every side. But the view is magnificent beyond description. It is worth the half of one's kingdom to stand for just half an hour, of a clear afternoon, on the lighthouse tower at Gibbs's Hill.

Yet the chief attraction of Bermuda is in her iridescent waters and what lies beneath them. At nine of the clock, one morning, Williams, a bronze Hercules, low voiced, gentle mannered, a trusty boatman, and an enthusiast in his calling, meets us at the dock, with his water glasses, nippers, and all else needed for a successful trip to the reefs. But our first objective point is Ireland Island, and to gain time we embark on the Moondyne, — a pleasant party of five, with lunch baskets and the ever-present waterproofs and umbrellas. Towing our row-boat, away we glide down the beautiful sunlit bay, winding our way in and out among the fairy islands of the Great Sound, after a fashion strikingly like the passage through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Passing the lovely shores of Somerset and Boaz, which last was formerly the convict station, we get good views of the naval and military hospitals, with their broad balconies and shaded grounds. At Ireland Island

is her majesty's dockyard, with forts and batteries, all alive with soldiers, marines, and busy workmen. Several men-of-war, with a multitude of smaller craft, are at anchor in Grassy Bay, and the admiral's ship, the Northampton, is lying in the great floating dock, Bermuda, for repairs. This enormous structure, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, was towed over from England in 1868. To naval, military, and business men this is a most attractive spot, but so much red tape must be untied before one can enter the dockyard that we content ourselves with an outside view, and walk across the island to the cemetery. Here, within sound of the moaning sea and the fierce guns of the forts, all is as peaceful and serene as in any country graveyard in New England. Trees wave, flowers bloom, bright-winged birds flit from palm to cedar, and great masses of the scarlet heath burn in the soft, cool light.

But we are most impressed by the records of sudden and violent deaths; for here we find inscriptions instead of the conventional number. "Killed by a fall from the masthead of H. M. ship Daylight." "Drowned off Spanish Rock." "Died suddenly, a victim to yellow fever." "Erected by his messmates to the memory of —, who died at sea." So the inscriptions ran. Many of the epitaphs were curious; but all were to me indescribably pathetic.

Some civilians are buried here, and many little children; and I came upon a pathetic memorial to a fair young English wife, who followed her soldier husband hither only to give birth to a little child and die on these far-off shores. But for the most part the sleepers in this beautiful God's acre are strong and stalwart men, cut off in the flower of their days.

We lunch in delicious shade, with the sea at our feet and a bright-eyed, swift-footed little mulatto boy for our Ganymede. Then we row along the coast and

through the narrows to the dockyard harbor, bound for the reefs.

As we round the point there is a sudden gathering of the clans and the swell of martial music. Hundreds of soldiers and sailors swarm upon the piers and cling to every masthead. Evidently something exciting is going on. The band strikes up *Home, Sweet Home*, and the good ship *Humber* steams out, with all sails set, bound for England, and crowded from stem to stern. She takes home a regiment whose term of service has expired. A storm of cheers bursts from the comrades they are leaving behind, answered by shouts and hurrahs from the happy fellows on board. They scramble up the tall masts, and far out on the yard-arms; they cling to the shrouds, waving their caps and shouting themselves hoarse, as the band plays *The Girl I left Behind Me*. One agile fellow stands on the very top of the tallest mast, his figure in bold relief against the blue of the sky. As the ship passes the near buoys *Auld Lang Syne* floats plaintively over the deep, and the men on the dock turn soberly, perhaps sadly, to the monotonous routine of duties.

Williams picks up his oars, and we are soon far out among the reefs. It is so still and clear that a water glass is scarcely needed. Without its aid we can look far down, down, into the azure and amber depths, so translucent, so pure, that the minutest object is distinctly visible. What marvelous growths, what wonderful creations! Is this a submerged flower-garden? Great sea-fans wave their purple branches, swaying to the swell as pine-boughs sway to the breeze. Magnificent sprays of star-coral, some as fine and delicate as lace-work, and so frail that it would be impossible to remove them from their bed, and some like the strong antlers of some forest monarch, grow upon the sides of the deep sea mountains. Here the shelf-coral hangs from the rocks like an inverted mushroom, delicately wrought,

and the rose-coral unfolds like a fairy flower. There lie great brainstones, another variety of coral, with their singular convolutions, side by side with finger-sponges, tall, brown, branching sea-rods, sea-cucumbers, and many another wonder. There are star-fish, sea-urchins, and sea-anemones, — gorgeous creatures in ashes of rose and orange, or in pink and brown with dashes of yellow, and a flutter of white ruffles, that unfold as you gaze, like the opening of a flower-bud. And in and around and about them all glide the blue angel fish, with their fins just tipped with gold, yellow canary fish, the zebra-striped sergeant majors, and a ruby-colored fish that gleams in the water like a ray of light.

We gather fans and corals; we exhaust our vocabularies in expressions of delight; and then in the soft glow of sunset, while the shores are bathed in rosy mist, and each little island is an emerald or an amethyst set in silver, and the far lighthouse towers above them all like a watchful sentinel, we half row, half float, homeward with the tide, silent, tired, but happy.

It would be impossible to tell of all the pleasant excursions that gave light and color to our Bermudian days. One morning we drove to Tucker's Town — about seven miles — and there hired a whaleboat and three stout oarsmen for the day, that we might explore Castle Harbor and its surroundings.

We were soon flying over the waves, with our square sail set, bound for Castle Island; but we stopped at the extreme point of the mainland, that the gentlemen might visit a cave called the Queen's White Hall. The ladies, meanwhile, climbed the high cliffs to watch the breakers as they dashed over the rocks below us. Suddenly there was a rush, a loud whirr of wings, a burst of laughter, and a call to us; and down we went. The lighting of a bit of magnesium wire had disclosed a boatswain bird on its nest. Blinded by the sudden

glare, it had given one fearful cry ere it was caught and brought out for our inspection. The boatswain is a beautiful white creature, of the gull family, with two long feathers in its tail, by means of which it is popularly supposed to steer its flight; hence the name. When we let it go, it flew far out to sea. But we were scarcely in the boat again when we saw it circling and wheeling far above our heads, only waiting till we strange intruders should be gone before returning to its nest.

Having set sail again, we made for Castle Island. Steep stairs cut in the rocks led us to a broad plateau bordered by ruined fortifications, massive structures which were built early in the seventeenth century, when the Spanish buccaneers made constant raids upon Bermuda. In fact, the pirates once held Castle Island, and we walked over the paths their feet had worn nearly three hundred years ago. Afterwards the castle was for a time the seat of government. The massive walls of fort and castle, full ten feet thick, seem as if they might stand forever.

Climbing up into one of the deep embrasures, with the lonely sea before me and the silent court behind, I tried to imagine the scene as it was when gay with red-coats and gold-laced officers, with their powdered wigs, their queues, their queer cocked hats, and all the pomp and pageantry of glorious war. Far down on the beach below me lay a rusty cannon, half buried in the sand. Doubtless from the very spot where I stood it had belched forth its thunders at the approaching pirate fleets.

We lunched in the gray old court, sitting on a low stone seat whereon, it was easy to believe, many a brave soldier and many a fair lady had whispered sweet secrets, long ago. Names were carved in the rocks and on the walls, the numbers of many regiments — some famous in English annals — appearing over and over again. The remains of

the old ovens were still there, and chimneys blackened by the smoke of fires so long gone out.

In the old government house there is a hall, floorless and windowless now, where many a Bermuda girl danced and was made love to by the gay gallants of other days. For Bermuda has always been gay, — gayer, they say, in the past than it is now. So long ago as when our Puritan fathers were struggling with cold, with savages, and with all the hardships and privations of early New England life, Bermuda was sitting in the sun and smiling as serenely as to-day. The traditions there are not of spinning and weaving, of hard-won comforts, of serious endeavor, of Indian fights and cruel massacres, but of gay *fêtes* and brilliant masquerades, of happy competence and careless ease. The old ladies of to-day show you the fine dresses, the laces and ornaments, that their great-grandmothers wore when they, the great-grandmothers, were young.

Setting sail again, we swept through the great harbor, passing Nonsuch and Cooper islands and rounding St. David's Head, a magnificent promontory, against which the sea beat itself to foam. The wind was high; we were in the open sea, and the boat was tossed like a feather by the great waves that came rolling in from beyond the reefs. The headlands of St. David's are precipitous cliffs, with deep bays and curious indented caves. One of them is called Cupid's Oven, — a most maladroit name, — for the little god would be frightened out of his wits by the mere sight of the dark, uncanny hole. Elsewhere a door is cut in the high ocean wall. Does it lead down to Hades?

We entered the narrows just beyond the island, and the oarsmen, the sail being lowered, pulled along the coast to St. George's. Here our carriages were in waiting and we drove home by the way of Moore's Calabash Tree, in a dark, secluded glen. The poet, it is

said, was wont to sit here and sing of the charms of Bermudian girls.

In this long and, for our men, hard trip, we did not hear from them one loud word, much less an oath. The captain, a handsome young negro, gave his orders by a look, a word, a sign, and was obeyed as quietly.

One can't get lost in Bermuda. Walk where you will, or drive, if you dare, — for Bermudians turn to the left, and Americans are apt to come to grief, — you will be sure to come out in sight of some well-known landmark. Never to be forgotten is one bright afternoon, when two of us drove all by ourselves to Knapton Hill and Spanish Rock. Sacred, too, is the memory of another, when, in the same independent fashion, we went to Spanish Point, and after picking up shells for an hour, and counting the white sails flitting like sea-gulls over the sparkling bay, we turned and drove to the North Shore. The water was so marvelously clear that from cliffs forty feet above the sea we could count the shells and pebbles lying twenty feet beneath it. By and by we turned off into a road that was new to us, leading up a hill, and lined with oleanders, pink, white, and crimson, as large as good-sized apple-trees. We did not know where it led, nor did we care. But we came out at last near the old church in Devonshire, an ivy-covered ruin. Having been warned that the roof might fall, we did not go inside, but through the broken windows we saw the crumbling walls, from which the precious tablets had been removed, the dilapidated pews, and the high pulpit with antique hangings, faded and hoary. In one of the aisles was stowed away a ghastly hearse and a tottering bier, on which, no doubt, many generations of the dead who were sleeping so soundly, hard by, had been borne to their last rest. I turned away with a shudder.

But without, how sweet and still it was! It was late afternoon. Not a

sound reached us, not even the lapsing of the waves. Only now and then a lone bird twittered softly, or the winds sighed in the palm-trees. Great gray tombs lay all around, like huge sarcophagi, and stretched far up the hill, weird and sombre in the light of dying day. Perhaps it was against the rules, — I don't know, — but with a great lump in my throat, and a tender thought of the little unknown sleeper, I picked a rose from a bush that was heaping a child's grave with its fragrant petals. If it was a sin, I here make full confession, and crave absolution from the baby's mother! Rose geraniums grew wild in great profusion, making the air sweet with their strong perfume. It is called in Bermuda the "graveyard geranium," and I was told that pillows for confined heads are filled with the fragrant leaves. An immense but dying cedar — the oldest on the islands — stands near the church, and is used as a bell-cote. The trunk is hollow, and inside it two vigorous young trees are growing.

There are no springs in Bermuda, and the great water-tanks are conspicuous objects everywhere. Built of heavy stone, cool, dark, and entered solely by a door in the side which admits the bucket, the water they contain is limpid and delicious. Every householder is compelled by law to have a tank, and to keep it in good repair.

Another thing that attracts attention is the animals tethered here, there, and everywhere. You see donkeys, goats, cows, even cats, hens, and turkeys, — these last drooping sulkily, or swelling with outraged dignity, — confined by the inevitable tether. Noticing the strange manœuvres of a hen in an inclosure near the road, I stopped to investigate, and discovered that she was tied by a cord two yards long to another hen. Their gyrations and flutterings were attempts to walk in opposite directions, — a pair of unaccommodating Siamese twins.

But time would fail us to tell of all

that filled our Bermudian days with a satisfying, restful delight: of trips on the Moondyne; of moonlit walks to Hungry Bay, when the spray was hoar frost, and the waves were rippled silver; of Saturday mornings at Prospect, to see the fine drill of the Royal Irish Rifles; of amateur theatricals given by the officers and their wives in the rickety old theatre; of receptions and lawn tennis at the government house; of pleasant glimpses of Bermudian homes; of kindly greetings and warm hand clasps. Shall I ever forget a certain "afternoon tea," where we were served in the shaded balcony by the five fair daughters of the house, while the happy, handsome mother smiled serenely, and took her ease with the rest of us? Shall I ever cease to remember the mangroves, looking for all the world like tipsy bacchanalians, that in some way always reminded me of Saxe Holm's story of the One-Legged Dancers?

A few last words as to the climate. It is somewhat capricious, but is never really cold. Bermuda has no frosts. Yet during seven weeks, beginning in March and ending in May, we were in no need of thin summer clothing. The mercury in winter seldom falls below 60°. In the height of summer it is seldom above 85°, and there is always the breeze from the sea. When it blows from the southwest, Bermudians stay within doors, and remain quiet till it changes. Tropical plants thrive, not because it is hotter than with us in summer, but because they are never winter killed.

Bermuda is *not* the place for consumptives. But for the overworked and weary, for those who need rest and recreation and quiet amusement, for those who love the beauty of sea and sky better than noisy crowds and fashionable display, and can dispense with some accustomed conveniences for the sake of what they may gain in other ways, it is truly a paradise.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

SOME ALLEGED AMERICANISMS.

REVERTING to a subject which I have treated heretofore, in *The Atlantic* and elsewhere,¹ I have to begin by a caution which indeed may be regarded as a monition: this, — that the stigmatizing of a word, or a phrase, or even a pronunciation, as an Americanism, by any censor, however accomplished or however thoroughly English, or by any “authority” (so called), British or American, however high, is not to be regarded as of very great moment in the settlement of the question, still less as at all decisive. It is very rarely that a word or a phrase can be set down as an Americanism except upon probability and opinion; whereas the contrary is shown, if shown at all, upon fact-proof that cannot be gainsaid. The citation of a word from English literature at or before the time of Dryden shows that it cannot possibly be “American” in origin; evidence of its continued use by British writers during the last century and the present proves the impossibility of its being an Americanism in any sense of that term. Indeed, evidence and proof should hardly be mentioned in relation to this showing. Of words and phrases which have such origin and history as has just been specified, it is simply to be said that they are English. To stamp a word or a phrase as an Americanism, it is necessary to show that (1) it is of so-called “American” origin, — that is, that it first came into use in the United States of North America; or that (2) it has been adopted in those States from some language other than English, or has been kept in use there while it has wholly passed out of use in England.

Now these points are very difficult of sufficient proof; and the defeats of those

who have assumed them in various instances are almost numberless. The production of unknown and unsuspected evidence has often toppled bold assertions over, and swept into oblivion judgments long reverently accepted; and it may at any time do so again. When those who assume to speak authoritatively upon the subject declare that a word or a phrase is an Americanism, they must be prepared with a full and satisfactory answer to the question, What do you know about it? They may perhaps know what *is* English, but how will they prove the negative, that this or that word or phrase is *not* English? Indeed, generally the declaration that a word is an Americanism (or not English) can only be (what it almost always is) the mere expression of the declarer’s opinion that he or she does not remember having heard the word, and rather dislikes it, and therefore assumes that it is not English, but “American.” At its strongest, such a judgment is the mere opinion of a critical scholar whose reading in English literature, ancient and modern, has been both wide and observant. An opinion from such a quarter has some value; but it becomes absolutely worthless in the presence of adverse facts.

Now it is very significant of the difficulty which besets this question that British journals of the highest standing keep up the manufacture of an ever-lengthening chain of blunders in regard to it; each one, now and then, as if impelled by some blind instinct, adding its little link of welded ignorance and prejudice; and hardly less remarkable is it that studious men, not taught by study the wisdom of reserve, make assertions will, I hope, be accepted as a reply to letters addressed and otherwise to be addressed to me. I do not know where copies of the *Galaxy* may be obtained.

¹ *Galaxy*, September and November, 1877, January, 1878. *Atlantic*, April, May, July, September, and November, 1878, January, March, May, November, 1879, May, 1880, May, 1881. This note

which rival those of the journalists in rashness and in error.

An astonishing blunder, or rather series of blunders, was committed in the past summer (July 21st) by a London journal of the highest standing, the *Spectator*. There is not in England, hardly in Europe, a journal whose opinions upon politics, literature, society, and art are more worthy of consideration. This eminent British journal published a long and carefully written critical article on Walt Whitman's prose; and in summing up a well-merited condemnation remarked that "unless the reader possesses considerable familiarity with American slang he will frequently be stopped by such expressions as 'fetching up,' 'scooted,' 'derring do,' 'out of kilter,'" etc. American slang! Revered shades of Edmund Spenser and of Walter Scott, refrain your ghostly vengeance while one of your devoted worshipers cites you as evidence that "derring do" is "American" and slang!

"So from immortal race he does proceede
That mortal hands may not withstand his
might,
Drad for his *derring doe* and bloudy deed;
For all in bloud and spoile is his delight."
(*Faerie Queen*, II. c. i. st. 42.)
"All mightie men and dreadful *derring doers*
(The harder it to make them well agree)."
(*Idem*, IV. c. ii. st. 38.)

"I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart of oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do such a deed of *derring do*." (*Ivanhoe*, chap. xxix.)

In truth, this piece of alleged "American" slang would not be understood by one person in five hundred thousand in "America;" and my attention was called to it by inquiries as to its meaning and its origin by two intelligent friends.

The other phrases cited as Americanisms by the *Spectator* are folk phrases of such character that they would not be easily discovered in literature; but

they are so purely English that it would seem quite impossible for a competent English scholar to regard them as having any other origin. It is only necessary to turn to Halliwell's dictionary to find "*Scooter* : a syringe or squirt. To go like a scooter; that is, very quick." "*Kilters* : tools, instruments; the component parts of a thing." To scoot, therefore, means to move very quickly; and out of kilter, to have the component parts deranged. Both words are East Anglican provincialisms. They are not "classical" in England; neither are they so in the United States. They have just the same form, the same meaning, and the same status in both countries. The like is true of "derring do," as to which the facts are these: Spenser used, according to wont, an archaic phrase; Scott remembered it, and introduced it in *Ivanhoe*, a tale of the twelfth century; and Walt Whitman, remembering Scott, used it, as to sense, just as he did.

The *Spectator*, however, does not stop here. It goes on to say that Walt Whitman "is compelled to employ a large original vocabulary," and as a part of this vocabulary it quotes "jetted," "ostent," and "promulge." Now as to the originality of a large part of that self-styled "Cosmos" there will be no dispute among persons competent to form an opinion; but again this censor of things "American" is very unfortunate in his specification of what is "American." The words which he regards as original in Walt Whitman have been in use by the best English writers for centuries. For instance:—

"O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanc'd plumes!" (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 5, l. 26.)

"Whose men and dames so *jetted* and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by."
(*Pericles*, Act I. Sc. 4, l. 26.)

"Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*
To please his grandam."
(*The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 4, l. 175.)

"He forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-grievous
pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God."
(Henry V., Act V. Chorus, l. 19.)¹

As to "promulge," it is only necessary to say that it is found in all modern English dictionaries (even the *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1707, and *Miege*, 1679), in which examples of its use are cited from such writers as Prynne, South, Pearson, and Atterbury. It must be very much older; for it is of Old French origin.

What shall be said when we find a writer, to whom a journal of the grade of the *London Spectator* assigns the task of writing a critical article upon style, setting forth boldly and without qualification such words as these as Americanisms, either slang or the original inventions of an "American" writer? It shall be said merely that this is a fair example of the knowledge of what is English that is displayed by most British critics when they unfold themselves upon this subject. For to know what is English is the first and essential qualification for pronouncing judgment upon what is not English; and on this point almost all persons who have written upon this subject—not only British critics, lay and professional, but compilers of dictionaries of Americanisms—have shown themselves distinctively ignorant. Like that of the samphire gatherers, theirs is a "dreadful trade." They are likely to be cast headlong at any minute by a misstep, even when they feel most sure of their footing; and they who in such case feel much pity must have more sympathy with their business than I have. Searching for Americanisms is the pettiest subdivision of the pettiest department of literature,—verbal criticism.

A terrible example of the destructive uncertainty which attends this envious

¹ These line references are to the numeration in the text of the *Riverside Shakespeare*.

business is the phrase "enjoys poor health." If there is one phrase which more surely than any other has been regarded as an Americanism, and as such has been scoffed at by British critics, it is this. I have heretofore shown that it is well known in England, colloquially and as a provincialism, in Leicestershire and in Warwickshire; but lately, turning to the fly-leaves of a book which I had not seen for some years, I found a memorandum of its use by a writer than whom there could not be better evidence as to what is English. The Reverend Henry Venn, author of the famous book *The Complete Duty of Man*, one of the most celebrated evangelical divines and preachers of the last century, was born in Surrey in 1724. His ancestors were clergymen of the Church of England, in an uninterrupted line, from the period of the Reformation. He was a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Fellow of Queen's, of the same university. He was vicar of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, and rector of Yelling, Huntingdonsire. His style is remarkable, even in his letters, for a union of correctness and ease, and his English for its purity. This Surrey-born man and Cambridge scholar, in whom centred generations of university-bred divines, writing to his daughter, October 19, 1784, says:—

"We expect Joseph Scott here, to take home his wife, who is something better for our air; though, at best, *she enjoys poor health*." (*Life and Letters of Rev. Henry Venn*, page 407. Third edition, London, 1835.)

His editor, who is his grandson, the Reverend Henry Venn, also Fellow of Queen's College, passes the phrase without remark; and I think that now we may as well have heard the last of it as an Americanism. It is more rarely heard, I believe, in the United States than in England. It is a strange phrase, and not admirable; and in regard to its origin, I venture the conjecture that

it is a product of the feeling in the class of religionists, of whom the author of *The Complete Duty of Man* was a shining example, that everything ought to be enjoyed, even poor health, which is bestowed by Providence; as the pious old rustic, in *The Dairyman's Daughter*, said that the weather to-morrow would surely be good, because it would be such as pleased God. (I quote from memory.) So Venn afterwards, referring to his having been struck down with palsy, writes, "I am come to the days of darkness, but not of dejection; for why should not Christians be afraid of dejection, as they are of murmuring and complaint?" To enjoy poor health seems, then, evangelical English rather than "American." Yet see in a speech in *Pericles* (Act IV. Sc. 3), out of question written by Shakespeare, this example of a corresponding confusion of thought:—

"O, go to. Well, well!
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst."

But I admit that when I see phrases branded in this way as Americanisms I have pleasure in feeling that often there is somewhere a shot in my locker that will knock the notion into splinters.

And here I am tempted to remark, as it were parenthetically, upon a very ancient prototype of what seems to be a very modern Americanism, which is noted in *Bartlett's Dictionary* as "to let slide, to let go," with the examples, "Let him slide," "Let her slide," "Let California slide." Now, in the first lines of *Henry the Minstrel's Wallace*, composed about 1470, we find this very phrase, used exactly as it is used in the slang of the present day:—

"Our antecessowris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mind thar nobille worthi deid,
We *lat ourslide*, throw werray sleuthfulness;
And ws till vthir besynes." ¹

(Book I. l. 1-4.)

¹ Here "suld of reide" = should read of; "werray" = very; "ws" = us; "vthir" = other. The rest is plain enough, antique as its form is.

It will be seen that in "*lat ourslide*" = "let slide over," there is not a shade of difference, either in sense or in sound, from our slang phrase. Needless to say that this is not evidence that the former has been preserved for four centuries, to be heard in slangish talk in the United States (although the history of language records freaks not less strange than that would be); but it is worthy of remark that these lines show that the essential thought in question and the form which it takes belong to the race and the language, and not to any particular time or country.

To return to the purpose with which I set out, which is, it should be borne in mind, less the proving that certain words and phrases are not Americanisms than the showing the incompetence of nearly all the critics, British and "American," to pass a trustworthy opinion upon this subject;—incompetence resulting from the union of a lack of acquaintance with the vocabulary of English writers and speakers, past and present, to a misapprehension of the very little that they do know of English as it is spoken in the United States, and of true Americanisms, and I will add of "American" manners and customs, as well as "American" speech. Even when such critics are soberly and judicially disposed, there seems to be some mental or moral twist in their natures which prevents them from rightly apprehending and comprehending what they do see and hear. Mr. George Augustus Sala shall furnish us with an example in point, very trifling and simple, and therefore the more significant. In *Paris Herself Again*, he mentions having "gone so far" as to ask on ship-board for "the American delicacy of [*sic*] pork and beans," ² and then this paragraph follows:—

" 'It's done, sir,' replied the steward,

² As to this, by the way, see *England Without and Within*, chap. vii.

who was of Milesian descent. 'Yes,' I told him gently, 'I should like the pork and beans to be well done.' 'Shure [Why the *h* in this word? How does Mr. Sala pronounce *sure*? If he had used two *r*'s, the reason would be plain], — shure, it's through,' urged the steward. I was not proficient in transatlantic parlance, and bade him bring the dish through the saloon. 'I mane that it's played out,' persisted the steward, in a civil rage with my stupidity, — 'that it's finished, — that it's clane gone.' He should have said at first that the pork and beans were gone, and then my Anglo-Saxon mind [How came a man named Sala with an Anglo-Saxon mind? It is quite easy to understand how he might have an English education] would have mastered his meaning." (Chap. xxxii.)

And Mr. Sala, who is generally credited with somewhat more than the average capacity of observation, could write that passage after having been twice in the United States, for some months at least at each visit! Any "transatlantic" boy would laugh at his blunder. The steward's speech, if correctly reported, would have been quite as incomprehensible to any "American" as Mr. Sala informs us it was to him. No such use of "through" is known in the United States; but the passage shows an entire misapprehension of a use of that word at table, which is common. No "American" says that a dish is through, meaning that it is all gone; but many "Americans" do say, unfortunately, when they have breakfasted or dined, that *they* are "through;" that is, that they have got through their breakfast or their dinner. In William Black's clever little novel *A Beautiful Wretch*, — the heroine of which, by the way, is one of his charming women, — two young men are at breakfast, and one says, "But that's only her fun, don't you know; she's precious glad to get out of it, — that's my belief; and no-

body knows better than herself he would n't do at all. Finished? Come and have a game of billiards, then." (Chap. ii.) Now here one of the transatlantic speakers whom Mr. Sala had in mind would have said, not "Finished?" but "Through? Come and have a game," etc. This trivial instance is characteristic of a common failure of apprehension in the British critic of "American" speech and manners.

Mr. Edmund Yates has also visited the States on a lecturing tour, I believe. Exactly how long he remained here I do not know, but long enough, it would appear, to become a British authority upon things "American," and gain an experience which leads him to continue in England the lecturing of the "Americans," which seems not to have been completed in their country. Not long ago, in this vein, he stated that all that the "Americaus" knew of Christmas they had learned from, or since the publication of, Dickens's Christmas stories. (I quote from memory only; and I ask his pardon if I am not literally correct.) An amazing announcement! The Maryland descendants and representatives of the old Roman Catholic colony of Lord Baltimore, and the New Orleans natives of the same faith, will learn with some surprise that they owed to the Protestant heretic Charles Dickens the birth of the feeling which made Christmas to them a great and solemn festival. But it is not necessary to go to Southern and Roman Catholic commonwealths to find a refutation of this wildly ignorant assertion. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men yet living, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New England, who can remember that long before Dickens's first Christmas story was published Christmas was the turning-point of their childhood's year. It was *par excellence* the one great family and social festival. They can hear yet the joyful Christmas anthem chanted in churches which

were great bowers of evergreens; they remember the family gatherings, the somewhat oppressive nature of which was relieved by a dinner sweeter in the mouth than in the stomach on the next day. To all this, if I may be pardoned a personal recollection, I can testify. To this my father could testify; and he did tell me that the church, in Connecticut, in which he kept Christmas, of which my grandfather was rector, was not only decked with evergreens on Christmas Eve, but illuminated, and in so ample a style that the reliquary candles, extinguished at midnight, were an important perquisite of the sexton. This takes us back three generations in a country which, Mr. Yates informs his readers, learned Christmas-keeping from Charles Dickens! The truth is simply this: There has been in the United States, of late years, a much more nearly universal observance of this Christian festival than there was before. Of this there are two causes, Charles Dickens not being one of them: first, what has been called the "broad church movement," in consequence of which people of other denominations have gladly adopted, to a certain extent, the Christmas customs of the churches of England and of Rome; next, the conviction that we needed more of general holiday-keeping than we had in earlier days. These causes have come into their full operation necessarily since the publication of Dickens's Christmas stories, but not because of them: they were *post hoc*, but not *propter hoc*. The inference that they were so is exemplary of the nearness of approach by most British critics to truth as to things "American." Frenchmen are so ludicrously far away from it that what they say is worthy of no consideration, except in case of a patient investigator and thinker like De Tocqueville, and even he made some striking blunders.

Generally, however, it is true that the European traveler — and the more

surely if he is British and a person of any note — leaves the States quite as ignorant of them and their people on all essential points as he was before he crossed the ocean, and with his ignorance at once confused and confirmed and elevated into conceit by misapprehension of the very little of any real significance that he has been able to see. For the distinguished traveler sees, indeed, through no fault of his own, very little that reveals to him the real condition of "American" society, of which he touches only the surface at a few salient points. All the vast level range below, not to say the yet underlying strata, is hidden from his eyes. If he is a man of any fame in politics, literature, art, or society, his arrival is announced by the press; he is interviewed; he is seized upon by various people, who, with social, business, or other motives, wish to use him for their own purposes. He is entertained, fêted, taken to this, that, and the other "institution," where he is expected, and indeed almost required, to "make a few remarks." He passes over a great many miles of country shut up in a railway car, and surrounded by his "party." He sees a big waterfall and some mountains, a president and some governors, — waterfalls and mountains in their own way; and this is all. What does this teach him of the society of the people among whom he has been? Entertainments, parties, receptions, among people of wealth (the only people with whom he is likely to mix), are much the same upon the surface in the superior circles of all Western nations. And who learns anything about anybody in formal "society"? What do we ever learn of each other at such gatherings? We merely go through the parade in due form. Moreover, these more or less distinguished strangers are on such occasions here the principal guests. People are invited to "meet" them. They are on exhibition to the other guests, and the

other guests are on exhibition to them. What is the "meeting"? An introduction, a languid hand-shake of some scores or some hundreds, a few words, "delighted to meet," "charmed," "hope," "always remember," and so forth; and this repeated a dozen times in the principal places, and two or three times in the minor places. Of what significance or instructiveness is this? It is not at such entertainments, or at formal dinners, or even at less formal breakfasts, that a people is to be studied in its habits of life, its tone of thought, its morals, or even its language. To do that it is necessary to live among them, and to live among them unremarked as a notability and a watchful stranger; to see them when they are off their guard, and not when you are on parade to them, and they are, or wish to be, on parade to you. Probably the most ignorant man about anything essentially and characteristically "American," who is at present in the country, is Lord Coleridge; and so he will doubtless remain, except as to what may be seen almost as well in photograph as in reality. The Englishman who, according to my observation, is most capable, of all of his living countrymen, to write with understanding about the country told me that after having lived here a year and a half he was obliged to throw overboard all his theories and the opinions he had formed, and begin again from the foundation.¹

But I have been led away from my immediate subject, to which I must return, merely remarking, by the way, upon the absurdity of Mr. Henry Irving's proposition to publish his impressions of America. What will they be

worth? Absolutely nothing; because Mr. Irving's visit, unless it takes some other form than that of a professional tour, will teach him nothing.

Among our British visitors and critics Mr. Laurence Oliphant is conspicuous for common sense, for perception, and for candor. He had the advantage of seeing the country and the people as they are, and without the deceptive effect of distorting influences. He was neither a lord nor a lecturer; and he lived here, how long I do not know, but long enough to learn something, and to understand what he learned. He treated us to some very pungent satire, — well deserved. It is not generally known, I believe, that the writer of those two papers in the *North American Review* of May and July, 1877, which professed to record the political impressions of a Japanese traveler, and which attracted much attention, was Mr. Laurence Oliphant. They showed that he could see to the bottom of what he looked at. And yet Mr. Oliphant, when he comes to treat "American" character and manners concretely, and to put language into the mouths of "Americans," blunders sadly in simple matters. His Irene Macgillicuddy was correct only as to the merest surface traits, and as a human creature quite an impossibility, — in this country, at least, and so, too, at least in all their distinctive traits, were the otherwise charming "American" girls in his recent very clever novel, *Altiora Peto*.² To show this is not here pertinent; but to remark upon the failure of this unusually well-equipped observer to represent the speech of "Americans" is proper to my present subject. Of the personage meant

¹ The author of that extraordinary book, *Asmodée en New York* (Paris, 1868), which is filled from cover to cover with the products of long and patient observation, keen penetration, and reflection, but deformed and debased by some monstrous misrepresentations, says, "Pour connaître au fond le caractère du peuple américain, il ne faut pas des semaines, il ne faut pas des mois; il faut des années." (Page 498.)

² Those who need no explanation of this ingenious title will pardon me for those who do. *Altiora peto* is Latin for "I seek higher things." It is the motto of the Oliphant family. But Peto is an old English name, which is found in Shakespeare's Henry IV.; and some of us remember Sir Martin Peto, who was here some years ago. *Altiora* is enough like a woman's name to be used for Mr. Oliphant's high-flying heroine.

to be most characteristic in this respect, Hannah Coffin, it is only necessary to remark, in the words of a discriminating critic in the *New York Evening Post*, that the young ladies "have with them a terrible old companion, or chaperon, named Hannah, who talks something between a Maine Yankee and Buffalo Bill." Hannah is an impossible personage, — in "America," at least; a grotesque; not even a caricature of any actual living thing; and her talk is a monstrous gabblement, made up of perverted phrases of people who live thousands of miles apart. A woman who acted and who talked as she does would be a character, a show, a laughing-stock, in the remotest rural village in New England. And it is all the worse, so far as truthfulness of representation is concerned, that, owing to the writer's clear imagination and his humor, her character is full of *verve* and life. But to consider in detail a few of Mr. Oliphant's errors in language, which must have attracted the attention of many of his readers, here is a passage which illustrates Hannah's impossible, hybrid talk: —

"'Laws!' said Hannah, who had been watching these British feminine greetings with great interest, 'that ain't the reason. It's because they laces so tight. You just try and buckle yourself across the waist and chest like them gells, and then see how it eases your breathing to stick out your elbows.' . . .

"'Still, you know, that won't account for the men doing it,' said Mattie, anxious to get back to the safer topic of the elbows.

"'Laws! yes, it does: they jest foller the gells. It's the gells that sets the fashion.'

"'Not in England, I assure you,' said Lord Sark, much amused. 'In America, I understand, the women take the lead in most things; but in England we flatter ourselves that the male sex holds its own.'

"'Bless you, they flatter themselves

just the same with us! The question is, Do they? Now, there ain't no one here as knows as much about the men of both countries as Mrs. Clymer. I'll jest ask her what she says. Which men have you found most difficult to get along with, my dear?' " (Chap. viii.)

In this passage an error which pervades all Hannah Coffin's speech occurs thrice, — "gells" for girls. This is a British provincialism. Yankees never say "gells;" but some of them, like some of their cousins in England, do say "gals." "Laws" would be more naturally "Law suz." "You just try" should be "You jess try;" the omission of the *t* being as characteristic as the *e* for *u*; and the utterance of the two contiguous *t*'s by a New England woman of Miss Coffin's quality almost impossible. "They laces" is a violation of grammar that would make the hair of a decent New England woman of far humbler condition than hers stand on end; and the like objection applies to her reply, in a later passage, to a young clergyman, who told her he was in holy orders: "Holy orders is mighty difficult to obey; don't you find 'em?" although she would say, not "Yes, it does," but "Yes, it dooz," and instead of "the same with us," "the same 'ith us." The last sentence of this passage contains a blunder which spots all this worthy, but unhappily monstrous, female's speeches: "there ain't no one here as knows," etc. This preservation of the old English use of "as" in constructions where modern English requires "that" is unheard and unknown in New England, where fairly "good grammar" is spoken even by those who have received only a few winters' district-schooling, and who will use queer, uncouth phrases, pronounce grotesquely, and speak in a sharp, nasal tone that sets one's teeth on edge. Therefore it is the more disturbing that Mr. Oliphant's really captivating, but also somewhat impossible, "American" heroine exclaims, "And how his clothes

do *sit*!" for which we cannot account, unless by supposing — dreadful thought! — that our author himself tells Poole or Smalpage that his own trousers don't sit well; in which case it is not improbable that the reply would be, in very good English, that they were not sitting trousers, and that he must not sit in them if he expected them to set well.

When Mr. Oliphant makes Hannah arrest Mr. Murkle's attention by crying out "Hyar!" he jumps at least five hundred miles. That form of "here" is Southern and Southwestern. Indeed, it is negro talk, caught by the whites in childhood from their old sable attendants: he might as well make her say "gwine" for "going," instead of "go-in'," which she would have said, like many an Englishman of the best birth and breeding. So her "disremember" is Southern, although it is sometimes heard from our Irish "Biddies." Yet he makes Miss Coffin say, carefully, "curious," when she would be very sure to say "curus," and "judge" for the invariable "jedge" of people of her sort. Strangest of all, almost, he makes her speak of a man "who's gone back to the States;" she would have been quite as likely to say "the colonies."

When, in recounting a discussion of Highland costume between Stella and Ronald MacAlpine (whose identity with a well-known æsthetic lecturer is manifest), Mr. Oliphant writes, — "'What! leaving so much more of the limb bare?' Stella had still retained too much of the prejudices of her countrywomen to say 'leg.' 'Oh, that would be what I think you gentlemen would call quite too exquisitely precious!'" — he is correct, except in the universality of his implied assertion: but when he afterwards makes Miss Coffin, as she is trying on a fashionable gown, exclaim, "My, now! if I ain't real uncomfortable about the legs!" he is not only incorrect and inconsistent, but shows that he has failed to apprehend the truth about this squeam-

ish feeling. Mr. Edward Everett, reproving a pupil who startled the propriety of the lecture room by a blast upon the nasal trumpet, confessed that he himself did blow his nose "in the privacy of his own apartment;" but even there Hannah Coffin would not have admitted to her young friends that she had legs. She could not have got further than "limbs." But Mr. Oliphant thus brings up a little point as to Americanism which has been discussed so much and for so long that it may as well now be settled.

That many Americans — even men as well as women, but not all — do say "limb," when good sense, good English, good taste, and good manners require that they should say "leg," is true. But the squeamishness is by no means distinctively "American." It may be found on the pages of many British writers. In a paragraph before me from the *Saturday Review* (date unfortunately lost), criticising a staute of Phryne, the writer shrinks from "legs," even in regard to marble, and calls them "the lower limbs." A conspicuous and amusing example of this skittishness is found in the *Shakespeare Glossary* of that distinguished scholar and critic, Alexander Dyce. There has long been a question as to the meaning of Orlando's phrase "*Atalanta's better part*," in *As You Like It*. Various explanations have been offered. I produced many passages to show that the intended "*better part*" of the beautifully formed and swiftly running Atalanta was what the *Saturday Review* called the lower limbs, but I did not use that euphemism. Whereupon, after recounting some of the explanations, although he is writing a critical note for the critical, Mr. Dyce, blushing and shrinking behind his paper, cannot bring himself even to suggest the idea by a periphrasis, but says, "Mr. Grant White's explanation of the lady's better part I had rather refer to than quote"! After that, I think that the pretense

of any peculiar Americanism upon this point may well be given up.

In connection with this allegation, and in support of it, one assertion has been made, and made so frequently, through so many years, that it may as well be disposed of now and here forever. It is that "the Americans" (the general term universally applied, as usual) are so exceedingly shamefaced that they put the very legs of their piano-fortes in trousers or pantalets. This ridiculous story was told long ago, in the *Mrs. Trollope* day; but I believe that it first appeared in Captain Basil Hall's book. Since that time it has pervaded British books and British newspapers. It has been one of the stock illustrations of "American" manners. I have seen it three or four times within the last few months. Now it is true that in *Mrs. Trollope's* and Captain Hall's day most "American" housewives who then had piano-fortes did cover the legs of them. And yet the story, as it was told and is told, is absurdly untruthful. About that time the legs of the piano-forte, which had previously been small, straight, square mahogany sticks, began to be highly ornamental, with fluting and carving. The instrument became the most elaborately made and highly prized piece of furniture in the drawing-room, or rather parlor; and in the careful housewifery of that day (which kept parlors dark, that the sun might not fade the carpet) it was protected, except on grand occasions, — "a party," or the like, — with a holland cover; and the legs, that they might not be defaced, were also covered with cylinders of holland. That is all. Tables and chairs and sideboards had legs also; but they were not covered, simply because they were not ornamental and easily injured. Moreover, at festive gatherings, when the room was filled with a mixed company, in which young women predominated, the trousers, the pantalets, — oh, horror! — were deliberately taken off the "low-

er limbs" of the instrument, which were then shamelessly exposed to the naked eye. And this is the truth of that matter, which has been left to be told at this late day. It is a characteristic and worthy exemplification of the ability of the British traveler to apprehend and to set forth the truth as to what he sees in "America."

My article will be, I fear, like a house in which the porch is larger than the main building; but time and space will not have been wasted if I have enabled the readers of *The Atlantic*, on both sides of the ocean from which it takes its name, to see with what thorough distrust and continuous doubt they should receive the assertions of European critics that this, that, or the other word, phrase, or custom is distinctively "American."

Let us now turn to our own seekers after Americanisms in language, and, looking chiefly to the well-known Dictionary of Americanisms, so called, of Bartlett, see, as we have seen before, with what industrious lack of essential knowledge — the knowledge of what is English — the search is prosecuted.

Under the letter N there is less occasion for criticism than we have found under its predecessors; the chief reason of which, however, is the fewness of the words which begin with that letter. For it is worthy of remark that, while the nasal sound *m* is copious in the introduction of words, its congener *n* is in all languages, at least all the Indo-European languages, much restricted in this respect.

Characteristically, the list of Americanisms under this letter is introduced by "*Nabber*: in the city of New York, a thief." The city of New York! The word has been thus used in English time out of mind, although of course it is rare in literature. The colloquial verb *nab* = seize quickly and violently, is to be found in all English dictionaries, including Johnson's. If the words were not before us, we could hardly believe

that a professed dictionary of Americanisms could include *nary* = ne'er a, *nigger*, *negro-fellow*, *negro less*, *negro-minstrels*, *negrophite*, *negro-worshiper*, *no account*, *no-how*, *nothing to nobody*, *to be nowhere*, *nobby*, — all of which are, and since their beginning ever have been, as common among British as among American writers or speakers of corresponding classes. This does not need illustration. But the introduction of *nation*, a corruption of "damnation," is an offense against common sense which is of a sort so common in this book that it goes to make up the greater part of its bulk. For not only do we find *nation* both in Pegge's dictionary and in Halliwell's, with the gloss "very, excessive," but our compiler himself remarks upon it, "used in both ways in Old and in New England." Pegge's book preceded in London Bartlett's in Boston by more than thirty years. That settled the question about this slang word, if it needed settling. But this it did not need; for see the following example of its use by one of the recognized masters of English: "And what a *nation* of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours." (Sterue, *Tristram Shandy*, chap. ccxxii.)

Of like non-pertinence is the next item which I shall remark upon, which, however, adds error to superfluity: —

"*No* — *not*. What the Portuguese say of the Brazilians the English say of the Americans, — that they are as fond of double negatives as Homer." If any English writer or speaker ever said this, he showed by the mere saying that he was worthy of no attention. So far is the use of double negatives, like "I have n't got none," "I don't know nothing," from being an Americanism that it is far commoner in England than in the United States, where people of inferior condition are much more anxiously "grammatical" than they are in England, and are consequently, in general, less racy and idiomatic in their

speech. Double negatives were common of old, and are so now, in English literature. The reader of Shakespeare encounters them on almost every page. Their use extends back into the time when English was Anglo-Saxon. Dr. Pegge, who indeed apologizes for them, if he does not defend them, mentions as an example the inquiry of a London citizen who had mislaid his hat, "if nobody had seen nothing of never a hat nowheres." Nor can any one who has been in England have failed to hear just such speeches there nowadays from speakers of superior grade to those by whom they are very rarely uttered here.

Next we remark a short series of words, of normal form and of ordinary English use, which appear in every English dictionary, from Johnson's down, which are used in exactly the same sense in both countries, and which, when they are not of remote English origin, came to us through British channels: such are *nankeen*, *national*, *naturalized*, *nice* = fair, good, *nicely* = very well, *non-manufacturing*, *non-slaveholding*, *north and south*. It has been before remarked in these papers that a book which is known as a Dictionary of Americanisms, which is largely made up of such words as these, must produce a very erroneous and injurious impression in regard to the language of the country. The compiler has merely fallen into the weakness of specialists and of collectors. Let a man begin to collect, and he at once becomes slightly insane, and rakes into his hoard everything that for any fanciful reason he can make a part of it.

When we deduct from the list under this letter words of the sort already remarked upon, and phrases which really merit no attention, like *national democrats* and *native Americans*, *non-committal*, little is left; but that little includes a few genuine Americanisms, of which the following are worthy of special attention: —

Notify. The use of this verb in the

sense to give information or notice *to a person* is of "American" origin. For a long time it was used by the best English writers, both British and "American," only with the sense of *to make known*, *to declare*, as, for example, by Hooker: "There are other kinds of laws which notify the will of God." But about the end of the last century respectable writers began in this country to use the word in the sense, *to give notice to*; and the propriety of this has been somewhat reluctantly but finally admitted by British writers of repute, by whom the word is now so used; and in the latest English dictionary, Stormonth's, it appears with the definition "*to give notice.*"

Nimshi: a foolish fellow. This is an example of a genuine Americanism of another sort. Its use is confined to New England, or to speakers of New England origin, among whom it is recognized religious cant. Mr. Bartlett says nothing by way of explanation, except (rightly, I believe) that the word came from Connecticut. It is from the Bible, in the Hebrew chronicles of which we find the name *Nimshi*; but we are told absolutely nothing of him, except that he was the grandfather of the fast-driving Jehu, who revolted against Jehoram and became king of Israel. Why the name of the grandfather of this successful rebel became a synonym for a fool is surely one of the things that cannot be found out.

Noodlejes is an example of a limited Americanism, and of another sort; a word never English, which is, or once was, domesticated by English-speaking people in one of the United States. It is Dutch, and means dough rolled thin and cut into slices for soup. But it has already almost passed away; and even in New York and Long Island, where only it was heard, it is now nearly, if not quite, unknown.

Notions, in the sense of small wares or trifles, I have already shown to be of English origin and classical use.

The most astonishing of the so-called Americanisms under N is this: "*Nose.* 'To bite one's nose off' is to foolishly inflict self-injury while striving to injure another;" and they who would be most astonished at its being written down as "American" would be the people living between John O'Groats and Land's End. It is an English saying of indeterminable antiquity, and at this time of every-day use. Indeed, it may be doubtful whether, even, it is English, and whether it does not belong to the human race, with whom it has been in use ever since man had a nose to bite and spite with which to bite it. Will Mr. Bartlett go on and annex the north pole and the equator? This item enriches only his last edition of the dictionary, or, little attention as I can give to my present subject, I should be able to put my hand upon ample evidence of ancient and modern use of this phrase in England, which, however, no person born and bred there will require.

Of the alleged Americanisms in O, we start at once by setting summarily aside the following, which are too certainly, and it should seem too notoriously, English-born to need a word of explanation or illustration: *to feel one's oats*, *obstropulous*, *odd stick* for an eccentric person, — *crooked* being sometimes used instead of *odd*, — *of* in "*feel of*," "*doin' of*," *offen* for "*off from*," *offish* for "*distant*," *old foggy*, *old man* for "*father*," *Old Scratch*, *onst* for "*once*," *ought* in "*had n't oughter*" for "*had n't ought to*," *ourn*, *outen* for "*out of*," *outs* and *ins* for persons out of and in office, *over the left*, *owdacious*, *overly* = excessively. The last, which is strangely ticketed Western (I have never been in the West, and have often heard the word in the rural districts of New England and New York), may admit the following illustration from an old English writer of high repute, Bishop Hall: —

"Your attire (for whither do not censures reach?) not youthfully wanton,

not, in these yeeres, affectedly ancient, but grave and comely, like the minde, like the behavior of the wearer; your gesture like your habit, neither favoring of giddy lightness nor ouerly insolence nor wantonnesse, nor dull neglect of yourself." (Epistles, Decad. V., Epist. v., p. 163, ed. 1608.)

To these are to be added, as having no peculiar character, either "American" or British, the following: *Ocelot*, *once and again* for "repeatedly," *office-holder*, *office-holding*, *office-hunter*, *office-hunting* (observe how the list is lengthened by giving four compound words, when, in any case, two only were needed), *okra*, *Old Probabilities*, *Old North State*, *oleo-margarine*, *ordinary* for "plain, not handsome," *Oregon grape*, *Osage orange*, *Oswego tea*, *over and above* for "much," "very." Some of these, it will be seen, are mere names of American things. None of them are *isms* of any sort.

A few of the words under this head may admit particular remark:—

Obligement. This obsolete old English word, which needs no definition, Pickering says was used "by old people" in New England, and these only we may be sure, when he wrote, three quarters of a century ago. But it passed away with those old people. It does not appear in literature, is now not heard, and has no proper place among Americanisms. *Obtusify*, instead of "obtuseness," is a word of the same sort.

Of. One use of this word, not set forth by Mr. Bartlett, is, I believe, distinctively an Americanism,— "a quarter *of* twelve," instead of "a quarter *to* twelve;" the latter being the phrase used in England, and by the best speakers in the United States. Yet indeed there is no peculiarity in the use of the preposition. The phrases present different thoughts. One means, it lacks a quarter of an hour of twelve; the other, it is a quarter of an hour to twelve.

On, in "I met him on the street," "He lives on Broadway," is very prop-

erly presented as an Americanism; and it is one of a very bad sort. It appears only in Mr. Bartlett's last edition, 1877; but I had remarked upon it at some length, in *Words and Their Uses* (1871). But it is not, I suspect, of "American" origin. Carlyle uses it in his translation of Wilhelm Meister. In the phrase "on yesterday" the superfluous preposition is, I believe, an unmitigated Americanism, and had its origin at the South, whence, from the Southwest particularly, come the larger number of indisputable Americanisms.

Onto. Of this compound preposition Mr. Bartlett says, "Although used here much more frequently than in England, it is not peculiar to America." I should think not. On the contrary, it is more frequent in England. It trips one up all through the novels of Anthony Trollope, who is the best guide to the current and accepted speech of the highest and most cultivated social class in England, and who works this phrase without mercy. Writers of like grade in this country use it rarely, if at all. Trollope constantly uses it, even in the following extreme and needless way, when it would seem that "upon" would naturally suggest itself:—

"It was well he was not going fast, or he would have come *on to* your head." (Last Chron. of Barset, chap. lxiii.)

"Both the ladies sprung *on to* their legs. Even Miss Prettyman herself jumped *on to* her legs." (Ibid., chap. lxxi.)

Outsider. Many other persons besides Mr. Bartlett regard this word as an Americanism; wholly without reason. It is a sort of word which, from its construction and its application, could not have failed to come into use among all English-speaking people. It occurs in its political sense thus twice on one page of the London Examiner:—

"The successive efforts of France — efforts of much more cheap generosity than the *Outsider* seems to consider them — and the curious way in which

Russia, almost against her will, became a benefactor of the new nation are well described. . . . On the other hand, the *Outsider*, holding the 'legitimate aspiration' theory, naturally does not comprehend this, or attributes it to 'Turkophilism,' to the dislike of aristocracies for revolutionists, and to other more or less irrelevant causes." (August 9, 1879.)

Trollope uses it frequently, and even in a social sense, thus:—

"But Lord George felt it to be a

matter of offence that any *outsider* should venture to talk about his family." (Is He Popenjoy? Chap. xxix.)

Here I stay for the present our hunt for the evasive Americanism. It is not in my estimation a very sportive literary recreation; but it is not wholly profitless. For certain of the hunters may discover by it not only that there is very little in "American" speech that may safely be made game of, but also get—what they seem to need—some knowledge of the English language.

Richard Grant White.

LUTHER AND HIS WORK.¹

THE power which presides over human destiny and shapes the processes of history is wont to conceal its ulterior purpose from the agents it employs, who, while pursuing their special aims and fulfilling their appointed tasks, are, unknown to themselves, initiating a new era, founding a new world.

Such significance attaches to the name of Luther, one of that select band of providential men who stand conspicuous among their contemporaries as makers of history. For the Protestant Reformation which he inaugurated is very imperfectly apprehended if construed solely as a schism in the church, a new departure in religion. In a larger view, it was our modern world, with its social developments, its liberties, its science, its new conditions of being, evolving itself from the old.

It would be claiming too much to assume that all of good which distinguishes these latter centuries from mediæval time is wholly due to that one event; that humanity would have made no progress in science and the arts of life but for Luther and his work. Other,

contemporary agencies, independent of the rupture with Rome,—the printing-press, the revival of letters, the discovery of a new continent, and other geographical and astronomical findings,—have had their share in the regeneration of secular life.

But this we may safely assert: that the dearest goods of our estate—civil independence, spiritual emancipation, individual scope, the large room, the unbound thought, the free pen, whatever is most characteristic of this New England of our inheritance—we owe to the Saxon reformer in whose name we are here to-day.

A compatriot of Luther, the critic-poet Lessing, has made us familiar with the idea of an Education of the Human Race. Vico had previously affirmed a law of historic development, and inferred from that law a progressive improvement of man's estate. Lessing supplemented the New Science of Vico with a more distinct recognition of divine agency and an educating purpose in the method of history. But Lessing confined his view of divine education to the truths of religion. For these the school is the church. But religion is

¹ This paper was read before the Massachusetts Historical Society on the 10th of November, 1883.

only one side of human nature. Man as a denizen of this earthly world has secular interests and a secular calling, which may, in some future synthesis, be found to be the necessary complement of the spiritual, — the other pole of the same social whole, — but meanwhile require for their right development and full satisfaction another school, coördinate with but independent of the church. That school is the nation.

Now the nation, in the ages following the decline of Rome, had had no proper status in Christian history. There were peoples — Italian, French, English, German — distributed in territorial groups, but no nation, no polity conterminous with the territorial limits of each country, compacted and confined by those limits, having its own independent sovereign head. France, Germany, England, were mere geographical expressions. The peoples inhabiting these countries had a common head in the bishop of Rome, whose power might be checked by the rival German empire when the emperor was a man of force, a veritable ruler of men, and the papal incumbent an imbecile, but who, on the whole, was acknowledged supreme. Europe was ecclesiastically one, and the ecclesiastical overruled, absorbed, the civil.

But already, before the birth of Luther, from the dawn of the fourteenth century, the civil power had begun to disengage itself from the spiritual. The peoples here and there had consolidated into nations. Philip of France had defied the Pope of his day, and hurled him from his throne. The Golden Bull had made the German empire independent of papal dictation in the choice of its incumbents. Meanwhile, the Babylonish Captivity and subsequent dyarchy in the pontificate had sapped the prestige of the Roman see. As we enter the fifteenth century, we find the principle of nationality formally recognized by the church. At the Council of Con-

stance, the assembly decided to vote by nations instead of dioceses, each nation having a distinct voice. Then it appeared that the nation had become a reality and a power in Christendom.

Another century was needed to break the chain which bound in ecclesiastical dependence on Rome the nations especially charged with the conduct of mankind. And a man was needed who had known from personal experience the stress of that chain, and whose moral convictions were too exigent to allow of compliance and complicity with manifest falsehood and deadly wrong. To ecclesiastical severance succeeded political. To Martin Luther, above all men, we Anglo-Americans are indebted for national independence and mental freedom.

It is from this point of view, and not as a teacher of religious truth, that he claims our interest. As a theologian, as a thinker, he has taught us little. Men of inferior note have contributed vastly more to theological enlightenment and the science of religion. Intellectually narrow, theologically bound and seeking to bind, his work was larger than his vision, and better than his aim. The value of his thought is inconsiderable; the value of his deed as a providential liberator of thought is beyond computation.

The world has no prevision of its heroes. Nature gives no warning when a great man is born. Had any soothsayer undertaken to point out, among the children cast upon the world in electoral Saxony on the 10th of November, 1483, the one who would shake Christendom to its centre, this peasant babe, just arrived in the cottage of Hans Luther at Eisleben, might have been the last on whom his prophecy would have fallen. The great man is unpredictable; but reflection finds in the birth of Luther a peculiar fitness of place and time. Fitness of place, inasmuch as Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, his native prince and patron, was probably the

only one among the potentates of that day who, from sympathy and force of character, possessed the will and the ability to shield the reformer from prelatial wiles and the wrath of Rome. Fitness of time. A generation had scarcely gone by since the newly invented printing-press had issued its first Bible; and during the very year of this nativity, in 1483, Christopher Columbus was making his first appeals for royal aid in realizing his dream of a western hemisphere hidden from European ken behind the waves of the Atlantic, where the Protestant principle, born of Luther, was destined to find its most congenial soil and to yield its consummate fruit.

More important than fitness of time and place is the adaptation of the man to his appointed work. There is an easy, leveling theory, held by some, that men are the product of their time, great actors the necessary product of extraordinary circumstances; that Cæsar and Mohammed and Napoleon, had they not lived precisely when they did, would have plodded through life, and slipped into their graves without a record; and that, on the other hand, quite ordinary men, if thrown upon the times in which those heroes lived, would have done as they did and accomplished the same results, — would have overthrown the Roman aristocracy, abolished idolatry, and brought order out of chaotic revolution.

But man and history are not, I think, to be construed so. There is a law which adapts the man to his time. The work to be done is not laid upon a chance individual; the availing of the crisis is not left to one who happens to be on the spot; but from the foundation of the world the man was selected to stand just there, and to do just that. The opportunity does not make the man, but finds him. He is the providential man; all the past is in him, all the future is to flow from him.

What native qualifications did Luther

bring to his work? First of all, his sturdy Saxon nature. The Saxons are Germans of the Germans, and Luther was a Saxon of the Saxons: reverent, patient, laborious, with quite an exceptional power of work and capacity of endurance; simple, humble; no visionary, no dreamer of dreams, but cautious, conservative, incorruptibly honest, true to the heart's core; above all, courageous, firm, easily led when conscience seconded the leading, impossible to drive when conscience opposed, ecstatically devout, tender, loving, — a strange compound of feminine softness and adamantine inflexibility. Contemporary observers noticed in the eyes of the man, dark, flashing, an expression which they termed demonic. It is the expression of one susceptible of supernatural impulsion, — of being seized and borne on by a power which exceeds his conscious volition.

In this connection I have to speak of one property in Luther which especially distinguishes spiritual heroes, — the gift of faith. The ages which preceded his coming have been called "the ages of faith." The term is a misnomer if understood in any other sense than that of blind acquiescence in external authority, unquestioning submission to the dictum of the church. This is not faith, but the want of it, mental inaction, absence of independent vision. Faith is essentially active, a positive, aggressive force; not a granter of current propositions, but a maker of propositions, of dispensations, of new ages.

Faith is not a constitutional endowment; there is no lot or tumulus assigned to it among the hillocks of the brain; it is not a talent connate with him who has it, and growing with his growth, but a gift of the spirit, communicated to such as are charged with a providential mission to their fellow-men. It is the seal of their indenture, the test of their calling. In other words, faith is inspiration; it is the subjective side

of that incalculable force of which inspiration is the objective. So much faith, so much inspiration, so much of deity.

Inspiration is in no man a constant quantity. In Luther it appears unequal, intermittent; ebb and flood, but always, in the supreme crises of his history, answering to his need; a master force, an ecstasy of vision and of daring; lifting him clean out of himself, or rather eliciting, bringing to the surface, and forcing into action the deeper latent self of the man, against all the monitions not only of prudence, but of conscience as well. The voice of worldly prudence is soon silenced by earnest souls intent on noble enterprises of uncertain issue. What reformer of traditional wrongs has not been met by the warning, "That way danger lies"? But in Luther we have the rarer phenomenon of conscience itself overcome by faith. We have the amazing spectacle of a righteous man defying his own conscience in obedience to a higher duty than conscience knew. For conscience is the pupil of custom, the slave of tradition, bound by prescription; the safeguard of the weak, but, it may be, an offense to the strong; wanting initiative; unable of itself to lift itself to new perceptions and new requirements, whereby "enterprises of great pith and moment their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action." Conscience has to be new-born when a new dispensation is given to the world. It was only thus that Christianity through Paul could disengage itself from Judaism, which had the old conscience on its side.

In Luther faith was stronger than conscience. Had it not been so we should not be here to-day to celebrate his name. Of all his trials in those years of conflict, which issued in final separation from Rome, the struggle with conscience was the sorest. However strong his personal conviction that indulgences bought with money could not save from the penalties of sin, that the

sale of them was a grievous wrong, to declare that conviction, to act upon it, was to pit himself against the head of the church, to whom he owed unconditional allegiance. It was revolt against legitimate authority, a violation of his priestly vows. So conscience pleaded. But Luther's better moments set aside these scruples, regarding them, as he did all that contradicted his strong intent, as suggestions of the devil. "How," whispered Satan, "if your doctrine be erroneous; if all this confusion has been stirred up without just cause? How dare you preach what no one has ventured for so many centuries?"

Over all these intrusive voices admonishing, "You must not," a voice more imperative called to him, "You must;" and a valor above all martial daring responded, "I will." Here is where a higher power comes in to reinforce the human. When valor in a righteous cause rises to that pitch, it draws heaven to its side; it engages omnipotence to back it.

Our knowledge of Luther's history is derived in great part from his own reminiscences and confessions.

His boyhood was deeply shadowed by the sternness of domestic discipline. Severely and even cruelly chastised by conscientious but misjudging parents, more careful to inspire fear than to cherish filial love, he contracted a shyness and timidity which kept back for years the free development of a noble nature. At school it was still worse: the business of education was then conceived as a species of rhabdomancy, a divining by means of the rod the hidden treasures of the boyish mind. He cannot forget, in after years, that fifteen times in one day the rod, in his case, was so applied. "The teachers in those days," he says, "were tyrants and executioners; the school a prison and a hell."

At a more advanced school in Eisenach, where the sons of the poor supported themselves by singing before the

doors of wealthy citizens, who responded with the fragments of their abundance, a noble lady, Dame Ursula Cotta, impressed by the fervor and vocal skill of the lad, gave him a daily seat at her table, and with it his first introduction to polite society, — a privilege which went far to compensate the adverse influences of his earlier years.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Erfurt, then the foremost seminary in Germany, the resort of students from all parts of the land. The improved finances of his father sufficed to defray the cost of board and books. He elected for himself the department of philosophy, then embracing, together with logic, metaphysic, and rhetoric, the study of the classics, which the recent revival of letters had brought into vogue. The Latin classics became his familiar friends, and are not unfrequently quoted in his writings. He made good use of the golden years, and received in due order, with high distinction, the degrees of bachelor and of master of arts.

With all this rich culture and the new ideas with which it flooded his mind, it does not appear that any doubt had been awakened in him of the truth of the old religion. He was still a devout Catholic; he still prayed to the saints as the proper helpers in time of need. When accidentally wounded by the sword which according to student fashion he wore at his side, lying, as he thought, at the point of death, he invoked not God, but the Virgin, for aid. "Mary, help!" was his cry.

He was destined by his father for the legal profession. It was the readiest road to wealth and power. Accordingly, he applied himself with all diligence to the study of law, and had fitted himself for the exercise of that calling, when suddenly, in a company of friends assembled for social entertainment, he announced his intention to quit the world and embrace the monastic life. They

expressed their astonishment at this decision, and endeavored to dissuade him from such a course. In vain they urged him to reconsider his purpose. "Farewell!" he said. "We part to meet no more."

What was it that caused this change in Luther's plan of life? To account for a turn apparently so abrupt, it must be remembered that his religion hitherto, the fruit of his early training, had been a religion of fear. He had been taught to believe in an angry God and the innate, deep corruption of human nature. He was conscious of no crime; no youthful indiscretions, even, could he charge himself with; but morbid self-scrutiny presented him utterly sinful and corrupt. Only a life of good works could atone for that corruption. Such a life the monastic, with its renunciations, its prayers and fastings and self-torture, was then believed to be, — a life well pleasing in the sight of God, the surest way of escape from final perdition. Exceptional virtue tended in that direction. To be a monk was to flee from wrath and attain to holiness and heaven.

All this had lain dimly, half consciously, in Luther's mind, not ripened into purpose. The purpose was precipitated by a searching experience. Walking one day in the neighborhood of Erfurt, he was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. The lightning struck the ground at his feet. Falling on his knees, he invoked, in his terror, the intercession of St. Anna, and vowed, if life were spared, to become a monk. Restored to his senses, he regretted the rash vow. His riper reason in after years convinced him that a vow ejaculated in a moment of terror imposed no moral obligation; but his uninstructed conscience could not then but regard it as binding. In spite of the just and angry remonstrances of his father, who saw with dismay his cherished plan defeated, the hard-earned money spent on his boy's education expended in vain, he sought

and gained admission to the brotherhood and cloisters of St. Augustine at Erfurt.

His novitiate was burdened with cruel trials. The hardest and most repulsive offices were laid upon the new-comer, whose superiors delighted to mortify the master of arts with disgusting tasks. To the stern routine of cloister discipline he added self-imposed severities, more frequent fastings and watchings, undermining his health, endangering life. Harder to bear than all these were his inward conflicts,—fears and fightings, agonizing self-accusations, doubts of salvation, apprehensions of irrevocable doom. He sought to conquer heaven by mortification of the flesh, and despaired of the result. Finally, encouraged by Staupitz, the vicar-general of the order, and guided by his own study of the new-found Scriptures, he came to perceive that heaven is not to be won in that way. Following the lead of St. Paul and Augustine, he reached the conclusion which formed thenceforth the staple of his theology and the point of departure in his controversy with Rome,—the sufficiency of divine grace, and justification by faith.

In the second year of his monastic life he was ordained priest, and in the year following promoted to the chair of theology in the new University of Wittenberg, where he soon became famous as a preacher.

In 1511 he was sent on a mission to Rome, in company with a brother monk. When he came within sight of the city he fell upon his knees and saluted it: "Hail, holy Rome, thrice consecrated by the blood of the martyrs!" Arrived within the walls, the honest German was inexpressibly shocked by what he found in the capital of Christendom: open infidelity, audacious falsehood, mockery of sacred things, rampant licentiousness, abominations incredible. The Rome of Julius II. was the *Roma rediviva* of Caligula and Nero: pagan in spirit, pa-

gan in morals, a sink of iniquity. It was well that Luther had personal experience of all this; the remembrance of it served to lighten the struggle with conscience, when called to contend against papal authority. But then such contest never entered his mind; he was still a loyal son of the church. He might mourn her corruption, but would not question her infallibility. Like other pilgrims zealous of good works, he climbed on his knees the twenty-eight steps of the Santa Scala. While engaged in that penance there flashed on his mind, like a revelation from heaven, declaring the futility of such observances, the saying of the prophet, "The just shall live by faith."

Returned to Wittenberg, he was urged by Staupitz to study for the last and highest academic honor, that of doctor of philosophy. The already overtaken preacher shrank from this new labor. "Herr Staupitz," he said, "it will be the death of me." "All right," answered Staupitz. "Our Lord carries on extensive operations; he has need of clever men above. If you die you will be one of his councilors in heaven."

I now come to the turning point in Luther's life,—the controversy with Rome on the subject of indulgences, which ended in the schism known as the Protestant Reformation.

Leo X., in the year 1516, ostensibly in the interest of a new church of St. Peter in Rome, sent forth a bull according absolution from the penalties of sin to all who should purchase the indulgences offered for sale by his commissioners. Indulgence, according to the theory of the church, was dispensation from the penance otherwise required for priestly absolution. It was not pretended that priestly absolution secured divine forgiveness and eternal salvation. It was absolution from temporal penalties due to the church; but popular superstition identified the one with the other. Moreover, it was held

that the supererogatory merits of Christ and the saints were available for the use of sinners. They constituted a treasury confided to the church, whose saving virtue the head of the church could dispense at discretion. In this case the application of that fund was measured by pecuniary equivalents. Christ had said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven." Leo said in effect, "How easily may they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven," since they have the *quid pro quo*. For the poor it was not so easy, and this was one aspect of the case which stimulated the opposition of Luther. Penitence was nominally required of the sinner, but proofs of penitence were not exacted. Practically, the indulgence meant impunity for sin. A more complete travesty of the gospel — laughable, if not so impious — could hardly be conceived. The faithful themselves were shocked by the shameless realism which characterized the proclamations of the German commissioner, Tetzel.

Luther wrote a respectful letter to the Archbishop of Mainz, praying him to put a stop to the scandal; little dreaming that the prelate had a pecuniary interest in the business, having bargained for half the profits of the sale as the price of his sanction of the same. Other dignitaries to whom he appealed refused to interfere. As a last resource, by way of appeal to the Christian conscience. On the 31st October, 1517, he nailed his famous ninety-five theses to the door of the church of All Saints. These were not dogmatic assertions, but propositions to be debated by any so inclined. Nevertheless, the practical interpretation put upon them was the author's repudiation of indulgences, and, by implication, his arraignment of the source from which they emanated.

It is doubtful if Luther apprehended the full significance of the step he had taken. He did not then dream of se-

cession from the church. He was more astonished than gratified when he learned that his theses and other utterances of like import had, within the space of fourteen days, pervaded Germany, and that he had become the eye-mark of Christendom. More than once before the final irrevocable act he seems to have regretted his initiative, and though he would not retract he would fain have sunk out of sight.

But fortunately for the cause, Tetzel, baffled in his designs on Luther's congregation, attacked him with such abusive virulence and extravagant assertions of papal authority that Luther was provoked to rejoin with more decisive declarations. The controversy reached the ear of the Pope, who inclined at first to regard it as a local quarrel, which would soon subside, but was finally persuaded to dispatch a summons requiring Luther to appear in Rome within sixty days, to be tried for heresy. Rome might summon, but Luther knew too well the probable result of such a trial to think of obeying the summons. The spiritual power might issue its mandates, but the temporal power was needed to execute its behests. Would the temporal, in this case, coöperate with the spiritual? There had been a time when no German potentate would have hesitated to surrender a heretic. But Germany was getting tired of Roman dictation and ultramontane insolence. The German princes were getting impatient of the constant drain on their exchequer by a foreign power. Irrespective of the right or wrong of his position, theologically considered, the question of Luther's extradition was one of submission to authority long felt to be oppressive. Only personal enemies, like Eck and Emser and Tetzel, would have him sent to Rome. Miltitz, who had been deputed to deal with him, confessed that an army of twenty-five thousand men would not be sufficient to take him across the Alps, so widespread and so powerfully em-

bodied was the feeling in his favor. The Ritter class, comprising men like Franz von Sickingen and Ulrich von Hutten, were on his side; so were the humanists, apostles of the new culture, which opposed itself to the old mediæval scholasticism. The Emperor Maximilian would have the case tried on German soil. Conspicuous above all, his chief defender, was Luther's own sovereign, the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise. Humanly speaking, but for him the Reformation would have been crushed at the start, and its author with it. Frederick was not at this time a convert to Luther's doctrine, but insisted that his subject should not be condemned until tried by competent judges and refuted on scriptural grounds. He occupied the foremost place among the princes of Germany. On the death of Maximilian, 1519, he was regent of the empire, and had the chief voice in the election of the new emperor. Without his consent and coöperation it was impossible for Luther's enemies to get possession of his person. For this purpose, Leo X., then Pope, wrote a flattering letter, accompanied by the coveted gift of the "golden rose," supreme token of pontifical goodwill. "This rose," wrote Leo, "steeped in a holy chrism, sprinkled with sweet-smelling musk, consecrated by apostolic blessing, symbol of a sublime mystery, — may its heavenly odor penetrate the heart of our beloved son, and dispose him to comply with our request."

The request was not complied with, but by way of alternative it was proposed that Luther should be tried by a papal commissioner in Germany. So Leo dispatched for that purpose the Cardinal de Vio, of Gaeta, his plenipotentiary, commonly known as Cajetan. A conference was held at Augsburg, which, owing to the legate's passionate insistence on unconditional retractation, served but to widen the breach. The efforts of Miltitz, another appointed mediator, met with no better success.

Meanwhile Luther had advanced with rapid and enormous strides in the line of divergence from the Catholic church. The study of the Scriptures had convinced him that the primacy of the Roman bishop had no legitimate foundation. The work of Laurentius Valla, exposing the fiction of Constantine's pretended donation of temporal sovereignty in Rome, had opened his eyes to other falsehoods. He proclaimed his conclusions, writing and publishing in Latin and German with incredible diligence. His Address to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, concerning the Melioration of the Christian State, the most important of his publications, anticipates nearly all the points of the Protestant reform, and many which were not accomplished in Luther's day. The writing spread and sped through every province of Germany, as if borne on the wings of the wind. An edition of four thousand copies was exhausted in a few days. It was the Magna Charta of a new ecclesiastical state.

But now the thunderbolt was launched which his adversaries trusted should smite the heretic to death and scatter all his following. On the 16th June, 1520, Leo issued a bull condemning Luther's writings, commanding that they be publicly burned wherever found, and that their author, unless within the space of sixty days he recanted his errors, allowing sixty more for the tidings of his recantation to reach Rome, should be seized and delivered up for the punishment due to a refractory heretic. All magistrates and all citizens were required, on pain of ecclesiastical penalty, to aid in arresting him and his followers and sending them to Rome. The papal legates, Aleander and Caraccioli, were appointed bearers of a missive from the Pope to Duke Frederick, commanding him to have the writings of Luther burned, and either to execute judgment on the heretic himself, or else to deliver

him up to the papal tribunal. The Elector replied that he had no part in Luther's movement, but that his writings must be refuted before he would order their burning; that their author had been condemned unheard; that his case must be tried by impartial judges in some place where it should be safe for him to appear in person.

Miltitz persuaded Luther, as a last resource, to write to the Pope a conciliatory letter, disavowing all personal hostility and expressing due reverence for his Holiness. He did write. But such a letter! An audacious satire, which, under cover of personal respect and good-will, compassionates the Pope as "a sheep among wolves," and characterizes the papal court as "viler than Sodom or Gomorrah."

When the bull reached Wittenberg it was treated by Luther and his friends with all the respect which it seemed to them to deserve. On the 10th of December, 1520, a large concourse of students and citizens assembled in the open space before the Elster gate; a pile was erected and fired by a resident graduate of the university, and on it Luther with his own hands solemnly burned the bull and the papal decretals, amid applause which, like the "embattled farmers'" shot at Concord in 1775, was "heard round the world."

So the last tie was severed which bound Luther to Rome. After that contumacious act there was no retreat or possibility of pacification.

But though Luther had done with Rome, Rome had not yet done with him. When Leo found that he could not wrest the heretic from the guardianship of Frederick, he had recourse to imperial aid. The newly elected emperor, Charles V., a youth of twenty-one, in whose blood were blended three royal lines of devoted friends of the church, might be expected to render prompt obedience to its head. But Charles was unwilling to break with Frederick,

to whom he was chiefly indebted for his election. He would not, if he could, compel him to send Luther a prisoner to Rome. He chose to have him tried in his own court, and only when proved by such trial an irreclaimable heretic to surrender him as such.

An imperial Diet was about to be held at the city of Worms. Thither Charles desired the Elector to bring the refractory monk. Frederick declined the office, but Luther declared that if the emperor summoned him he would obey the summons as the call of God. To his friend Spalatin, who advised his refusal, he wrote that he would go to Worms if there were as many devils opposed to him as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses.

The summons came, accompanied by an imperial safe-conduct covering the journey to and from the place of trial. Luther complied; he had no fear that Charles would repeat the treachery of Sigismund, which had blasted that name with eternal infamy and incarnadined Bohemia with atoning blood. The journey was one triumphal progress. In every city ovations, not unmingled with cautions and regrets. He arrived in the morning of the 16th of April, 1521. The warder on the tower announced with the blast of a trumpet his approach. The citizens left their breakfasts to witness the entry. Preceded by the imperial herald and followed by a long cavalcade, the stranger was escorted to the quarters assigned him. Alighting from his carriage, he looked round upon the multitude and said, "God will be with me." It was then that Aleander, the papal legate, remarked the demonic glance of his eye. People of all classes visited him in his lodgings.

On the following day he was called to the episcopal palace, and made his first appearance before the Diet. A pile of books was placed before him. "Are these your writings?" The titles

were called for, and Luther acknowledged them to be his. Would he retract the opinions expressed in them, or did he still maintain them? He begged time for consideration; it was a question of faith, of the welfare of souls, of the word of God. A day for deliberation was allowed him and he was remanded to his lodgings. On the way the people shouted applause, and a voice exclaimed, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee!" But the impression made on the court was not favorable. He had not shown the front that was expected of him. He had seemed timid, irresolute. The emperor remarked, "That man would never make a heretic of me."

His self-communings in the interim, and his prayer, which has come down to us, show how deeply he felt the import of the crisis; how "the fire burned," as he mused of its probable issue, knowing that the time was at hand when he might be called to seal his testimony with his blood.

"Ah, God, thou my God! stand by me against the reason and the wisdom of all the world! Thou must do it; it is not my cause, but thine. For my own person, I have nothing to do with these great lords of the earth. Gladly would I have quiet days and be unperplexed. But thine is the cause; it is just and eternal. Stand by me, thou eternal God! I confide in no man. Hast thou not chosen me for this purpose. I ask thee? But I know of a surety that thou hast chosen me."

On the 18th he was summoned for the second time, and the question of the previous day was renewed. He explained at length, first in Latin, then in German, that his writings were of various import: those which treated of moral topics the papists themselves would not condemn; those which disputed papal authority and those addressed to private individuals, although the language might be more violent than was seemly, he could not in conscience revoke. Unless

he were refuted from the Scriptures, he must abide by his opinions. He was told that the court was not there to discuss his opinions; they had been already condemned by the Council of Constance. Finally, the question narrowed itself to this: Did he believe that councils could err? More specifically, Did he believe the Council of Constance had erred? Luther appreciated the import of the question. He knew that his answer would alienate some who had thus far befriended him. For, however they might doubt the infallibility of the Pope, they all believed councils to be infallible. But he did not hesitate. "I do so believe." The fatal word was spoken. The emperor said, "It is enough, the hearing is concluded."

The shades of evening had gathered over the assembly. To the friends of Luther they might seem to forebode the impending close of his earthly day. Then, suddenly, he uttered with a loud voice, in his native idiom, those words which Germany will remember while the city of Worms has one stone left upon another, or the river that laves her shall find its way to the German Ocean: "Hier steh'ich, ich kann nicht anders; Gott hilf mir! Amen!"

By the light of blazing torches the culprit was conducted from the council chamber, the Spanish courtiers hissing as he went, while among the Germans many a heart no doubt beat high in response to that brave ultimatum of their fellow-countryman.

With the consent of the emperor further negotiations were attempted in private, and Luther found it far more difficult to resist the kindly solicitations of friends and peacemakers than to brave the threats of his enemies. But he did resist; the trial was ended. The great ones of the earth had assailed a poor monk, now with menace, now with entreaty, and found him inflexible.

"The tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world"

had broken powerless against the stern resolve of a single breast.

The curtain falls; when next it rises we are in the Wartburg, the ancestral castle of the counts of Thuringen, where St. Elizabeth, the fairest figure in the Roman calendar, dispensed the benefactions and bore the heavy burden of her tragic life. The emperor, true to his promise, had arranged for the safe return of Luther to Wittenberg, declaring, however, that, once returned, he would deal with him as a heretic. At the investigation, perhaps, of Frederick, the protecting escort was assailed on the way, and put to flight by an armed troop. Luther was taken captive, and borne in secret to the Wartburg, where, disguised as a knight, he might elude the pursuit of his enemies. While there he occupied himself with writing, and among other labors prepared his best and priceless gift to his country, his translation of the New Testament, afterward supplemented by his version of the Old.

A word here respecting the merits of Luther as a writer. His compatriots have claimed for him the inestimable service of founder of the German language. He gave by his writings to the New High German, then competing with other dialects, a currency which has made it ever since, with slight changes, the language of German literature, the language in which Kant reasoned and Goethe sang. His style is not elegant, but charged with a rugged force, a robust simplicity, which makes for itself a straight path to the soul of the reader. His words were said to be "half battles;" call them rather whole victories, for they conquered Germany. The first condition of national unity is unity of speech. In this sense Luther did more for the unification of Germany than any of her sons, from Henry the Fowler to Bismarck. "We conceded," says Gervinus, "to no metropolis, to no learned society, the honor of fixing our language, but to the man who better than any

other could hit the hearty, healthy tone of the people. No dictionary of an academy was to be the canon of our tongue, but that book by which modern humanity is schooled and formed, and which in Germany, through Luther, has become, as nowhere else, a people's book."

Returning to Wittenberg, when change of circumstance permitted him to do so with safety, he applied himself with boundless energy to the work of constructing a new, reformed church to replace the old; preaching daily in one or another city, writing and publishing incessantly, instituting public schools, arranging a new service in German as substitute for the Latin mass, compiling a catechism, a model in its kind, a hymnal, and other appurtenances of worship. And, like the Israelites on their return from Babylon, while building the new temple with one hand, he fought with the other, contending against Münzer, Carlstadt, the mystics, the iconoclasts, the anabaptists; often, it must be confessed, with unreasonable, intolerant wrath, spurning all that would not square with his theology, as when he rejected the fellowship of the Swiss, who denied the Real Presence in the eucharist. When the fury of the peasants' war was desolating Germany, he wielded a martial pen against both parties; arraigning the nobles for their cruel oppressions, reproving the peasants for attempting to overcome evil with greater evil.

His reform embraced, along with other departures from the old *régime*, the abolition of enforced celibacy of the priesthood. He believed the family life to be the true life for cleric as well as lay. He advised the reformed clergy to take to themselves wives, and in 1525, in the forty-third year of his age, he encouraged the practice by his example. He married Catherine von Bora, an escaped nun, for whom he had previously endeavored to find another husband.

She was one of the many who had been placed in convents against their will, and forced to take the veil. It was no romantic attachment which induced Luther to take this step, but partly the feeling that the preacher's practice should square with his teaching, and partly an earnest desire to gratify his father, whose will he had so cruelly traversed in becoming a monk. To marry was to violate his monastic vow, but he had long since convinced himself that a vow made in ignorance, under extreme pressure, was not morally binding.

Pleasing pictures of Luther's domestic life are given us by contemporary witnesses, and the reports of his table talk. In the bosom of his family he found an asylum from the wearing labors and never-ending conflicts of his riper years. There he shows himself the tender father, the trusting and devoted husband, the open-handed, gay, and entertaining host. His Kitchen proved in every respect an all-sufficient helpmeet. And it needed her skillful economy and creative thrift to counterbalance his inconsiderate and boundless generosity. For never was one more indifferent to the things of this world, more sublimely careless of the morrow.

The remaining years of Luther's life were deeply involved in the fortunes of the Reformation, its struggles and its triumphs, its still advancing steps in spite of opposition from without and dissensions within. They developed no new features, while they added intensity to some of the old, notably to his old impatience of falsehood and contradiction. They exhibit him still toiling and teeming, praying, agonizing, stimulating, instructing, encouraging; often prostrate with bodily disease and intense suffering; and still, amid all disappointments, tribulations, and tortures, breasting and buffeting with high-hearted valor the adverse tide which often threatened to overwhelm him.

Thus laboring, loving, suffering, ex-

ulting, he reached his sixty-fourth year, and died on the 18th of February, 1546. The last words he uttered expressed unshaken confidence in his doctrine, triumphant faith in his cause.

By a fit coincidence death overtook him in Eisleben, the place of his birth, where he had been tarrying on a journey connected with affairs of the church.

The Count Mansfeld, who, with his noble wife, had ministered to Luther in his last illness, desired that his mortal remains should be interred in his domain; but the Elector, now John Frederick, claimed them for the city of Wittenberg, and sent a deputation to take them in charge. In Halle, on the way, memorial services were held, in which the university and the magistrates of the city took part. In all the towns through which the procession passed the bells were rung, and the inhabitants thronged to pay their respects to the great deceased. In Wittenberg a military cortège accompanied the procession to the church of the electoral palace, where the obsequies were celebrated with imposing demonstrations, and a mourning city sent forth its population to escort the body to the grave.

In the year following, the Emperor Charles, having taken the Elector prisoner, stood as victor beside that grave. The Duke of Alva urged that the bones of the heretic should be exhumed and publicly burned; but Charles refused. "Let him rest; he has found his judge. I war not with the dead."

I have presented our hero in his character of reformer. I could wish, if time permitted, to exhibit him in other aspects of biographical interest. I would like to speak of him as a poet, author of hymns, into which he threw the fervor and swing of his impetuous soul; as a musical composer, rendering in that capacity effective aid to the choral service of his church. I would like to speak of him as a humorist and satirist, exhibiting the playfulness and pungency of

Erasmus without his cynicism; as a lover of nature, anticipating our own age in his admiring sympathy with the beauties of earth and sky; as the first naturalist of his day, a close observer of the habits of vegetable and animal life; as a leader in the way of tenderness for the brute creation. I would like also, in the spirit of impartial justice, to speak of his faults and infirmities, in which Lessing rejoiced, as showing him not too far removed from the level of our common humanity.

But these are points on which I am not permitted to dwell. That phase of his life which gives to the name of Luther its world-historic significance is comprised in the period extending from the year 1517 to the year 1529; from the posting of the ninety-five theses to the Diet of Spires, from whose decisions German princes, dissenting, received the name of Protestants, and which, followed by the league of Smalcald, assured the success of his cause.

And now, in brief, what was that cause? The Protestant Reformation, I have said, is not to be regarded as a mere theological or ecclesiastical movement, however Luther may have meant it as such. In a larger view, it was secular emancipation, deliverance of the nations that embraced it from an irresponsible theocracy, whose main interest was the consolidation and perpetuation of its own dominion.

A true theocracy must always be the ideal of society; that is, a social order in which God as revealed in the moral law shall be practically recognized, inspiring and shaping the polity of nations. All the Utopias from Plato down are schemes for the realization of that ideal. But the attempt to ground theocracy on sacerdotalism has always proved and must always prove a failure. The tendency of sacerdotalism is to separate sanctity from righteousness. It invests an order of men with a power, irrespective of character; a power whose

strength lies in the ignorance of those on whom it is exercised; a power which may be, and often, no doubt, is, exercised for good, but which, in the nature of man and of things, is liable to such abuses as that against which Luther contended, when priestly absolution was affirmed to be indispensable to salvation, and absolution was venal, when impunity for sin was offered for sale, when the alternative of heaven or hell was a question of money.

It is not my purpose to impugn the Church of Rome as at present administered, subject to the checks of modern enlightenment and the criticism of dissenting communions. But I cannot doubt that if Rome could recover the hegemony which Luther overthrew, could once regain the entire control of the nations, the same iniquities, the same abominations, which characterized the ancient rule would reappear. The theory of the Church of Rome is fatally adverse to the best interests of humanity, light, liberty, progress. That theory makes a human individual the rightful lord of the earth, all potentates and powers beside his rightful subjects.

Infallible the latest council has declared him. Infallible! The assertion is an insult to reason. Nay, more, it is blasphemy, when we think of the attribute of Deity vested in a Boniface VIII., an Alexander VI., a John XXIII. Infallible? No! forever no! Fallible, as human nature must always be.

Honor and everlasting thanks to the man who broke for us the spell of papal autocracy; who rescued a portion, at least, of the Christian world from the paralyzing grasp of a power more to be dreaded than any temporal despotism, a power which rules by seducing the will, by capturing the conscience of its subjects, — the bondage of the soul! Luther alone, of all the men whom history names, by faith and courage, by all his endowments, — ay, and by all his limitations, — was fitted to accomplish that

saving work, — a work whose full import he could not know, whose far-reaching consequences he had not divined. They shape our life. Modern civilization, liberty, science, social progress, attest the world-wide scope of the Protestant reform, whose principles are independent thought, freedom from ecclesiastical thrall, defiance of consecrated wrong. Of him it may be said, in a truer sense than the poet claims for the architects of mediæval minsters, "He builded better than he knew." Our age still obeys the law of that movement whose van he led, and the latest age will bear its impress. Here, amid the phantasms that crowd the stage of human history, was a grave reality, a piece of solid nature,

a man whom it is impossible to imagine not to have been; to strike whose name and function from the record of his time would be to despoil the centuries following of gains that enrich the annals of mankind.

Honor to the man whose timely revolt checked the progress of triumphant wrong; who wrested the heritage of God from sacerdotal hands, defying the traditions of immemorial time! He taught us little in the way of theological lore; what we prize in him is not the teacher, but the doer, the man. His theology is outgrown, a thing of the past, but the spirit in which he wrought is immortal; that spirit is evermore the renewer and saviour of the world.

Frederic Henry Hedge.

SOCIAL WASHINGTON.

WHEN Washington was planned, — so tradition tells us, — it was intended that the city should crown what is known as Capitol Hill, stretching away toward the east, and that the White House should be in a retired spot a mile out in the country. Georgetown was not expected to grow eastward across Rock Creek, and the capital city, it was assumed, would have that proper respect for the dignified retirement of the chief magistrate which would deter it from making unseemly advances upon his residence. All the world knows that Washington has disappointed its projectors. Those worthy persons apparently failed to appreciate the social influences that would spread out from the home of the President. Perhaps General Washington and his contemporaries could not grasp the idea of social pleasures that did not involve a long ride over country roads and through virgin forests. Their festivities meant journeys to distant plantations and farms, and embraced not

only the breaking of bread at the host's board, but lodging for the men and women, and stabling for the cattle. In the new country there could be no price too great to pay for social privileges, but the demands of public business made it necessary that those engaged in it should live near each other, and not far from the place of meeting of Congress. The city was intended for the carrying on of the work of government, and there seems to have been no thought that other influences would have any agency in directing its growth. The serious labors of such a statesman as John Adams were expected to command more consideration than the frivolities of all the fashion that might ever find its way to the town. But it turns out that fashion, by which is generally meant not only the frivolous but the best social life, is stronger than the plans of sages, and its convenience has required that the people who feast and dance, who lionize and are lionized, who give and receive

the inspiration that is the best result of the meeting of clever men and women, should dwell near the White House. Thus it is that the dignified official home of the President is not out in the country, but in the thick of the city, looking out upon its most fashionable quarter.

The President and his family are expected to lead not only in the official society, but in the more intellectual and cultivated life of the capital. Some administrations have disappointed this expectation, but as a rule the influence of the head of the nation is felt in the active social life of Washington; and, generally, to be unknown to those who rule at the White House is to be at least out of the centre of the finest privileges which the capital has to give. There are those who, because of personal or political rivalry, have no relations with the executive power except of business; but if they possess that kind of merit which makes men and women sociable or companionable in the eyes of the people who stand within the reflection of the light that beats upon the throne, they are safe from utter exclusion.

The fashionable quarter of Washington has been a natural growth. First, the cabinet officers were obliged to live near the man to whom they ministered advice; then, naturally, the families of senators and of justices of the supreme court followed, while the diplomats, having nothing to do with the legislative branch of the government, and everything to do with the executive, have always dwelt under the shadow of what has come to be called the Executive Mansion. These official people and a few Georgetown aristocrats, whose descendants ceased to recognize Washington when the war of the rebellion broke out, made the beginning of the rich and picturesque life that is now to be found at the federal city.

Of all places in this country, Washington is the city of leisure. On bright winter afternoons, its thoroughfare is

full of pleasure-seeking saunterers; it is the one community in the United States whose working people are not forever filling its streets with the bustle and hurry of their private affairs. In truth, trade disturbs it very little. Commerce has no foothold where are enacted the laws intended to regulate it. Business has left all the region for a more congenial atmosphere. In one or two places on the Potomac it has grasped at the river, but its fingers have slipped off, and the days when Georgetown and Alexandria were important market towns have passed away. Decaying warehouses and ruined wharves and grass-grown streets remind one of a tradition which is to the effect that once farmers brought their produce to now departed commission houses, to be loaded in sloops that crept sleepily down the yellow waters to the Chesapeake. The broad river seems consecrated to the heroic memories of two wars, for the interest in its almost townless shores centres in the thousands of graves at Arlington and the one tomb at Mt. Vernon. The banks of the stream at Washington are almost as green with herb-age and trees as the water-side of an unpretentious village. People who are in government employ still make the majority of the more interesting classes, and work for the public is done by many hands and in a few hours. Moreover, the men who are engaged in it rarely permit it to worry them, and almost invariably shake off its cares with their office-coats. After four o'clock in the afternoon, they do with their time what seems best to them, and, if their position warrants it, they devote themselves to the performance of social duties, — a task which, more than in any other city of the country, is a pleasure. The afternoon teas, the evening receptions, — most of them very simple entertainments, — and the round of dinner-parties make constant demand upon the eligible men and women who spend their winters in

Washington; and most of the men, except those who are in political or judicial life, have time to satisfy the demand.

The question that interests the world outside seems to be, "How much is social life disturbed and coarsened by contact with the politicians?" If we were to answer this inquiry from the novels that have been written about Washington, we should be obliged to confess that those who govern us have a great capacity for demoralizing the people whom they meet when they lay aside the labors of state, and unbend. The truth is, however, that a fair picture of the social side of Washington has never been painted. There have been truthful sketches of certain features, but all attempts to portray the life led by the clever and refined people have been unfaithful. The misrepresentation of which the capital has been the victim is due largely to the great hotels and their environment. The best side of the city cannot be studied in its public places. It would be unnecessary to say this of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia. No one would think of undertaking a study of the inner and best life of any one of our great business communities in the vestibule or smoking-room of his hotel. It is possible that Washington receives a different treatment because the public has an idea that the city is composed mainly of congressmen and treasury clerks. It suffers from superficial observation. To a stranger nothing is so distracting as the bustle of the great caravanseries that are the centres of a life redolent with surface politics, noisy, showy, and misleading, and with all the cheap pretentiousness of shoddy fashion. Into this coarse and glaring activity very often fall the honest, worthy, unsophisticated country member and his wife, — he, frequently, a man of strong head and solid accomplishments, and she a modest, trustful, sensible housewife, whose ambition is satisfied with her husband's honors.

This mingling of the vulgar and the innocent helps to maintain the deception, and does much to induce the casual observer to believe that he is seeing the true essence, when he is looking at a very bad imitation. Almost all the writers of fiction who have fluttered, moth-like, about the shining subject have been too much attracted by the glare of the public places. It takes time and opportunity to learn that the men who are most in the newspapers are not necessarily the most prominent in society. There is many a popular orator or party leader whom one will never meet outside of the Capitol, except at hotel hops and the crushes sometimes given by short-sighted people, who think to reach social eminence accompanied by the notes of a ball-room orchestra, amid the fumes of unstinted champagne, and on the wings of indiscriminate invitations.

There is a vulgar side to Washington society. Why should not this be expected? There is a vulgar side to the society of every city in the country. There are coarse and untrained people even in Boston, and strange tales come from New York. Social solecisms are due largely to provincialism. When, therefore, the various degrees of provincialism which are to be found in the United States are brought together into one heterogeneous mass, and are mixed up with the low politicians and lobbyists who infest every capital in the country, it is not to be wondered at if provincialism, looking upon these creatures as men of the world, adopts their bad manners, which give the noisome reputation that some writers of fiction, both in novels and in the newspaper press, have liberally spread over the whole city. So far as I know, only one writer — the author of *Democracy* — has shown any familiarity with the customs of the best side of Washington; and even he (or she) has misrepresented or misunderstood the people whom that most deceptive of books assumes to portray. All

the other inventors have been blinded by the glitter of politics, and by their industry in circulating their own misinformation they have given the capital of the country a bad name, both at home and abroad. Much of this reputation is due to published letters written by persons who never enter a private house, except on business with its master, and who meet no women habitually except those found at their boarding houses.

Washington has become a winter resort, and the character of its society is of interest and importance, because we ought to expect that, in its development on its intellectual and æsthetic side, it will be representative of the culture of the country. Many of the growing class of rich persons with leisure are discovering that the capital is tending toward the intellectual headship of the nation, and that the crude display that first catches the eye is no more an indication of the real life than is the brilliant disorder of a modern bar-room the symptom of discordant drawing-rooms. The turbulent revelries of adventurers drowned for a time the harmonies of a life that is essentially undisturbed, and even untouched, by them.

Politics is the business of Washington, and men whose work is in the large affairs that concern the public naturally dominate. The painful effect produced by men of the lower stratum of politicians has been indicated, but their social organization, if it be an organization, is primarily for the purposes of business, and they reveal their object so openly that none but the unwary can be trapped more than once. Those who entertain for the advancement of their schemes are easily read by men who are only ordinarily shrewd. The best public men are never found at certain dinner-parties. The congressman who attends them likes terrapin and champagne more than he cares for a good reputation.

The best society of the capital is

probably the most delightful in the country. The city has cast off much of its rural character, and its fashionable quarter is as beautiful as the corresponding part of any city in the country. Of course, there are occasions when the larger cities outdo anything that can be done in Washington, but the tone of society there is continuously and uniformly good. During the last three years the town has taken marvelous strides. There has been almost an epidemic of building. The senate is becoming a club of moneyed men, and its members put up handsome houses, and pay for them by successful speculations in real estate. Judges of the supreme court follow their example. A great house in Washington, however, is not the affair that a railway king makes for himself in one of the large cities. A house costing \$25,000 is noteworthy, and when the charges of the builder reach \$50,000, the city has acquired one of its palaces. Equipages also are modest. In this wholesome restriction of outward show is illustrated one of the pleasant features of Washington. The average income of the place is comparatively small. When it is recollected that a cabinet officer receives \$8000 a year, a justice of the supreme court \$10,000, assistant secretaries, bureau chiefs, chief clerks, and other employees of the government from \$2500 to \$6000, a senator \$5000, it will be understood that social success must depend largely on cleverness and good taste, and that lavish display and extravagance must be vulgar. An impression seems to obtain elsewhere that the members of the diplomatic corps indulge in the rush and whirl of extravagant life, and that, though they are exclusive, they keep up at least with the reckless dissipations that are represented as characterizing the national hotbed of grossness and corruption. But the truth is that foreign ministers in this country live very inexpensively. They are to

be found in modest rented houses, and sometimes in boarding-houses, almost never in the large hotels. They are, as a rule, pleasant, companionable people, who take kindly to the methods of Washington. Certainly, they do not complain because the demands upon them are so light that they can live more cheaply here than at almost any other diplomatic station in the world. They do not indulge in revels; they do not throw away money in unseemly pleasures; most of them are gentlemen of moderate tastes and of fair abilities. There is a tradition that foreign ministers regard Washington as a place of exile. There was once a time when it was necessary, in order to make a diplomatic call, to flounder through mud that was hub-deep. In that day, a stream, crossed by a foot-bridge only, traversed the road over which the English minister had to make his way to the White House. All that, however, is past, and the United States has become a rather popular mission among the stations of its class. The pleasure of living at the capital has been greatly added to, without a material increase of expense. Men of small means can enjoy all its social advantages. Cleverness and presentability are now and must remain the passports to its best houses.

Politics and politicians necessarily exert much influence in a city which would probably not exist were it not the capital of the country. But it is a pleasant fact that the trade of politics is rarely talked of by the people who are met in the society which is made up of the clever and refined. To talk politics in Washington is to talk shop. As a matter of course, one hears discussions of public questions, and it is undoubtedly true that ambitious men talk to sympathizing women of their hopes and aspirations. The affairs of the government make certainly a worthy subject for conversation, and can hardly be compared with the private business interests

of which one constantly hears in the more pretentious cities. But the grosser side of politics is no more talked about in the presence of refined women than are the details of the day's bargaining at the dinner-table of a Boston merchant. One may possibly hear, at a Washington dinner-party, of a public measure, or of a public man. The subject, however, must be of immediate and universal interest and importance in order to afford entertainment to the men and women who, for the moment, are more interested in one another than in the larger concerns of the country. The man who would drag the affairs of the caucus or primary, or the transactions and *personel* of the lobby, into parlors and dining-rooms would not be tolerated. He does not exist outside the pages of Washington novels; and the writer of fiction who is familiar with the best side of life at the capital, and who nevertheless introduces such a creature into his pages, is guilty of that incomprehensible but too common vice of preaching an untruthful sermon against a sin that is never committed.

It must not be understood, by the statement that to talk politics is to talk shop, that public questions stand in Washington as haberdashery stands in commercial communities. Indeed, the conversation about matters of public interest that is heard in private houses at the capital is especially charming, for it is made up largely of the honest opinions of the leading men of the country, expressed with the frankness that is induced by the confidence which the speakers have in those who hear them, and without which intimacies and friendships could not exist. In Congress, men are limited in their speech by the fact that they are advocates; outside and among their friends, there need be no repression of the whole truth. The real meaning of political movements, the precise significance of important measures, the true character of public men, are

best learned from familiar intercourse with the actors in the events and the associates of those who are shaping the history of the country, and who cannot be constantly and satisfactorily met except at the capital.

Public affairs are, however, seldom talked about. The serious business of life is not generally the topic of conversation when people of varied accomplishments and tastes meet for pleasure. The men who are found in the finest drawing-rooms and the most delightful dining-rooms of the capital are seeking for rest and for an inspiration that is derived best from a well-ordered and highly civilized society, of which women of wit and intelligence are the important factor. They do not carry their speeches with them; they do not shoulder the burdens of their constituents with the covert purpose of distributing the load among their friends. A public man need not go into society, and if he does not like it, or if society does not like him, he is very likely to stay at home with his books or his game of cards. The difference between the society men of Washington and those of other places is that among the former less is heard of "form," and more is seen of substance. It is, of course, an axiom that no society can exist without the youth of agile heels. He is the amusing and interesting being at the capital that he is in other cities; but the percentage of him is not so large, and the percentage of the man with a head is greater.

Congressmen are not the prominent features of Washington parlors. Most of the members of the legislative branch of the government are country lawyers, many of them able and accomplished men. They go to Washington with the habits of village life. They are not only unaccustomed to take their pleasures gracefully, but most of them are too old to learn. Many of their wives are like them, in this respect, and the best and wisest lead precisely the kind

of life they have at home. The church thus becomes as much a social institution as it is in the villages of New England and Ohio. It is one of the noteworthy features of Washington that many men who live for years amid the best influences never overcome their awkwardness. They acquire a certain familiarity with the superficial usages of the people with whom they associate, but the polish remains imperfect. They have passed their early years in the society of women who, following an unwholesome rural tradition, have permitted the duties of housewife to put an end to all effort for mental growth. These men enjoy the acquaintance of women of the world, but they never completely understand them, and seldom acquire the intellectual grace which is essential to put themselves wholly at their ease. They therefore gradually slip out of sight, and seek the companionship of men who, like themselves, unbend best in the presence of their own sex. A game of whist at their rooms, with the stock stories of the country bar during the deals, has more solid enjoyment for them than all the elegance and refinements of society.

A politician is not aided by social influences at the capital. The strength which a member of Congress has with an administration depends on his standing at home. Even his own merit has not so much weight as a strong, many-headed constituency. All the allurements of beauty, all the charm of the most delightful hospitality, cannot alone advance a politician to the cabinet. Back of all the attractions that may surround a public man must stand heavy masses of voters, who can repay the administration for the favors bestowed upon their "favorite son." It is true, indeed, that army and navy officers are sometimes given desirable posts and stations, and that young men in civil life secure appointments at home and abroad because they and their friends are known

to the appointing power. These, however, are comparatively unimportant matters in the great governmental machine. The country ought not to care very much because a young man receives a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship through the friendship of the administration. He is much more likely to turn out a good and conscientious public servant than is some worker for a politician. The civil service is reforming now, but, as matters stood before the law was passed, appointments based on personal considerations were quite as good as those bestowed for party services. The little that Washington society has been guilty of in this direction has not made a ripple on its surface. Men of the world do not give dinner-parties, or balls, or receptions in order that they and their wives may intrigue for political advancement. They know well enough that, as politics go in this country, it would do them no good. To be able to give a model dinner to a President who loves gastronomy may help along an officer of the army or the navy; but the country might as well settle down comfortably to the conclusion that it will always hear of injustice to the individuals in these two services, — at least until a war shall enable the President to award honors for merit in battle. All this has very little to do with the government, and it is hardly fair to condemn a whole community because, for friendship's sake, an occasional officer is promoted or given a pleasant station. All that is done in this direction does not turn a single tea-party, much less a whole social fabric, into the whirlpool of intrigue that Washington has been represented to be. The country can rest assured that refined women do not become busy politicians and lobbyists merely by translation to the federal capital, the fictitious assurances of some novel-writers to the contrary notwithstanding. The average woman of society in Washington hates corruption and immodesty as strongly as does her sister

of the commercial cities. She is good and pure. She is not made coarse by fast companionship and excessively high living. If her husband is a public man, as he may be, and she has kept pace with him and has grown with his advancement, so that her home is worthy of his place in the world, she is likely to be much more interesting than many who read *Democracy*, or *Through one Administration*, or *A Washington Winter*, and shudder at her ignorance and her ill-breeding.

Occasionally there will be found a woman who has not grown up to her husband's position, but this is a blemish on that society which rests entirely on official rank. It makes up a small part of Washington life, however, and its duties may be made merely perfunctory. It has its stated reception days, and its people go to certain entertainments given by other persons similarly situated. It is all formal, and does not make any part of the best life of the capital. That depends wholly on congeniality. Many official people are found in it, for there are a good many agreeable persons among the employees of the government, — more perhaps than strangers imagine. People who are interesting and pleasant to one another drift together everywhere, and in Washington, as in other cities, there are all sorts of social conditions. The trouble has been that the glare of the coarser kind has obscured that in which are found the really influential people of the capital and the country; and yet it is the very best and most cultivated that make the social activity of the place.

"Does political position carry a man into this best society?" is an interesting question. It may take him just within its edge, but beyond that individual merit must be depended on. Occasionally there will appear a strong, coarse-natured, ambitious senator or cabinet officer, who bears down upon the refined life of the city with the purpose of making an im-

pression upon it; but people draw themselves together and defend themselves, for they realize that any impression that such an exotic can make must be necessarily fatal. A vigorous and influential statesman standing in the middle of a drawing-room, red with embarrassment, tugging away at his big white gloves and looking helplessly for a friendly face, is an uncommon but not a wholly unknown spectacle at the larger parties, given by persons who cannot refuse to send a card to a congressman who is bold enough to ask it.

The public men of the country do not pollute the men and women into whose houses they enter. As a rule, they are men whose training and accomplishments make them additions to any society. Congress has a bad reputation, for the newspaper press has naturally most to say of its bad deeds and its corrupt men; but its character is better than its reputation. The stock congressman of the writers of fiction does not exist. He cannot even be compiled from the vices of all the wicked men who have cajoled their constituents into voting for them. The senate, instead of being composed of corruptionists, has not a dozen members who suffer under even unsupported accusations. One writer, who is very popular in England, says that the senate chamber has a "code of bad manners and worse morals," and intimates that it matters little, in this country, whether a man is in politics or in prison. This brutal flippancy is not very uncommon, and it is usually uttered in the name of reform; but what kind of morality is it that talks of fewer than twelve men, among them some of the weakest of the body, making a code of morals for sixty-four stronger men? If our politics are to be reformed by the banishment of the wicked dozen, is the amelioration to be brought about by persons who are careless enough to state that because twelve senators are bad, therefore all the seventy-six are

bad? By an examination of the list of senators, I find at least twenty whose "manners" have been formed by association with the most polite people of the country. Fifty certainly, perhaps more, are entitled to respect for the possession of some undeniable element of strength, or for professional learning. There have been grossly corrupt men in the senate, but almost without exception exposure of their vices has driven them into private life.

There are pretenders among civil-service reformers, and office-beggars among "scholars in politics;" but such persons are surely not more dangerous than those who write books and newspaper editorials in which wholesale abuse is substituted for sober truth. There are facts about public men and public life that are grave enough, and that call sufficiently loud for change; but the reform that is demanded cannot be accomplished by false and exaggerated statements. One mischief, at least, that does not exist in Washington is the social ascendancy of men and women to whom no political advancement could give a like leadership in the life of the smallest and most unpretentious city in the land.

More and more every year, as the city grows in beauty, the society of Washington is becoming worthier of the capital of the country. The advent of people of wealth and leisure does not mar its simplicity, because those who must remain its leaders have moderate incomes; it is not broken into sets or cliques, because it is composed largely of attractive men and women who spend the winters together, and who have none of the local traditions and prejudices that do so much to breed dissension among those who live in the communities where they were born and it is safe to predict that before many years shall have passed Washington will be the social capital of the country as indisputably as it is now the capital of its government.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

MR. LONGFELLOW AND THE ARTISTS.

WHEN the history of civilization in America comes to be written, the judicious author will begin a consideration of the period which we are just now unwittingly closing somewhat as follows: There was as yet no sign of any general interest in the graphic arts. Here and there a painter of portraits found a scanty recognition among families moved more by pride of station than by love of art, and a lonely painter of landscapes had tried to awaken enthusiasm for autumn scenes, which were supposed to be the contribution of America to subjects in landscape art; but such men escaped to Europe, if fortunate, and found a more congenial home there. Popular apprehension of art was wanting; there was no public to which the painter could appeal with any confidence, nor indeed any public out of which a painter would naturally emerge. Then it was that a group of poets began to sing, having little personal connection with each other, forming no school, very diverse in aim, but all obedient to the laws of art. The effect upon the people was not confined to a development of the love of poetry; it was impossible that the form which art first took in America should be exclusive of other forms: on the contrary, poetry, the pioneer, led after it in rapid succession the graphic and constructive arts and music. Now we may trace this influence of poetry most distinctly in the case of Mr. Longfellow's work. Not only was his poetry itself instinct with artistic power, but his appropriating genius drew within the circle of his art a great variety of illustration and suggestion from the other arts. The subjects which he chose for his verse often compelled the interpretation of older examples of art. He had a catholic taste, and his rich decoration of simple themes was the most persuasive agency at work in

familiarizing Americans with the treasures of art and legend in the Old World. Even when dealing expressly with American subjects, his mind was so stored with the abundance of a maturer civilization that he was constantly, by reference and allusion, carrying the reader on a voyage to Europe. Before museums were established in the cities, and before his countrymen had begun to go in shoals to the Old World, Mr. Longfellow had, in his verse, made them sharers in the riches of art. It is not too much to say that he was the most potent individual force for culture in America, and the rapid spread of taste and enthusiasm for art which may be noted in the people near the end of his long and honorable career may be referred more distinctly to his influence than to that of any other American.

So far our judicious historian, who has, as men of his class are apt to have, a weakness for periods and sounding phrases. Still, a quotation from his forthcoming treatise does not seem wholly out of place as an introduction to an examination of the singularly abundant illustration of Mr. Longfellow's works by artists, which this season brings. If, as we believe, art in America is indebted largely to Mr. Longfellow, it is pleasant to be assured that some part of the debt is discharged in the most graceful of ways. The very nature of Mr. Longfellow's work makes it easy and natural to call in the explication and adornment which the other arts afford. Probably no living poet has been so frequently accompanied by music, and subjects from his poems may be found in American and English picture-galleries. It is, however, through the most popular form of art that this most popular poet has met with illustration, and for many years his poems have been published

with designs executed in wood and stone. Now, when the artist and engraver have come to a more reasonable relation with each other than ever before, it is satisfactory to find that some of the most praiseworthy results have been in connection with the illustration of Mr. Longfellow's verse.

Three years ago, Mr. Longfellow's publishers issued his poetical works in two illustrated quarto volumes. They have now issued a corresponding volume,¹ comprising his complete prose works and such of his poetry as had not been published at the time. The later poems thus included in this volume consist of those which were gathered in the little volume *In the Harbor*, not long after the poet's death, and of the dramatic poem *Michael Angelo*, which first saw the light in this magazine. The collection, therefore, in the three volumes of this quarto edition is complete, and by the addition of all of Mr. Longfellow's prose, treated in a similar manner, a work has been finished which will long stand as a remarkable monument to the genius and memory of an American poet.

The same general plan has been followed in this third volume which was adopted for its predecessors, but in one respect an improvement may be noted. There is greater variety and richness in the strictly decorative features. Mr. Ipsen has won an honorable recognition by the definite and carefully-studied character of his work in the previous volumes; he is supplemented here by Mr. S. L. Smith, who has taken a wider range of thought and imported into the borders and tablets a richness of fancy which makes these apparently conventional parts to have a high value. The reproduction of these decorative designs, whether by engraving or by mechanical process, is a marked feature of excel-

lence. Exception must be taken to the piece closing page 949, where the folds of the drapery are too hard and substantial; one can scarcely get it out of his head that he is looking at the trunk of an oak.

Our interest in the volume is chiefly in the interpretation of the prose. While this was capable of frequent illustration, preference has been given to large and comprehensive designs; and very properly, for in the diffusiveness of prose there is less occasion for those expansions which pictorial art so readily gives to the suggestions of poetry. Of the smaller designs there are several which keep before the eye a remembrance of the large element of travel-sketch in Mr. Longfellow's prose. The interior of Rouen cathedral nave, on page 1029, preserves appropriately the sentiment of the author: for it is more than an architectural perspective; it is, like the accompanying prose, a glimpse of the dark ages. The sentiment in the minor landscape and architectural subjects agrees well with the romantic light which touches Mr. Longfellow's prose. Thus, the allusive design on page 1039 is a continuation of the mood in which the reader is left by the text, and the poetic landscape which closes *Hyperion* has an imaginative charm which is of more value than any mere transcript of the scene of action. With so much of beauty and aptness in the smaller designs, it is a little disappointing to find the figure-subjects, which prevail among the larger pictures, of less distinct excellence. The artists who worked upon *Hyperion* have been conscientiously desirous of reproducing the dress of the period embraced by the romance, but they have scarcely been equally successful in reproducing the character of Paul Flemming, — type of romantic, dreaming youth. It is unfortunate that the same artist should not have furnished all the designs in which Flemming was to appear; con-

¹ *The Complete Prose Works and Later Poems of Henry W. Longfellow.* Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sistency of type, at least, would thus have been secured. Mr. Smedley's Fleming is not ill-considered, though in the picture where the young man waits upon the sketching Mary Ashburton, earnestness is almost travestied; where he walks in thoughtful mood with the baron, a better success has been reached; but when he is turned over to the mercy of Mr. Share, he is made to be a subdued caricature of the traditional Yankee. Something of this is due to his contrasted relation toward the no less conventional John Bull. Mr. Parsons's Monk of St. Anthony, also, is better than Mr. Share's more realistic figure, and Mr. Gaugengigl's Sexagenarian is exceptionally good, if we are not too much influenced by our association with very hearty examples of sixty years' life.

The large landscapes are among the best work in the book. The Jungfrau, by Mr. Woodward, has almost the value of a painting; it is strong, rich, and greatly helped by the carefulness of the foreground. Mr. Ross Turner's Venice by Moonlight, again, is more than effective; it has a genuine poetic worth. Some of the smaller landscapes, also, should be noted, as that of Lake Lucerne, on page 1194, and the noble one of the amphitheatre of Vespasian, on page 1117. On the whole, if this volume has not the profuseness of the two earlier ones, it represents, to our thinking, a firmer art and more even excellence of work.

If we are right in thinking that Mr. Longfellow's poetry led the way in art, then it is a specially happy sequence which is intimated by the illustration which Mr. Ernest Longfellow has given of certain of his father's poems.¹ He has selected twenty, with no other rule, apparently, than to take such as offered free play for his brush. His choice has

¹ *Twenty Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Illustrated from paintings by his son, ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

been chiefly of scenes which permit the quiet, secluded, half-dreamy phases of nature and life, — the boat becalmed, the cattle standing knee-deep in the river or crossing the wet sands, twilight and moonlight, shadowed aisles, reflections; and when we name these, still more when we look at the engravings, we are reminded how large a place such scenes have filled in Mr. Longfellow's verse. There are added a few records, doubly interesting from the authenticity which one feels them to possess: thus the illustrations to *The Bells of Lynn*, *Three Friends of Mine*, and *The Tides* are like pictorial and half-biographical notes to those poems, while the sketches of foreign scenes are direct commentaries upon the lines which call up the memories of them. The fancy in the poem of *Moonlight* is given a slight enlargement, which adds to its value, and everywhere there is an unstrained rendering into line of the thought which lies so tranquilly upon the surface of the poetry. The aspects of nature most readily recalled from the poetry are simply and truthfully reflected in the art, and the result is one of harmony and grace. A portrait of the poet by his son prefaces the book, and agrees admirably with the interpretation of the poems; for the face has precisely that musing, half-remote expression which suggests a subjective study of outward nature.

In speaking of the third volume of the collected works in the illustrated quarto edition, we omitted any mention of the treatment of *Michael Angelo*, because, while that poem occurs, with many illustrations, in its proper place, it is also published in separate form² with more complete illustration, and in a style which calls for special notice. A quarto, printed on clear white paper, and bound in a novel but dignified manner, the book attracts the eye at once

² *Michael Angelo: A Dramatic Poem*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

as a piece of unusual mechanical excellence. Then the printing is admirable. The generous page of pica type is rich in color; the engravings have ample space, and are printed with decision and refinement; altogether, the book has the elegance of a fine simplicity and breadth of treatment. The work of the artists who have been engaged upon it is carefully studied, and generally of a high order. The strict historical limitations, under which both poet and artists labored, have served as a protection against caprice and mere ingenuity, so that there is a stateliness about the designs and an orderliness which lift the book into dignity. Possibly one exception may be made. Mr. Shirlaw's composition of the Casting of Perseus, page 155, is in a measure true to the text which it accompanies, although it would be difficult to find the exact moment to which it refers; it is expressive also, in the principal figure, of the volatile Cellini; and yet, vigorous as the picture is, it impresses us as out of key, and producing a slight discord. The energy of the picture leans to the demoniac, and the entire conception of the poem, this particular part as well, is directly opposed to the demoniac. The serenity of Mr. Longfellow's art has rarely had a more commanding expression than in this poem, and it is a pity that the whole illustrative appurtenance should not have conspired to the same end.

The general scheme of the illustration looks to a careful commentary upon the historic and biographic facts of the poem. Mr. Longfellow, as our readers have perceived when reading Michael Angelo in this magazine, built his poem upon a chronological series of incidents in Michael Angelo's life, introduced either directly or by reference the persons with whom the great artist held close connection, and made the action of the poem to be associated with monuments of art. Consequently the graphic comment is in the reproduction of por-

traits, the definition of localities, the illustration of archæology, and in the dramatic action of figures, these last being in intention of historical accuracy.

The brief and useful notes at the close of the volume enable the reader to trace the portraits to their original sources, and remind him with how much painstaking these interesting representations of the characters in the poem have been brought together. If he be not solicitous to verify the truthfulness of the portraits, he can find an artistic pleasure in studying the great beauty of the draughtsman's and engraver's work. The noble portrait of Michael Angelo which fronts the volume, familiar enough to readers, takes on a special worth through Mr. Kruell's massive, sharply-defined engraving; quite as good in its own way is the small engraving after Buonasoni's, on page 36. So, too, the small portraits of Titian and Cardinal Ippolito show with what spirit engravers on wood can follow masterpieces of engraving on steel.

The places whose names are conspicuous in the poem are presented in a poetic rather than in a matter-of-fact way. Mr. Turner's Venice by Night, to which we have already referred, is accompanied by a smaller view of Venice, and both are not more spiritualized than his Vesuvius. With these two transcripts of Venice we could perhaps have spared Mr. Wendell's City of Silence floating in the Sea, since it is a somewhat feeble design. Mr. Gibson's Ischia is something of a surprise, and a pleasant one, for he has exchanged his dreamland landscapes for a clear and strong composition. Mr. Schell's Florence is more severe and matter of fact than the other representations of places. Compared with Mr. Gibson's Ischia, it seems unnecessarily hard; and the comparison is fairer with that than with Mr. Turner's views, which are so differently conceived.

The archæological and decorative features deserve especial attention. They

are to be found principally in the headings and half-titles, and are the work there of Mr. Smith. Barring a slight tendency to dwarfing the human figure, this artist seems to us to have more genius in catching the spirit of great work and reproducing it in decorative form than any other American. We say this without forgetting Mr. Vedder. Mr. Smith has not Mr. Vedder's originality, but he has, what is of infinite value in decorative work, an assimilating faculty, a capacity for renewing great art under other conditions, and a freedom of execution in which boldness never becomes rudeness. In so slight a matter as lettering this is observable, as any one may see who lights upon the dedication page. All the half-titles bear evidence of Mr. Smith's power, but the bravest illustration is the *Finis*, directly facing the last page of the poem. With what exquisite feeling has all the ornament here been conceived and executed! And when we have said this, we wish to join with the draughtsman the engraver, who is plainly wing and wing with him in the work. A better design of its class, and a more masterly piece of engraving and printing, one would search far to find. And would he find it, after all?

The dramatic action of the poem is interpreted in a series of figure pieces, which are of varying degrees of merit, and none of careless or inferior work. Mr. Hovenden's Michael Angelo in his study is the least satisfactory, for the figure is rather lumpish; but the subject was certainly a difficult one. Mr. De Thulstrup is unequal: his little figure of Cellini at the siege of Rome is an eager, spirited sketch, and his Michael Angelo and Bindo Altoviti is bright, with a narrow escape from too much consciousness; his Michael Angelo and

Urbino has awkwardness instead of animation in the figure of Urbino, and Michael Angelo's face is not so carefully studied as in other designs. Mr. Millet has given a character of his own to his work, and we think we should like it better by itself. Here it seems to us a little insistent, as if the artist were almost willful in calling attention to his solidity of style. Mr. Shirlaw's pictures are all good: they are thoughtful; they have a grace which, without being academic, shows the influence of academies. The death scene of Vittoria Colonna marks his highest reach in this volume.

So we have gone through the book, lingering over its pages, as we trust many of our readers will do. Taken all in all, it is the most satisfactory work of illustrative art which has appeared in America. Other books may have shown single designs of higher imaginative power, but none have presented a combination of merits of so high an order. It is a pleasure to consider that the occasion of the book was Mr. Longfellow's latest poem of magnitude. The reader of Michael Angelo can scarcely have missed the voice of the poet in the utterances of the hero of the poem. Michael Angelo rehearsing his art is dramatically conceived, and there is no lapse into the poet's own speech; for all that, and because of that, the reader is always aware of the presence of Longfellow, wise, calm, reflective, brooding over the large thoughts of life and art. The whole poem is a spiritual autobiography, cast in a form remote from the facts of the poet's life, but not the less indicative of his experience. Therefore, we repeat, it is a pleasure that he who was so large a prophet of art should at the end of his life have given the opportunity for so excellent a testimony to the truth of his prediction.

FOREIGN LANDS.

It is frequently remarked that a strong parallelism exists between the reduction of the ancient world to Roman rule and the colonization of distant lands, still incomplete, by the English race; and if the prime distinction be kept in mind — that in the former case the aim was to establish one government over peoples of diverse civilizations by means of arms, and in the latter it is to establish one civilization among peoples of different modes of government by means of mechanical appliances and commercial regulations — the parallel is useful in bringing out the character of the principal movement of our time, and in heightening its apparent to something like its real importance. In all the outlying lands this movement has taken the form of an actual colonization, as in our country, or of that *quasi*-colonization which consists in influencing the ideas and habits of less developed nations, as in India. Now, in the practical exhaustion of the waste lands, this latter method is becoming more and more prevalent, and must soon absorb our interest, as its consequence is better appreciated through its reactions on the English race itself. Nor is there any arrogance in claiming this extension of civilization over alien countries as really an achievement of the English race. Notwithstanding the explorations of other nationalities and their alliance with us at many points, the settlement of America and the opening of Asia were our work; the future of Africa, Mexico, and the old Spanish provinces seems likely to rest in the hands of England and this country; and certainly the retroactive effects from the lower civilizations in India and China will first be borne by our kin. Whether

the Indian and Chinese civilizations, inbred until they have obtained a certain rigidity even in the mental structure of the natives, can be permanently modified toward better ways of living and more profitable modes of manual and mental employment; whether Western ideals can win at all upon Oriental passivities; whether, without such a change, there can be equal competition between these nations and ourselves; or whether their “cheap food” will prove an offset to “the thews that throw the world,” — such questions must now take the place held fifty years ago by the survey and settlement of the great West; for on the answer to them the rate and character of further progress largely depend.

The impact of the Chinese, in particular, on our western coast, and the measures already taken against them, are significant in this connection: partly because the Chinese are now shown to be a colonizing race themselves, in spite of serious superstitious and social obstacles, and partly because our conduct in shutting our gates evinces a certain timidity. We have now, in fact, twenty years to reflect on the profit and loss of Chinese immigration, and it is to be hoped that some portion of this time may be taken to inform ourselves respecting the peculiar people of Asia, although there may be a doubt as to whether Dr. Williams' work¹ is the best for our future legislators to begin with. These two bulky volumes, in which, says the author, there is not a doubtful or superfluous sentence, comprise a complete survey of the geography, history and antiquities, arts, manufactures, games, religious, literature, education, government, customs, science, and ten thousand other things. Revised edition, with Illustrations and a new Map of the Empire. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

¹ *The Middle Kingdom.* A Survey of the Geography, Government, Literature, Social Life, Arts, and History of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL. D.

which enter into the civilization, or are among the belongings, of the Celestials. The predominant fault which makes the work unreadable (but perhaps it was not meant to be read, any more than a dictionary) is one common enough in things Chinese, — a lack of perspective. It is really an encyclopædia of China, made up of the immediate information of the author and of abstracts from the best authorities, and in it can be found anything, from a list of spiders or snails to one of dynasties that almost out-Noah Noah; for the date here regarded as the starting-point of all things mundane is the flood, 3155 B. C., with its attendant dispersion of Shem, Ham, and Japhet to the three continents. Indeed, if we were to mark a second defect in this work, it would be the coloring given to it by the peculiar propagandist pre-determinations of a missionary. The acceptance of the belief that the world was created six thousand years ago might be passed over; but the explanation of all deficiencies in the Chinese by the word idolaters, and of all excellences by the formula God's purposes, shows a mental twist which must be called perverse. In the region of facts, however, the minuteness and variety of knowledge indicate that we have here the accumulations of a long and laborious life by a man whose judgment is excellent when his prejudices have no play.

To make a selection which shall have some general interest, and which, indeed, will not be without its lesson to any who may chance to have read the remarkable *brochure* in which Mr. Zincke has so plausibly estimated the Englishry of a century hence at a thousand millions, Dr. Williams' examination of the census which gives so large a population to the empire seems especially comprehensive and just. He concludes that the numbers are in the main to be relied on; and although he notes how large a portion of the imperial domain is waste land, he supports his conclu-

sion by reminding us of the double crop, the economy of land available for agriculture, the utilization of all kinds of food, the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, the peace of nearly one hundred and fifty years (1700–1850), the custom of early marriage, and what is practically the religious duty of propagation. In addition to these considerations he brings forward two others, which emphasize the fact that the limit of population is not the land supply, but the food supply, and that these terms are not identical. In the first place, one may say that in China nothing is grown on purpose for animals, and when one reflects how much more land is necessary to support a horse or cow than a man the fact is very significant; secondly, the consumption of fish is greater than anywhere else, unless it be in Japan. The fishing fleets, the nets of the great rivers, the stocking of the irrigation tanks, the conversion of the rice fields temporarily into fish pools, and the like illustrate the extent to which the water is made to serve equally with the land for human support, and show us how far we may be from the limit of the food supply even when the cultivable surface of the globe shall be exhausted. Whether our descendants will ever be willing to solve the food problem as the Chinese have done, by yielding up the cattle which are our inheritance from our pastoral forefathers, and by betaking themselves to the ocean to provide for the deficiencies of land tillage, is certainly very doubtful; but if Mr. Zincke's thousand millions of English-speaking people arise in the next century, they are likely to consider the suggestion respectfully.

With this race, nevertheless, which now outnumber the English three to one, we are coming into conflict or competition. They seem to us rather contemptible enemies; how should it be otherwise, when instead of playing baseball they fly kites, and are ruled by literary men versed in the classics of thou-

sands of years ago instead of French and German, physics, botany, and chemistry? They present many curious inconsistencies, as it seems to a Western mind, as if their intelligence were made up, so to speak, of opaque and transparent elements in layers. They are rationalistic, but superstitious, and the belief in Fetichism and Shahmanism survives among them; they are ruled by an absolute monarch, but are educated in democratic principles in many regards; they are one people, but composed of three distinct and unreconciled races, and many tamed or restive tributaries; they have advanced in theoretic ethics; they are frank enough to confess that no one has caught their principal metaphysical idea since Confucius, but they know nothing of science; they possess a few arts, but they have carried none of these very far toward perfection, and have thereby shown that their inventive faculty, if not slight, is astonishingly slow: and so one might go on *ad infinitum*, like Dr. Williams, to end with the conviction that their race qualities have been much overrated. They are most marked among nations by their longevity, — a result which our author ascribes to a sort of left-handed operation of the fifth commandment, on account of their worship of ancestors, but which is due, perhaps, rather to their isolation by natural barriers and the readiness with which they have acquiesced in the usurpations which occurred to break the dynastic successions; for, stable as they seem, they have still the same social levity that has always characterized Asiatic hordes, the same susceptibility to ecstasy, particularly of a superstitious kind, as was seen in the Tai-ping rebellion, so similar in all except spiritual substance to the rise of Islamism. If they are not, like savage races, physically incapacitated for our

material civilization, as seems to be proved by the ease with which they appropriate it, they may be unable to assimilate its higher portion; and in that case the struggle with them will offer many novel and curious problems to our ethical sense. The prospect is that a long, perhaps an unending, tutelage will be necessary, and will even be insisted on, as the doctrines of education, now in vogue and rising, overcome the doctrines of '89 in the popular mind.

In Mexico the question presents so different a phase as hardly to seem analogous; but the point of view taken by Mr. Bishop¹ constantly exhibits Mexico as a land being rapidly subjected to an English civilization by the introduction of railroads, the development of industries, and in general by the awakening of an "American" spirit. Mexico, indeed, if one leaves out its tropical and Old World picturesqueness, does not differ from one of our Western States in the character of the progress going on, but only in degree. The bands of prospectors, speculators in real estate, agents for the introduction of novel manufactures, venders of new methods of ore reduction, searchers for mines, civil engineers surveying or track-laying, newspaper correspondents, scientific explorers, archæologists, tourists, — this is the *personnel* of Colorado as characteristically as of Mexico. There is a novelty, however, a something that approaches romance, in this incursion of the van of new or broken men into the kingdom that the high-bred Castilians conquered in so different a way, though the aim of these invaders, too, be to save Mexico and make their fortunes; and this contrast of the old and the new, this relief of the Western border against a half-Spanish, half-Aztec background, this foray of enterprise and industry into the heart of the indolent, fête-loving, conser-

¹ *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces. A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona, by Way of Cuba.* By WILLIAM HENRY

BISHOP. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883.

vative republic, has been caught by the author of these sketches, and used most effectively. He draws well the features of the landscape, the physiognomy and attitude of the natives, the quaint, serious, comfortable architecture of the Spanish, the sombre, sphinx-like ruins of the Aztec time, — draws both with pen and pencil the luxuriance of the lowlands, the savageness of the mountain peaks, and the look, human and natural, of most that lies between, — and has thus made, as readers of Harper's Magazine know, a real picture of what he saw. In connection with the larger relations of society, of which he is by no means unconscious, the most noticeable observations he reports are the jealousy of the Mexicans toward Americans, and the indifference of the pure-blooded natives toward everything except their subsistence. The fate of this race is certainly one of the most melancholy in history; they seem likely to be gradually exterminated, except such of them as may be saved by the Spanish strain. As every one knows, the crusade is being pushed very rapidly now, and there is every reason to believe that in all but name and government old Mexico must eventually be counted among the Northern lands, and so share the destiny of her "lost provinces," as Mr. Bishop styles the Southwest and California. Of these his account is among the few truthful ones we have seen; but it should be remarked that he has allowed his description of life in Arizona to be colored too crudely with the border war-paint.

From China and Mexico to Italy, the goal of all journeys, is far indeed, and to the Italy of Mr. Symonds it is an almost impassable distance. In this book¹

¹ *Italian Byways*. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.

he has gathered up several scattered essays, some very old, some recently published, and dealing, as a body, with many subjects. Only a small portion are really travel-sketches, — a fact which we regret, for these few describe the districts treated of in much detail, and at the same time let us into the secret of the charm of Italy for one of the Englishmen on whom her attraction has been most powerful.

So much of the impression that Italy makes on the eye is derived from the imagination, so much is due to historical and literary association reaching far back into the ancient world, that a traveler who attempts to describe that land ought to be scholar and poet as well as artist. Perhaps Mr. Symonds' qualifications come as near to such requirements as can be hoped for in an age of specialists; our only complaint is that he has not given more of his travels instead of his studies, and thus justified the natural sense of his title. His Italian Byways lead him, for example, into a long criticism of the dramatist Webster, which is easily forgiven on account of its excellence; but why should they lead him into the mazy discussion of the relative rank of the arts, the nature of music, and such dissertations, which might be as appropriately included in a book of Byways in No-Man's Land? To most of the historical essays, again, the objection holds that much of their story has been told in his more important works. We say this only to warn the unwary that, delightful as the volume is, it is not a book of travels, but a collection of travel, history, poetry, criticism, philosophy, and what not; always entertaining, often suggestive, as would be expected of the *opera minora* of a refined scholar.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

Of all men, naval officers ought to be most entertaining. In the first place, they go to sea, and it stands to reason that a great deal more of what is worth telling must happen on such an uncertain floor as the top of an ocean wave than on the fixed and stable earth. People who live in earthquake countries are the only ones who have an equal advantage. Then they have not much to do except to tell stories. The sailors do the drudgery; the officers have to pass away the time. When they get ashore, moreover, they always form a picturesque contrast to landmen, and are sure to introduce novel situations, as in the story of an old salt who rode by General Scott's quarters, in Mexico, upon a donkey. Some officers standing by observed that he was, as they thought, seated too far back, and called to him to shift his seat more amidships. "Gentlemen," said Jack, drawing rein, "this is the first craft I ever commanded, and it's d—d hard if I cannot ride on the quarter-deck."

The story is one that comes back to us from Captain Parker's *Recollections*,¹ a book which keeps up the traditions of the sea; for Captain Parker, besides his natural and professional aptitude for story-telling, shows himself to have been a generous lover of the best literature, so that the reader has the pleasure not only of hearing good stories, but of hearing them well told. When we say stories, we mean the word in its widest sense; for while there is a good store of anecdote and jest, the real occasion of the book is in the large, retentive memory of a man who has led a varied life, and is willing to tell frankly what he has seen and heard, a large part of which he was.

¹ *Recollections of a Naval Officer, 1841-1865.*
By Captain WILLIAM HARWAR PARKER. New
York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

Captain Parker began his naval career by being the son of a naval officer and reading Marryatt's novels. His first public appearance, however, as an officer was in 1841, when he entered the United States navy as midshipman, at the age of fourteen. "I well recollect," he says, "my extreme surprise at being addressed as *Mr.* by the commodore, and being recalled to my senses by the sharp *William* of my father, who accompanied me to the Navy Yard." This Tom Tucker of a midshipmite was very much perplexed by seeing the hammocks swung, but not unlashed; and after speculation upon the difficulty of a straddling rest, which seemed the only possible one, entertained doubts if he had not better resign and go home, when he was relieved to find that upon being opened and spread the hammock furnished a much more reasonable bed. He innocently opened his trunk, when he was ready to turn in, and drew out a close-fitting night-cap, of which he had a stock, made of many colors, from the remnants of his sisters' dresses. It was a precaution against earache, to which the little fellow had been accustomed at home; though one wonders that a naval officer's wife should have imagined her boy wearing such a head-piece in security. "If I had put on a suit of mail," he says, "it could not have caused greater astonishment among these light-hearted reefers. They rushed to my trunk, seized the caps, put them on, and joined in a wild dance on the orlop deck, in which were mingled red caps, blue caps, white caps,—all colors of caps,—in pleasing variety. I had to take mine off before turning in, as it really did seem to be too much for their feelings; but I managed to smuggle it under my pillow, and when all was quiet I put it on again; but when the mid-

shipman came down at midnight to call the relief, he spied it, and we had another scene. This was the last I ever saw of my caps. I have never had one on since, and *consequently* have never had the earache!"

Of the young midshipman's early cruises the incidents are not many, but the reminiscences of associates are entertaining. It is not so much as a traveler that the naval officer tells his story, although there are many quick characterizations of places and scenes rather, he is one of a party of youngsters, kept in discipline by their elders, but full of life, and gaining rapidly in confidence and self-reliance as they use the little authority with which they are entrusted. An officer of the navy carries the entire United States on the quarter-deck; and since he is brought into frequent intercourse with representatives of other governments, he acquires a dignity and sense of responsibility which are often beyond his years. At the same time, he has all the freedom of a man of the world, and, associating with his equals in close companionship, he keeps a *bon-homie* which makes him the envy of those who are entangled in the life of cities and the snares of competition.

When the war with Mexico came, the young midshipman, then under twenty, secured an appointment on the Potomac, which had been ordered to the Gulf, and his narrative of adventures during the war, when the navy was supporting the army, is exceedingly racy. There is an absence of any comment upon the rights or wrongs of the war; one only sees the lively young officer in for the fun of the thing, and the sailors doing their part with an indescribable drollery. The light-heartedness of the navy, its innocent bravery, its careless, happy-go-lucky style of entering upon grave situations, are all reflected in the story of the squadron. Captain Parker gives an account of the capture of Alvarado, a small town thirty-three miles southeast of Vera

Cruz, by Lieutenant Hunter, of the Scourge, in the most impudently private fashion. Commodore Perry had made up his mind to take the place, and accordingly moved gravely toward it with his squadron.

"We sailed in the Potomac, and as the signal was made to the ships to make the best of their way we, being out of trim and consequently a dull sailer, did not arrive off Alvarado until toward the last. As we approached the bar we saw that something was wrong, as the vessels were all underweigh instead of being at anchor. Very soon the Albany hailed us, and said that Alvarado was taken. 'By whom?' asked our captain. 'By Lieutenant Hunter, in the Scourge,' was the reply. And so it was. Hunter, the day before, had stood in pretty close, and observing indications of *flinching* on the part of the enemy he dashed boldly in and captured the place almost without firing a gun. Not satisfied with this, he threw a garrison, *consisting of a midshipman and two men*, on shore, and proceeded in his steamer up the river to a place called Tlacatalpan, which he also captured.

"When General Quitman arrived with his brigade, and the place was delivered over to him by Passed Midshipman William G. Temple (the present Commodore Temple), he was greatly amused, and laughed heartily over the affair. But it was far otherwise with Commodore Perry; he was furious, and as soon as he could get hold of Hunter (which was not so easy to do, as he continued his way up the river, and we could hear him firing right and left) he placed him under arrest, and preferred charges against him. This was a mistake; he should have complimented him in a general order, and let the thing pass. Lieutenant Hunter was shortly after tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the commodore; the reprimand to be read on the quarter-deck of every vessel in the squadron.

This was done, and the reprimand was very bitter in tone and unnecessarily severe. The reprimand said in effect, 'Who told you to *capture* Alvarado? You were sent to *watch* Alvarado, and not to take it. You have taken Alvarado with but a single gun, and not a marine to back you!' And it wound up by saying that the squadron would soon make an attack on Tobasco, in which he should not join, but that he should be dismissed the squadron. This action on the part of the commodore was not favorably regarded by the officers of the squadron; and as to the people at home, they made a hero of Hunter. Dinners were given him, swords presented, etc., and he was known as 'Alvarado' Hunter to his dying day."

One does not need to go so far as Commodore Perry in his reprimand, which undoubtedly had much to do in causing a reactionary feeling, but it is a little curious to find an officer like Captain Parker so entirely indifferent to a clear breach of discipline. If Lieutenant Hunter had not succeeded, what would have been the judgment?

It is hard not to let Captain Parker tell over again here some of the amusing stories which make his pages a running fire of laughter, as of the captain who treated his crew by the Thompsonian method, in which all the numbers were marked from one to ten, and finding himself out of an appropriate number six dosed his victim with two threes; of the dueling at Annapolis; of the sailor who captured a Mexican and hauled him along to the captain's tent, inviting his friends to come along and see him shoot him after he had reported the capture, and the sailor's discomfiture when his captive was put in the guard-house instead, and he himself narrowly escaped the cat; and of Captain Parker's predicament when he found himself on a Fall River steamboat with empty pockets. The drollery with which his stories are told is delightful, and the

good-natured criticism of himself and comrades is always in good taste.

The really important part of the book, however, is that which follows the date of 1861, when Captain Parker, then an instructor in the Naval Academy, resigned his commission when Virginia seceded, and took his stand with the Confederacy. He indulges in a little reserved comment upon the political aspects of the rebellion, but his chief contribution to history is in his account of the engagements in which he took part. His narrative is so straightforward and so free from bluster that it carries with it conviction of its truthfulness, and must take its place as a valuable report of an eye-witness. One is struck by the change in tone. The old gayety is nearly gone, and, though cheerfulness and resolution are never wanting, there is from the outset an air of resignation, as if the narrator quietly abandoned any hope of success, but never for a moment his sense of duty to the Confederacy. The animus of the book is so fair and honorable that the most ardent Unionist can read it with respect for the captain, and it will go hard with him if he cannot applaud him for his manliness and devotion.

The most spirited narrative is undoubtedly his account of the engagement of the Merrimac with the Cumberland. He has an air of slighting the operation of the Monitor, but his picture of the uncouth monster which ran its snout into the wooden navy, and at once made a revolution in marine warfare, is very effective. So, too, is his account of the manner in which the Palmetto State, of which he was lieutenant, temporarily broke up the blockade of Charleston; and we close this running comment of a most readable book with a portion of this narrative, which gives a good example of Captain Parker's more careful manner:—

"About ten p. m., January 30th, Commodore Ingraham came on board the

Palmetto State, and at 11.30 the two vessels quietly cast off their fasts and got underweigh. There was no demonstration on shore, and I believe few of the citizens knew of the projected attack. Charleston was full of spies at this time, and everything was carried to the enemy. It was nearly calm, and a bright moonlight night, — the moon being eleven days old. We went down very slowly, wishing to reach the bar of the main ship channel, eleven miles from Charleston, about four in the morning, when it would be high water there. Commander Hartstene (an Arctic man, who rescued Kane and his companions) was to have followed us with several unarmed steamers and fifty soldiers to take possession of the prizes; but for some reason they did not cross the bar. We steamed slowly down the harbor, and, knowing we had a long night before us, I ordered the hammocks piped down. The men declined to take them, and I found they had gotten up an impromptu Ethiopian entertainment. As there was no necessity for preserving quiet at this time, the captain let them enjoy themselves in their own way. No men ever exhibited a better spirit before going into action; and the short, manly speech of our captain convinced us that we were to be well commanded, under any circumstances. We passed between Forts Sumter and Moultrie, — the former with its yellow sides looming up and reflecting the moon's rays, — and turned down the channel along Morris Island. I presume all hands were up in the forts and batteries watching us, but no word was spoken. After midnight the men began to drop off by twos and threes, and in a short time the silence of death prevailed. I was much impressed with the appearance of the ship at this time. Visiting the lower deck, forward, I found it covered with men sleeping in their pea-jackets, peacefully and calmly, on the gun-deck; a few of the more thoughtful seamen were

pacing quietly to and fro, with folded arms; in the pilot-house stood the commodore and captain, with the two pilots; the midshipmen were quiet in their quarters (for a wonder); and aft I found the lieutenants smoking their pipes, but not conversing. In the ward-room the surgeon was preparing his instruments on the large mess-table; and the paymaster was, as he told me, 'lending him a hand.'

"As we approached the bar, about four A. M., we saw the steamer *Mercedita* lying at anchor a short distance outside it. I had no fear of her seeing our hull; but we were burning soft coal, and the night being very clear, with nearly a full moon, it did seem to me that our smoke, which trailed after us like a huge black serpent, *must* be visible several miles off. We went silently to quarters, and our main-deck then presented a scene that will always live in my memory. We went to quarters an hour before crossing the bar, and the men stood silently at their guns. The port-shutters were closed, not a light could be seen from the outside, and the few battle-lanterns lit cast a pale, weird light on the gun-deck. My friend Phil. Porcher, who commanded the bow-gun, was equipped with a pair of white kid gloves, and had in his mouth an unlighted cigar. As we stood at our stations, not even whispering, the silence became more and more intense. Just at my side I noticed the little powder-boy of the broadside guns sitting on a match-tub, with his powder-pouch slung over his shoulder, fast asleep, and he was in this condition when we rammed the *Mercedita*. We crossed the bar and steered directly for the *Mercedita*. They did not see us until we were very near. Her captain then hailed us, and ordered us to keep off, or he would fire. We did not reply, and he called out, 'You will be into me.' Just then we struck him on the starboard quarter, and, dropping the forward port-shutter, fired the

bow-gun. The shell from it, according to Captain Stellwagen, who commanded her, went through her diagonally, penetrating the starboard side, through the condenser, through the steam-drum of the port boiler, and exploded against the port side of the ship, blowing a hole in its exit four or five feet square. She did not fire a gun, and in a minute her commander hailed to say he surrendered. Captain Rutledge then directed him to send a boat alongside. When I saw the boat coming I went out on the after-deck to receive it. The men in it were half dressed, and as they had neglected to put the plug in when it was lowered, it was half full of water. We gave them a boat-hook to supply the place of the plug, and helped to bail her out.

"Lieutenant T. Abbott, the executive officer of the *Mercedita*, came in the boat. I conducted him through the port to the presence of Commodore Ingraham. He must have been impressed with the novel appearance of our gun deck; but his bearing was officer-like and cool. He reported the name of the ship and her captain; said she had one hundred and twenty-eight souls on board, and that she was in a sinking condition. After some delay Commodore Ingraham required him to 'give his word of honor, for his commander, officers, and crew, that they would not serve against the Confederate States until regularly exchanged.' This he did,—it was a verbal parole. He then returned to his ship."

RECENT POETRY.

Is there a mood in which one should read poetry? Possibly, if the poetry be the expression of a mood. The wiser answer looks to a mood created by the poetry which one reads, and requires that poetry itself should issue from a state of thought and feeling which is beyond the power of caprice. A fine example of a mood passing into a state, and being thus rid of mere caprice, is in Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*. Certainly, the test of poetry which is to stand all weathers is in its power to recall one to that which is permanent in human experience; in its answer not to temporary, fitful gusts of feeling, but to those elemental movements of our nature which lie open to inspiration. The sifting of the older verse is after this silent fashion. Men drop the accidental and hold to the incidental, to that which belongs to poetry rather than to the poet and his times. They do not by this discard the personal, but they require

that the personal shall have the essential attributes of personality, and not the mere dress of the period.

It is here that the difficulty comes in reading the newest poetry. We who read are not quite sure that we bring to the reading minds unembarrassed by the mere fashion and show of things. Yet we have this advantage,—and it is one with the poets themselves,—that there exists a permanent body of poetry which is beyond the chances and changes of mortal life. This body of poetry may be added to: we look eagerly in each generation for such additions. It may be departed from in form; but it remains substantially intact, imperishable, new to each generation of men, because its age is the sign of its eternal youth. It furnishes a standard not only for the comparison of new poetry, but for the measure of theology and philosophy. The consensus of poets is really the final tribunal of human thought.

There is a perceptible restlessness nowadays at the absence of new and notable poetry; a half-expressed doubt if poetry has not folded its wings and flown to other spheres, perhaps remaining behind to touch secretly the heart of the novelist, but lingering in an atmosphere inapt for poetic breath. We have no fears. Poetry is not an accidental visitor in this world of ours. If we fancy that agnosticism, for example, must have a new form of expression, or that science has an expulsive power, we shall be wise to wait a bit. Poetry is to decide whether these forms of intellectual life are to abide; they are not the judges. Agnosticism is trying its hand at verse. The most cheerful gnostic could ask no better test of the permanence of the mood.

It is thus of little consequence that when one gathers the fall harvest of poetry in this country he surveys his gains with a compassionate smile. It is true that the gleaner may yet find some golden grain, unobserved by the critical reaper; but taking the field as most see it, the poetic yield is noticeably slight. To change the figure, here is but a half-penny worth of sack to an intolerable deal of bread. Yet as a thimbleful of *lachryma christi* outweighs a gallon of New England cider, one need not be wholly in despair because the quantity is so meagre.

To help us in our measure of recent poetry, we are fortunate in having a new draught of the old. For a long time to come new poetry in America will be read by those who have been bred on Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell: it will not necessarily be written in the supposition of these poets, but whoever comes before the public will find that a standard of poetry exists which they have formed. The prolongation of notes from

the elder poets is one of the most delightful pleasures which the ear already attuned can receive; and since no imitation, however close, can have the same charm, we care less at this moment for any poet who may be a disciple of Mr. Whittier than we do for Mr. Whittier himself.

The little volume¹ which bears the name of its first poem is to the lovers of this poet a reminiscence of all that they enjoy in his verse. Here is the story in which the sea seems almost one of the actors; the harrowing tale of Puritan ferocity with the antithesis of a gentler, purer Christianity; the landscape of mountain and storm; the version of an Israelite legend; the playful, tender thought of friends; the parable; the large, patriotic, prophetic psalm of the country; the wistful, trusting look into the future; the mellow memory; and the quiet revelation of the poet's own personal aspect of life. The verse shows no new essays, but the poet has struck the notes familiar to him, and the reader has a grateful sense of the ease and firmness of the touch.

One renews his admiration for the power with which Mr. Whittier reproduces color and movement in his poems. Our readers will recall the Storm on Lake Asquam,² which is included in this volume, and if they read it again will mark the vigorous imagination which records a great moment in nature, and at once lifts it into personality: the rise of the storm, its fury and its decline to a peaceful end, are given with a definiteness of art which a painter could scarcely make more bright to the eye.

It is, however, in the history of human faith and love that this poet finds his best inspiration. He rarely surprises one, for it is not the novel but the common experience which most quickly finds him; his simple power of repeating in

¹ *The Bay of Seven Islands, and other Poems.*
By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

² Atlantic Monthly, October, 1882.

melodious form a sentiment which needs no singular interpretation is a rare poetic gift, accepted naturally by listeners, and only wondered at when compared with the commonplace which is its easy imitation. Thus he has turned the association of Mr. Longfellow's last birthday with the observance of it by public school children into a lovely poem. The thought was in everybody's mind; it was a poetic thought, which arose easily, and had become a commonplace, so to speak, before Mr. Whittier touched it. What has he done, then, in casting it in poetic form? He has enshrined it. He has also, unconsciously we think, imparted something of the charm of Mr. Longfellow's own manner, so that in reading it we are affected as if the dead poet were himself reciting the lines.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

H. W. L.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday ;

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him :

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young ;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel,
Who calls God's children home !

And to him in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
" Of such is the kingdom of heaven ! "

It is pleasant to pass from an elder to a younger poet, and find that we are not called upon to throw away what we have cared for in poetry at the demand of a singer of later fashion. Mr. Thompson is in the succession of poets ; he appears to have made no frantic effort to go off into a corner and flock all by himself, but has joined the birds whose notes are already familiar. None the less, he adds a distinct note of his own. For both these facts let us be profoundly thankful. Mr. Thompson has long been known as an ardent advocate of archery, and many of the poems in his little book¹ find their occasion in his hunting. What pleases us is that he has not felt himself bound to turn any back somersaults, in his poetry, because he shoots with a bow instead of a double-barreled gun. The genuineness of his verse ought to convince people, if they had any doubt, of the genuineness of Mr. Thompson's archery, and that he is not masquerading as the Robin Hood of Indiana. For sincerity is the finest note of this volume. One gets a little tired of the praise of outdoor verse, and inclined to charge affectation on the poets who make an imperative demand upon us to leave our books and seek a more intimate acquaintance with nature. Mr. Thompson has none of this nonsense. He has a healthy passion for the woods, and he sings at his sport. How pretty is his little poem on *The Archer* ! Its hint of Robin Hood is sim-

¹ *Songs of Fair Weather*. By MAURICE THOMPSON. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

ple enough. Robin Hood is the titular saint of archers, as Izaak Walton is of fishermen. Most of the people who are enthusiastic over one or the other never read a line of the ballads, or troubled themselves as to Walton's Angler. It is the proper thing to refer to them, but Mr. Thompson impresses us as one who has read his ballads, and has made them a part of nature. There is a faint reminder in his verse of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet. It is not necessary that Mr. Thompson should ever have read a line of Barnes's Rural Poems; it is enough that the two poets have the same unaffected love of nature in its details, and especially in its animated life, and the same simple domestic feeling, although this has a larger share in Barnes's themes. We are sure, for instance, that Mr. Barnes would enjoy

A FLIGHT SHOT.

We were twin brothers, tall and hale,
Glad wanderers over hill and dale.

We stood within the twilight shade
Of pines that rimmed a Southern glade.

He said, "Let 's settle, if we can,
Which of us is the stronger man."

"We 'll try a flight shot, high and good,
Across the green glade toward the wood."

And so we bent in sheer delight
Our old yew bows with all our might.

Our long, keen shafts, drawn to the head,
Were poised a moment ere they sped.

As we leaned back a breath of air
Mingled the brown locks of our hair.

We loosed. As one our bow-cords rang,
As one away our arrows sprang.

Away they sprang, 's the wind of June
Thrilled to their softly whistled tune.

We watched their flight, and saw them strike
Deep in the ground, slantwise, alike;

So far away that they might pass
For two thin straws of broom-sedge grass!

Then arm in arm we doubting went
To find whose shaft was farthest sent;

Each fearing in his loving heart
That brother's shaft had fallen short.

But who could tell by such a plan
Which of us was the stronger man?

There at the margin of the wood,
Side by side, our arrows stood:

Their red cock-feathers wing and wing,
Their amber nocks still quivering;

Their points deep-planted where they fell,
An inch apart and parallel!

We clasped each other's hands; said he,
"Twin champions of the world are we!"

Mr. Thompson employs this favorite measure very felicitously in a number of poems, like that collection named *In Haunts of Bass and Bream*, and gives one a real sense of free air and wooded depths. It is clear that he owes his inspiration largely to the joyous sharing of nature by day and by night. Possibly he is now and then a little over-conscious of this, but he is so frank in his moods that we rather look upon his more positive praises of nature as a bit of poetic proselyting, done in the fervor of an apostle of the woods and streams. Wherever he is reporting what he has seen he is strong, simple, and often finely imaginative, as in his little poem entitled *Solace*. We hesitate to follow him only when he Hellenizes. There is no reason why a dweller on the Wabash should not reproduce a Greek statue as fairly as Keats a Greek vase, and the chances are in favor of the poet who gets at his perception of Greek life through a free intercourse with nature; but we suspect that Mr. Thompson has not gone straight to Helicon from the Wabash, but has taken London in the way, for there is a color about some of his Grecian themes which seems to owe a little of its warmth to the Rossetti school. About some of them, we say, — not about all; for *Diana* is a poem fresh from an archer's heart, and *Ceres* may be found on a Western prairie.

We half grudge Englishmen the

verses *In Exile*, in which, in a half-shy, half-confidential mood, the young poet seems to mingle a longing for our Old Home with a desire for the recognition of his verse there; but we content ourselves by thinking that it is the England of our dreams from which he is in exile, and the England of song to which he would be united. It will go ill, but American readers shall welcome one of their own kind; and yet we smile furtively as we think how perplexed some foreign well-wishers will be when they try to square Mr. Thompson's light, melodious, and graceful verse with what they fancy the West ought to give them. For ourselves, we rejoice over the appearance of a genuine poet in a State which is popularly supposed to produce chiefly candidates for the presidency. We leave him after copying one more of his poems, for its quickness of life and its flashes of color:—

A MORNING SAIL.

Out of the bight at Augustine
We slowly sailed away;
We saw the lily sunrise lift
Its bloom above the bay.

Scared birds whisked past, with wings aslant
And necks outstretched before;
Some wracks hung low; I thought I heard
A growling down the shore.

The Anastasia light went out,
San Marco's tower sank low;
The long Coquina island flung
Its reef across our bow.

Far southward, where Matanzas shines,
The sea-birds wheel and scream;
A roseate spoon-bill passes like
A fancy in a dream.

We laugh and sing; the gale is on,
The white-caps madly run;
The sloop is caught, we shorten sail,
We scud across the sun!

We sport with danger all the morn;
For danger what care we?
We hear the warring of the reef,
The storm song of the sea!

Mr. Thompson, with his bow and arrows, making fresh acquaintance with nature is a peculiarly American figure,

and one that we watch with the pleasure of anticipation. It is youth gone a-hunting, we say to ourselves, and the songs of fair weather which he sings have the gladness and lightness of youth. Yet Nature has other moods, and though we come back to a more conventional acquaintance with her, through the interpretation of Mr. Story,¹ the contrast serves to heighten the effect of each poet. Mr. Story takes us into a glen, and we have our out-door poetry as he pleases; but it is poetry out of a portfolio, read and enjoyed and commented on by the poet and a friend, two people of mature taste and highly civilized instincts. The scheme of the book is a clever and attractive one. The poet, who requires no other title than *He*, "was in the habit," Mr. Story tells us, "of wandering alone, during the summer mornings, through the forest and along the mountain side, and one of his favorite haunts was a picturesque glen, where he often sat for hours alone with nature, lost in vague contemplation: now watching the busy insect life in the grass or in the air; now listening to the chirping of birds in the woods, the murmuring of bees hovering about the flowers, or the welling of the clear mountain torrent, that told forever its endless tale as it wandered by mossy bowlders and rounded stones down to the valley below; now gazing idly into the sky, against which the overhanging beeches printed their leaves in tessellated light and dark, or vaguely watching the lazy clouds that trailed across the tender blue; now noting in his portfolio some passing thought, or fancy, or feeling, that threw its gleam of light or shadow across his dreaming mind."

This is the familiar picture, which the mind recognizes, of the poet who sketches out-of-doors, and Mr. Story's ingenuity is in turning the figure into one of the

¹ *He and She; or, A Poet's Portfolio.* By W. W. STORY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

speakers of a graceful little dialogue ; for while he is thus fulfilling the poetic function, She, who also needs and has no other title, comes upon him, and conversation takes place. The conversation is between a gentleman and gentlewoman. She taxes him with having a book full of verses, and demands to hear them ; he pleads guilty and waves the matter aside, but after a little pressure consents to read a poem. The poem read, they fall to discussing it in an airy, half-bantering fashion ; and thereupon another follows, with more comment, and another, and so on, to the end of the book, when the little scene closes with a description of the glen itself in which the two have been sitting.

The scheme is a pretty one, and is carried out daintily. The comment is close enough to criticism to echo more than once the thought which leaps to the reader's lips, and the tone is that of high breeding, delicate, not too profound, frank, courteous, and sometimes penetrating. The reader is beguiled from point to point, and the rests between the poems which the talk affords are better to him than silences. We must congratulate Mr. Story on his ingenious conceit, and on the deftness with which he elaborates it : a little more handling, and he might have tired us ; a little less, and he might have failed to keep us.

There are a score and a half of poems in the little volume, and to read them in succession, as they should be read, in their setting, is to pass an agreeable evening with two charming people, one of them a poet. The moods of the verse are various, but the subjects are chiefly of persons rather than of nature. With nature, indeed, we begin, in a poem which calls for the staying of a happy day ; but we pass lightly to personal thoughts, to glimpses of the outer passions, then into deeper moods, until the poetry and the talk become quieter, more serious, and more searching. This

movement of the book is artistic, and yet strikes us as half accidental, and that with a little more pains the author might have given his work a stronger effect by regarding the transition more carefully.

In the range which Mr. Story's verse takes in this volume, one may easily please himself. If he likes the *vers de société*, he will find it to his mind in the very musical waltzing song, or in this Mistake, which we copy, with the beginning of the slight conversation which follows : —

"How your sweet face revives again
The dear old time, my pearl, —
If I may use the pretty name
I called you when a girl.

"You are so young ; while Time of me
Has made a cruel prey,
It has forgotten you, nor swept
One grace of youth away.

"The same sweet face, the same sweet smile,
The same lithe figure, too ! —
What did you say ? 'It was perchance
Your mother that I knew ?'

"Ah, yes, of course, it must have been,
And yet the same you seem,
And for a moment all these years
Fled from me like a dream.

"Then what your mother would not give,
Permit me, dear, to take,
The old man's privilege — a kiss —
Just for your mother's sake."

"*She.* Ha, ha ! That was a pretty mistake ; but you got out of it fairly well.

"*He.* Yes ; I got the old man's privilege, but I don't know that that is a great consolation. A man begins to feel old, really, when the young girls are not shy of him, and let him kiss them without making any fuss about it, but almost as a matter of course. As long as they blush and draw back, he flatters himself that he is not really so old, after all. The last, worst phase is when they don't wait for him, but come and kiss him of their own accord. Oh, that is too much. Gout is nothing to that, nor white hairs."

If one wishes for the dramatic monologue after Browning's manner, he will find it in the sleighing incident and in the poem called *A Moment*; if he would see Mr. Story at his best, let him read his *Io Victis* and his fancied translation from a lost ode of Horace. The description of the glen, with which the book closes, takes the poet in reverie into the Grecian thought of nature. In his reflective mood he partly echoes the feeling which drew from Mr. Thompson the impulsive words, after reading Theocritus, —

"Now I would give (such is my need)
All the world's store of rhythm and rhyme
To see Pan fluting on a reed,
And with his goat hoof keeping time!"

Mr. Story, in his more philosophical way, broods over the mystery of nature, and writes, —

"Here, magnetized by Nature, if the eye
Uplancing should discern in the soft shade
Some Dryad's form, or, where the waters braid
Their silvery windings, haply should descry
Some naked Naiad leaning on the rocks,
Her feet dropped in its basin, while her locks
She lifts from off her shoulders unafraid,
And gazes round, or looks into the cool
Tranced mirror of the softly-gleaming pool,
To see her polished limbs and bosom bare
And sweet, dim eyes and smile reflected there,
'T would scarce seem strange, but only as it were
A natural presence, natural as yon rose
That spreads its beauty careless to the air,
And knows not whence it came nor why it grows,
And just as simply, innocently there;
The sweet presiding spirit of some tree,
The soul indwelling in the murmuring brook,
Whose voice we hear, whose form we cannot see,
On whom, at last, 't is given us to look;
As if dear Nature for a moment's space
Lifted her veil and met us face to face.
Such Grecian thought is false to our rude sense,
That naught believes, or feels, or hears, or sees
Of what the world in happier days of Greece
Felt with a feeling gentle and intense."

No one can have missed the accompaniment of Greece to the Little Renaissance which we are now enjoying. So we are not surprised at coming upon a new volume¹ of American verse, which turns quite distinctly to Greece for its in-

spiration; for though Mr. Moore names his book *Poems Antique and Modern*, the antique themes predominate, and the modern appear to be influenced by a habit of mind formed upon a study of the antique. The most striking and significant of these poems is the first and longest, *Herakles*, in seven books. Mr. Moore reconstructs the myth, using for his material the incidents of the hero's career, but making them all tell upon a certain poetic conception of Herakles, which is more or less akin to the conception of Prometheus; that is, Herakles is taken as a figure of man conceived as a mighty physical force, un-intellectual, slow, massive, capable of hate and love, but with a very elemental constitution, just as Prometheus may be taken as a figure of man, conscious of intellectual life, yet exercising his intellect through the simplest forms.

"Audacious as the day and as august,
Naked, and like another element
New risen to control the older four,
Behind his oxen up Cithæron's slope
Rose Herakles. Like ocean waves they were,
That heave the low-hung clouds upon their backs
When the grey morn gives giants to the sea:
Emerging mist-enlarged so they came,
Tramping and tossing wild; but Herakles
Beyond his mould enormous, with the might
Of limb-erecting thought, twice terrible,
Gigantic to all grim opposing bulks,
Strode here and there amid them; lustful bulls
By their air-tossing horns he seized, and sent
Crashing unto their knees, and where he saw
The milkless-addered, morning-eager kine,
Whose snuffing nostrils wandered o'er cold rock,
He drove them on, and the disordered herd
Kept in one track, till from the exercise
He gleamed all ruddy in a dewy bath,
Like some tall personage of autumn woods,
Some cliff enrobed with flaming leaves and vines,
Decked so and dedicated to itself
To need no adoration from the sun;
So seemed he, but unto his glory soon
The outward inspiration of the morn
Added, as ruddier at his back arose
The horizon beast, reared sudden from its sleep
To shake the sunlight from its shaggy hair."

So the poem opens. The fight with the lion follows, and is finely used by the poet to signalize the awaking by Herakles to consciousness of his strength. It is but a line which notifies the reader;

¹ *Poems Antique and Modern*. By CHARLES LEONARD MOORE. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

thrown in almost casually, yet with real significance : —

“Waked to the proper life of his proud soul.”

The incidents of the fight are splendidly imagined. Stripped of the investiture of imagery, they are found in an attack by Herakles, with the aid of a goring bull, upon the lion, which he topples over a cliff. Then the man and beast confront each other warily, moving in vast circles, until Herakles, missing his footing, falls into a deep ravine. He recovers himself in the night which follows, contrives a gigantic bow and arrows, and with these kills the lion.

“No touch of triumph to the hero came.

On its gray, faded eyes, that yet were filled
With ruined visions, like the twilight west,
He gazed, and for a moment would recall
Their savage splendor into throbbing life.”

The first book is occupied with this theme, and although a careful reading is required of one or two passages, which are so rich in decoration as to confuse the mind for a moment, the story is told with great impressiveness. One feels the mist of an early antiquity about it, in the absence of other figures than that of Herakles and the brutes, while the forms of nature have scarcely yet lost their personal realism.

To follow the course of the poem would be to follow the hero through adventures which add at each stroke new characteristics of humanity. He strives with Helios, the sun god, drives him off victoriously, and receives a visit from Keiron, who recites the incident of the strangling of serpents in his cradle. “Come with us,” cries the centaur king, “and be our fellow through futurity!” He accompanies the centaurs, and yet this first comradeship, in which he rises from the animal into a half-completed humanity, carries with it dim forebodings. It is the sense of a conflict yet to come between him and his companions, for at the feast given by Pirithous, when the centaurs are slain, Herakles is the one who is fated to slay

them while aiming at their enemies. Mr. Moore has, so far as we know, invented this version of the incident, and he turns it to admirable account. It is a part of the gradual humanizing of Herakles, which inevitably leads him into destruction of the tie which binds man to the beast. The strife and the burial of the centaurs leave Herakles alone, with the words of Keiron in his ears : —

“Golden youth,

Touched gloriously with some far-off doom,
Thou, thou art lineal to our energies,
And in thy statue earth is humanized!
Be thine to be a vision of sole strength,
A simple virtue of sufficiency,
Mid the mad, mist-abused, and star-nurled
Changes and doubts and dreamings of the world.”

This is the prophecy of the life of Herakles, and perhaps it may be taken as the key to the conception of the character, but in the unfolding of the poem there are still fuller disclosures of the growth of the soul of man. Mr. Moore disregards the story of the labors, but takes his hero's career up again at the quarrel with Eurytus, and so brings Omphale upon the scene, binds Herakles in her chains, and through the power of womanhood lifts him to a higher plane. Then Herakles makes a descent into hell, and finally, at the end of his life, is visited by Hermes with a promise of the life of a god. He refuses, and has a vision of life, death, immortality, in which he is left alone by men and gods, returns as it were to Nature, and ends his days in her arms.

“Grown one with nature's growths, he knew

Here was his home, here was his horizon,
And for him, baring her mysterious limbs,
Nature's self saw he waiting. Suddenly
His heroic frame, fulfilled of all desire,
Crashed backward in the arms of his sole mate.”

In our hurried synopsis of the contents of the poem, we have half put our own interpretation on the poem, half followed the author's lead. It is a poem so well worth studying that we have wished rather to hint at its richness than to attempt a full exposition. The thought, if we have discovered it,

is essentially pagan, but so is the theme, and we like better the dramatic paganism of Mr. Moore than the confused mingling of modern paganism with old forms which confronts one so constantly in the work of the English school of Hellenistic poets.

We have lingered so long over Herakles that we shall dismiss the rest of the volume with no other words than such as may apply to the first poem also : namely, that Mr. Moore seems at his best in the antique ; that he has a rich, powerful imagination ; that he is often reckless in his speech and careless in his measure. He does not always succeed in making his meaning clear, and he is misled by the fertility of his imagination into a prodigality which often destroys one's pleasure in the verse. That he should sometimes recall Keats or Shelley is not strange, nor is it necessarily to his discredit. The poet who has studied models carefully is not there-

fore unlikely to create models in time. His book can scarcely command popularity, but it ought to excite the liveliest interest of all who are watching for the development of poetry in America.

Thus, though we were half disposed at first to join in the self-commiseration over the paucity of poetic ventures, we are not sure but the season may be called a somewhat notable one, which brings to pass the publication of four books so individually interesting and worthy as those which we have had in review. Mr. Whittier keeps in our memory the treasures we already had ; Mr. Thompson lights the horizon with a bright flush ; Mr. Story helps us to recognize the facile grace which poetry may lend to our worldly life ; and Mr. Moore comes with his large, forcible verse to show that art and poetry have not yet taken leave of imagination and surrendered themselves to the lighter chains of fancy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is a curious form of semi-religious — perhaps I should say irreligious — speech whose genesis it would be interesting to trace. When you resolve upon any act or course of conduct which appears to your friends particularly venturesome and unsafe, are you not sure to be met with the intelligence that you are “tempting Providence”? If you stop to consider the phrase as an expression of piety, it strikes you that the piety is most perilously involved, and that the rôle which it assigns to Providence is far from creditable to the patronized deity. This Providence, you are persuaded, must have a close relationship with the old-fashioned Ate, who used to wander about invisible, and bring to pass all the unguarded prayers

and imprecations of mortals ; or you think of the mischievous Scandinavian god Loki, or of any other impish spirit ever held in fearful esteem, and represented as hovering or prowling, on the lookout for an opportunity to do despite to the helpless human race. Providence, the current warning seems to say, will do you a bad turn as often as possible, and is never so gratified as when occasion offers in which to “come up” with you for your unbecoming display of pride or bravery. Beware of Providence. Do not, in the thunderstorm, stand under a tall tree, lest Providence perceive you, and mow you down with a crooked lightning sharpened for that purpose. Do not walk under the precipice, for Providence is just above, wait-

ing to drop a stone to crush your foolhardy little person. Do not pitch your tent on that low, malarious ground; for Providence, having to make some disposition of the gifts in his left hand, will quarter with you fever and ague, and megrims unnumbered. Providence may have had affairs which took him to the remotest parts of the universe; but on your offering him a pleasing chance to torment you, he returns in a trice, and has in working order his engines of torture and devastation. It would not require a very sagacious eye to see behind such Providence a "smiling face," though not the smile which devout Cowper saw, but one of sardonic malice and triumphant cruelty. Nevertheless, since this bad Providence is dependent upon our indiscretion for his opportunity, being otherwise inoperative and harmless, whom but ourselves can we reasonably blame for the ills that befall us? Indeed, some such plea might be made in his behalf as mediæval apologists offered for the arch-adversary, when they declared him to be not so culpable as the meddlesome mortals (witches, magicians, and the like) who invited him to acts of malevolence. Perhaps the phrase in question owes its origin to a strategic disposition in mankind to "get on the right side" of the prime mischief-worker, by conferring upon him the title of "Providence;" for cleverness, this ruse would compare favorably with that employed by the seaman, who addressed his prayers to the "good Lord, or good devil." Or the phrase may have originated with some scrupulous but shortsighted individual, who, fearing he might be thought atheistical if he spoke of "tempting fate," hit upon the plan of substituting for the objectionable substantive a word whose orthodoxy could not be questioned. Certain philosophers would have us believe that in every instance the idea of God is drawn in the likeness of the believer. It would be uncharitable to apply this theory in the

case of the many good people who speak of "tempting Providence." Happily, they do not resemble the sly, disingenuous deity, of whose dangerous character they are so prompt to give warning.

— Is there not some comfort to be derived from studying the etymological affinities of the word *fault*? It appears that nothing of criminal activity and stubborn evil-mindedness is implied in this word, but rather an unlucky *failing* to be or to do something prescribed, — a mere passive *falling* from the plane of ideal perfectness. Among the involuntary faults of our human nature are, weakness, the failing of strength; age, the failing of youth; and, grand fault of all, death, the failing of life. There is also, I think, a euphemistic way of treating the more voluntary faults of our nature, as to say that procrastination is a failing to be prompt; babbling, a failing to be discreet; mendacity, a failing to be truthful; and so on through the list of mortality's failings and fallings. Perhaps I put up with my own faults, if not with others', a little more easily for having indulged in the foregoing sophistries. So much in the field of etymology; if there is any comfort in analogy, I have that also. I am pleased to learn from geologists that the innocent and irresponsible old earth has her faults, namely, upheavals in the geologic column and dislocations of strata. Very like these are our faults, — unexpected juxtapositions in the column of character, more or less regrettable departures from balance and symmetry. Our very faults, it sometimes seems, might be counted to us for virtues, could they be made to take their proper place in the stratification. Could we but change foibles, now and then, with some other poor wayfaring creature, the transaction might prove to be of mutual benefit. Our fault transplanted to his soil, as his to ours, might flourish as a kindly, wholesome plant, where now

it is escaped from the garden, and become wild and poisonous. What a happy discovery in moral science, to find that a transfusion of qualities was possible! Then, one by nature rash and defiant would give the overplus of his hardihood to the shrinking and irresolute; the meek and lowly in spirit would make over to the harsh and scornful that which now tempts the oppressor to cruelty. The flush hand would bestow something upon the over-frugal hand, the over-frugal restrain the flush; a wise temperateness and a wise generosity resulting.

There are faults and faults. The whole matter of their discrimination depends upon the degree of gracefulness with which they are worn, and upon the taste or distaste of the censor. You and I, who so well perceive the various imperfections of our mutual friends, would yet never agree as to which of these imperfections is the lightest, which the most serious. The faults you find venial, and even with something of amenity in them, are, likely enough, the very ones to which I can give no quarter. Do you know what are the generous faults, the lovable, the admirable faults? They are those which come from abroad, and which, our temperament forbidding, will never be illustrated by us. Let us claim it as a strain of nobleness in ourselves that home faults are not the admirable ones, in our eyes. Such as bear this strong family likeness would better try some other tribunal, if they hope to get off with a light judgment: hereabouts, they are too well known. There is nothing piquant or engaging in that image of our little vices unconsciously thrown back by others. Yet we are invited to special sympathy with those whose imperfections have the same brand as our own, to the end that they may bear with us and we with them, — unprofitable reciprocity! This counsel tastes insipid. Better to form our closest alliance with those who will

not bear with our faults, but who will use strenuous means to bear us out of them. Lucky are we if we find one who will play Brutus to our Cassius; who stoutly persists, "I do not love your faults." Not improbably, we shall come across others who will assure us that our faults as well as our virtues can command their love. In truth, I fear it cannot be promised that, if we will pluck ourselves away from our besetting sin, we shall be rewarded with sweeter and warmer friendships. If our friendships be taken as the signature of our worth, not always will the worthiest enjoy the highest appraisal, since it is not always the choicest of spirits that gathers to itself the "friends of noble touch." History has its instances, but we need not go back of the current record for illustration of how a huge bulk of selfishness, because it happens to be traversed by a little vein of gayety, fancy, or tenderness, can manage to adorn itself with the most illustrious friendships.

Faults have their uses. If we cannot or will not part with ours, why such desperate pains to conceal them? Let them hang aloft, exposed to the wind and weather, — a warning to all the neighbors: only in this way can we requite the similar service they have rendered us. But alas, when it is our dearest friends' life and story that point a moral of the cautionary sort, showing what error of judgment or weakness of will we are to avoid! This print hurts our eyes. If we must be instructed, let it be by the faults of those to whom we are indifferent.

— If other persons share the curiosity I have always had as to the origin of many familiar old sayings, they may like to have here the explanation of some such, which I found recently in an English book. The majority of these proverbial sayings are, I suppose, of old date, and come down to us from our English or Dutch forefathers. Here is

the origin of the expression "tick," for credit, which I have always taken to be quite modern slang. It seems, on the contrary, that it is as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was then commonly called. On tick was on ticket.

"Humble pie" refers to the days when the English forests were stocked with deer, and venison pasty was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy. The inferior and refuse portions of the deer, termed the "umbles," were generally appropriated to the poor, who made them into a pie; hence "umble-pie" became suggestive of poverty, and afterwards was applied to degradations of other kinds.

"A wild-goose chase" was a sort of racing, resembling the flying of wild geese, in which, after one horse had gotten the lead, the other was obliged to follow after. As the second horse generally exhausted himself in vain efforts to overtake the first, this mode of racing was finally discontinued.

The expression "a feather in his cap" did not signify merely the right to decorate one's self with some token of success, but referred to an ancient custom among the people of Hungary, of which mention is made in the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum. None but he who had killed a Turk was permitted to adorn himself in this fashion, or to "shew the number of his slain enemies, by the number of fethers in his cappe." It occurs to me to question whether the similar phrase, to "plume himself," has not its source in the same tradition.

"Chouse" is a Persian word, spelt properly *kiaus* or *chiaus*, meaning intelligent, astute, and as applied to public agents an honorary title. In 1609, a certain Sir Robert Shirley sent before him to England a messenger, or *chiaus*, as his agent from the Grand Signior and the Sophy, he himself following at

his leisure. The agent *chiaused* the Persian and Turkish merchants in England of four thousand pounds, and fled before Sir Robert arrived.

These sayings I have never heard the origin of before. There are some others which I remember to have learned, and afterwards forgotten, and which I may as well give here for the benefit of those who may not have been able to trace them out.

A "baker's dozen" was originally the devil's dozen, thirteen being the number of witches supposed to sit down together at their great meetings or sabbaths. Hence the superstition about sitting thirteen at table. The baker was an unpopular character, and became substitute for the devil. (Query, Why was the baker unpopular?)

The explanation of the proverbial saying about "Hobson's choice" is given by Steele in the *Spectator*, No. 509. Hobson kept a livery stable, his stalls being ranged one behind another, counting from the door: each customer was obliged to take the horse which happened to be in the stall nearest the door, this chance fashion of serving being thought to secure perfect impartiality.

— Who can tell why the working of tapestry has gone out of fashion? It would be so much more satisfactory than the endless procession of tidies and pincushions and sofa-pillows, each with its little design, if some fair needlewoman would give her spare time and thought to a larger piece of work. It might be done in small separate squares, so that there would be no objection to the clumsy roll of canvas, which could not be moved about or looked upon as fancy-work; and it would be so picturesque and full of the spirit of romance to see a lovely lady with her colored crewels and her quaint designs, and know that she was stitch by stitch achieving a great work which would keep her memory bright for years to come. No-

body cares what becomes of the smaller pieces of needle-work after their bloom is, so to speak, worn off, but let us picture to ourselves the religious care with which we should guard the handiwork of our great-grandmothers, if it were of this sort. We venerate the needle-books and work-bags and samplers almost absurdly, and this is an index to our capacity for appreciating a more important treasure.

Besides, it is a great loss both to art and literature that our stitches tend to such petty ends. An embroidery frame is a charming addition to a portrait, and nothing could make a more delightful and suggestive background than the blurred figures and indistinct design of a tapestried wall. And in a story, what aid a writer could give his reader by his suggestions of the work the heroine's slender fingers toyed with idly, or called into existence skillfully in a busier hour! What light, indeed, the description of the design would throw upon the character of the maiden! We could make up our minds instantly to many certainties when we knew whom she had taken for her hero in a battle piece, or if it were only a quiet landscape which she deftly wove when her lover met her first.

We have long lost the fashion of commemorating historical events in this manner, and we are contented to cover our walls with gilt and shining papers instead of these splendid hangings, though I happened to find the last of the tapestry-makers some time ago, — a plain little countrywoman, whose worsted works were the admiration of her village neighbors. The fountain of inspiration as to composition and artistic excellence had nearly run dry, but her patience was superhuman, and she had covered her walls with huge pictures in cross-stitch, — portraits of illustrious men of her time, and one or two large groups, like the surrender of Cornwallis and Washington crossing the Delaware, where there had been a long and se-

vere and most monotonous season of embroidering the raging waves of the river. The likenesses, as a rule, were not satisfactory, but who could resent that unimportant defect? The colors were brave and chosen for their brightness. There was one great undertaking nearly finished, — a view of the Capitol at Washington in shaded grays and white, with a splendid blue sky and green grass. It really was most imposing. But one could not help remembering that it must be an inherited gift from some Flemish or French ancestress, who had sat among her maidens in a high stone tower, and sung the songs of the troubadours as she bent over her work. There were brave knights gone afield while she drew in her threads and plied her busy needle in their honor, as she sat at home.

— There is an effect of natural beauty which I am apt to name to myself musical. Some persons would perhaps call it poetic, and certainly music and poetry have enough affinity to make it seem proper in some connections to use the words interchangeably. Still, there is a difference between the poetic effect of certain beautiful days and that impression they make which I call musical. Any fine summer day has a variety of sounds belonging to it which with but little license of language we speak of as nature's music, the preluding strains waking at dawn from a hundred bird throats, with sweet clamor and rivalry of theme and counter-theme, short *motifs* broken off, and again resumed, while interrupting notes fill up the pauses and complete the choric harmony. When the overture ceases the singers still have their parts to sustain in the day's long *concerto*, some clear voice ever and anon making itself heard, loud and bold, in a brief, brilliant strain far up in the airy distance, or trickling down in light liquid melody from the elm bough close at hand. At midsummer the crickets, performing on their

curious little instruments, keep up a continuous *bourdonnement*, or humming accompaniment. The winds bring with them their own music: warm and caressing from the soft south, wooing to sweet do-nothingness, or freshly blowing from the west, with stir and movement of rustling leaves and waving grasses. Bird songs, insect murmurs, breezy whisperings and agitations, — it is natural to speak of them as music; and is not the play of lights and shades, that melt and pass and change position, like an exquisite modulation of sweetly subdued musical tones? The analogy between musical and color tones was remarked before Mr. Whistler began to paint nocturnes and symphonies. Mr. Haweis, in his oddly-entitled book, *Music and Morals*, prophesied a good many years ago that the science of color-harmony would ultimately be wrought out into as complete a system as that of musical intonations. However that may be, the analogy once pointed out is clear enough to any one, and I often please myself with noting these correspondences in nature. In the light-and-shadow dance of sunlit gray and silver clouds over blue hill slopes, green meadows, and golden grain fields, one finds the rhythm, the movement, as well as the blent tones of a delicate Mendelssohnian melody. Days are set in different keys. Some neutral-tinted ones start in the melancholy minor, and breathe from first to last but pensive or plaintive strains. Others strike the first chord in the bold and cheerful major. What a full and rounded music comes with certain days of glowing midsummer! From crimson sunrise to purple sunset, what a depth of color-tone! The opening movement is an all too brief and sparkling *allegro* of dewdrop glittering and floating silver cloud-fragments, which ceases as the sun takes possession of the heaven. There it hangs, a ball of golden fire, in a blue so intense as to look solid, the atmosphere a molten-golden vapor, the

whole affecting one like some over-rich, bewildering strain, charged as full of the spirit of sensuous beauty and delight as a damask rose of perfume. After such a magnificent *andante* is like enough to follow the wild-measured *scherzo* of a sudden thunder-storm, with mutterings and growlings as of deep bass-viol, a tumult of claps, rattlings and rollings of the drums and trombones, and gusty sweepings up the scale of reed instruments and violins. Then a momentary silence till the sun flashes out again like the startling of a sudden clarion. But the superbest harmonies are reserved for the triumphant finale of the sunset. Sometimes this movement is brief and rapid; the crimson ball drops down, and the horizon flames up broadly with one sustained trumpet-blast, fiery red. At other times, the instrumentation is more complex, the harmonies most subtle and intricate, golden tones passing into red and purple, barred and streaked with lines of fire, with modulations into related chords of orange and indigo, with interventions of clear green and primrose yellow; all changing, fusing, gradually sinking down into the quiet of the dusk, till after a brief recurrence of the day's opening notes of rose, pearl-gray, and faint gold, there falls at last the silence of the dark. There are days, however, composed in another manner than the sumptuous, imperious strains to which we are commonly treated during the glowing heats of July and August. To follow out our fancy, we may say that some of our fine calm days of midwinter have the austere beauty of style that we find in Glück, and Bach, and Spohr. The cool midsummer of the present year was remarkable for still another musical mode; a manner partaking largely of the admirable simplicity of the earlier masters, yet warmed with a touch of the complex modern spirit: at midday the liquid-golden sunlight streamed down from a pure, sapphire sky; the sun

towards its decline became a sphere of silver, so intensely burnished that its rays flashed through the trees with a diamond-like brilliancy, but, once dropped below the horizon, the music took on a softer strain, a slower measure, and died away in long-drawn, tranquil chords of amber and silver and pale gold. From color-symphonies like these one may gather an emotion of undefined, yet poignant delight, similar in kind and almost equal in degree to that received from fine music. One's habitation ought to be placed, if possible, where freedom of daily audience may be had to these skyey orchestral performances.

— Usually I fall in with the common error of human-kind, and look upon the so-called dumb creation as wholly free, careless, and jubilant. In some moods I would fain challenge the impertinently happy tribes of nature to change places with me for a while, to see whether they would be able to keep their good spirits and optimistic notions regarding the universe in general, and their own fortunes in particular. But it happened, the other day, that my eyes were opened to a different view of their case, and I saw, as I had not done before, the afflictions, dilemmas, and petty mortifications to which these sometimes envied creatures are subject. Starting on my morning walk with an impression that everything, and I in everything, enjoyed the good-will of the delicious hour, I had the bad luck to be contradicted at the very outset. A white butterfly had been caught in a spider's web. Its wings were torn, and its powdery plumage was half rubbed off. "Careless thing," was my comment, "to get yourself into this predicament, spoiling your own pleasure, and that of a superior being as well!" But I was unable to proceed with my walk until I had helped the butterfly out of its trouble, adding it, I hoped, to the company of the morning-glad. Before I left the garden, it

happened to a bumble-bee to be devoured by a snapdragon, into whose throat he had ventured too far. Nothing of him remained visible but his hind legs, which protruded from the mouth of the humorous flower like a couple of extra-long stamens. Deep and wrathful were his threats, and soon the dragon disgorged its unquiet morsel.

Farther on, I stopped to admire a tall milkweed, whose blossoms simulated ornaments of ivory and pink coral. But here was a moving calamity! This plant, which is very attractive to bees, has a treacherous way of detaining them for hours together, frequently to their death. While at work on the flower, the bee is liable to have its foot caught in one of the deep crevices containing the pollinia; even if it succeed in pulling its foot out of the crevice, its embarrassment is not over, for it also pulls out the two pollen masses (resembling a pair of saddle-bags), and is compelled to carry them, until some lucky chance sets it free. On this particular occasion, I found two bees and a black ant, each suspended by one of its feet from a blossom; dead, after probable hours of torturous struggle to escape. Other bees were still alive, but caught at some point, or dragging about one or more pairs of glaucous saddle-bags, — much in the situation of convicts wearing the ball and chain. It appeared to me that the career of a honey-gatherer was not one of unalloyed sweetness.

Next, coming to the creek, which in the dry season takes the "footpath way," and lets the grass grow far into its bed, I observed that it had cruelly shirked its responsibilities, in leaving near its margin a helpless and panic-stricken school of minnows. These were living in a pool scarcely wider than a hoof span. Clearly, it was a question of but a few hours with them in their drop of an oasis surrounded by a burning Sahara. Here was a true distress-siege, which neither the wisdom nor the valor of the

besieged could avail to solve. From a minnow point of view, it seemed that life must look "more doubtful than certain."

I was still thinking of the minnows, when I met a venerable mud-turtle, the initials of an unknown cut in its shell. The turtle, unfortunately, was not traveling alone, but in the company of a boy, who held it suspended by a cord. I asked the boy what he would do with his capture, and received this answer: "Take him home, put him in the swill-bar'l, an' fat him up; then, eat him. There's seven kinds of meat in a turtle," — this last with an air of experience and relish. Filled with pity at thought of the degradation in store for the turtle (I doubtless overestimated its sense of refinement), I tried to bring the boy to accept a ransom and leave his prize with me. But either he disapproved my interference as a display of morbid humanity, or his sybaritic anticipation of the "seven kinds of meat" was stronger than his pecuniary craving, for he rejected all my offers.

Going home, I passed a flock of hens, which were in great consternation, caused by the movements of a hawk. So free and beautiful was its aerial geometrizing, that I found it difficult to charge the hawk with any mean or bloodthirsty motive. Yet, in a future age, when military expeditions are embarked in balloons, some Napoleonic invader in his hovering warship may terrify the inhabitants of a country much as the hawk terrified those poor fowls of the earth.

As though I had not already seen enough of the straits and misfortunes which happen to those whom Nature is supposed to have under direct protection, I must listen to the plaints of a mother that had lately been deprived of her offspring, — a young, graceful, fawn-like creature I had often admired. The mother did not tell me in so many words of the ache in her heart, of the pretty

and apt ways her darling had, or of her fears for its safety; but her large, mournful eyes (so beautiful that Juno need not have resented the comparison) expressed more of sorrow than did even the deep melancholy of her tones. She was already somewhat comforted by my sympathy and caresses, and I reflected that time and the good pasture would steal away her sense of the affliction. This, however, I did not say aloud, since to me their light forgetting of grief seems the most pathetic thing in the life of animals.

— In the June Atlantic, attention was drawn by a member of the Club to the perfidious conduct of a certain middle-aged young person, who had intruded upon the literary privacy of the Contributor, and who had subsequently served up for the columns of *The Western Reserve Bugle* all her host "did n't say upon that occasion." The Contributor very naturally appealed to the Club for a phrase that would "adequately characterize" the conduct of his reprehensible visitor. Not being gifted with the power of invective, we cannot furnish the phrase desired, but we can say with all sincerity that we are more than moderately interested in the case, more than mildly grieved at the overzeal and unprincipledness of the elderly young woman. It is possible that our being a native of that particular pin-point in Western space known as the Reserve, has something to do with the exceeding interest and chagrin felt by us. We have made diligent inquiry as to a newspaper with the inspiring name of *The Western Reserve Bugle*. We find no such paper; not even an obscure country bantling, thus christened and dying immediately afterward, has been reported. Also, we have made a study of the newspaper "correspondence" done by middle-aged young ladies in this slurred quarter of the country, and we do not find it more discommendable than work of a similar character done

elsewhere. In vain we try to recall having met with a person who answered to the description given by the Contributor. The Reserve is really a small area, and she ought to be found if residing therein. It now occurs to us that she may have gone abroad for the improvement of her mind, though to accomplish so considerable a journey she must be more happily circumstanced financially than the literary sisterhood in general.

To conclude: we are not so much pained by the fact that the offender is a resident of the Western Reserve (which is a kind of newer New England), but that, being so, she should by her unseemly conduct cast reflection upon the excellent race of which she is an unworthy descendant. Since she is only "middle-aged young," it would not be surprising to learn that she first saw the light among the Berkshire hills, or even farther eastward, at some subsequent period emigrating with her parents to the West. Perhaps the untoward influences of frontier life in the Reserve should be held to account for the blunting of her sensibilities, as well as for her lack of ethical culture.

—In speaking recently of inherited tastes and preferences, I remembered something which had been forgotten for years. When I was a child I bestowed great affection upon a small copy of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, which I chanced to find in an upper room of the house, among an uninteresting collection of old pamphlets and magazines and cast-off books which had been brought up from the shelves of my father's library. The lower part of the house was, as is not unusual, constantly being relieved of these armfuls of miscellaneous literature, and I used to please myself by hunting and searching, I did not know exactly for what, though I sometimes read eagerly a story or two in a magazine, and always was enticed by the pictures. One day, however, I lighted upon a slender little volume, bound in

boards, with pale yellow paper sides and much-frayed back, and I immediately took a great fancy to it. It was a case of love at first sight. I had no need to wait for a taste of its contents, and it seemed perfectly consistent with its instantly recognized character that I should discover, on further acquaintance, the story of the prisoner and the starling, of the happy peasants, and of poor Maria. It seemed more like a long-lost treasure brought to light than a new and unfamiliar book. It gave a certain completeness and satisfaction to my life, and from that time I always knew where this little book was. I carried it about with me, for it was not too large for even my small pocket, and no doll that ever lived and was loved could have been so great a delight to me.

One rainy afternoon I was sitting by a window with the book in my hands, and my father stood beside me, and was speaking to me laughingly and carelessly; but suddenly, as he looked down at my lap, he reached for the book with great surprise. "Where in the world did you find this?" said he, and turned its pages with affection. "I have not seen it for years, and was afraid it was lost. I have had it ever since I can remember, and when I was a child I used to insist upon taking it to bed with me and keeping it under my pillow. I suppose it was because it was small and like a plaything, at first; but when I grew old enough to read it I used to wake early in the morning and spell out the stories."

I felt only a sense of pride and of being like my father, at that moment; but since then I have thought many times of the curious incident, and my almost superstitious feeling toward the playfellow volume has interested me very much, it was so plainly an inheritance in which my will took little part. Though I have always enjoyed a *Sentimental Journey* most sincerely, yet I must confess to often finding my-

self a little astray in modern editions, and I turn the small leaves of this beloved copy with pleasantest memories and best content.

— That is an admirable as well as a venerable law which forbids the landowner to build so close upon the boundary between himself and his neighbor that his roof shall project beyond the line. The law requires that he shall leave a space for eaves, and that the discharge from the eaves (*Anglo-Saxon yfesdrype*) shall be upon his own territory. Thus, reference is made to a right in the air as well as in the soil, and a strip of neutral ground is left between adjacent builders. If I mistake not, these strictures hold equally good in the ethics of social life. Judicious souls everywhere accept cheerfully the law of bounds; only the inexperienced and the unwise appeal. Well do we remember making the discovery (grievous enough, at first) that the book of our thoughts and feelings was by no means as intelligible as we hoped it would be to those with whom we entrusted it for sympathetic perusal. By a still later discovery, we found that, were it possible, we would not have our book luminous in all its passages, — would not that even the best-disposed reader should think he had penetrated quite to the heart of our mystery. Formerly, we, too, had taken pains to address a preface to the understander; but in all later editions the whimsical thing was left out, as being trivial, if not misleading. Were we now to meet one who assumed the airs of the understander, we should exhibit a singular unresponsiveness in place of the revealing spirit of our preface. It is true, the world's cruelty has not touched us; none has dealt with us treacherously; we are not less interested than formerly in our fellow beings: then, why so self-retiring, why so exacting of our neighbors that they shall align their walls, and have a care that their eaves shall not encroach? We

may reply. We are thus self-retired, respecting also the self-retirement of others, because the things of our spiritual nature become more and more ours, and yet less ours to divulge freely and unconditionally. The heart knoweth not only its own bitterness, deep and incommunicable, but also a sweetness of joy, which it neither wishes nor is able to reveal. As delightful as sympathy may be, it must come to us only in such remittances as our conscious need demands; we know not how to dispose of any excess. We have with ourselves alone certain confidences, the revelation of which, though to the *alter ego*, would be nothing less than an act of bad faith. The *alter ego*, we expect, will guard as jealously the neutral precinct, as promptly warn off the trespasser, though the trespasser be our dear self. I was neither hurt, nor in the least surprised, at reading the Orphic verse which my nearest and oldest neighbor had posted above his door, though I knew at once to whom alone it was addressed: —

Crowd not too close upon the line;
Give space for eavesdrip, neighbor mine,
As I upon my side must give;
Then, we in amity shall live.
I love thee dearly, yet I would
At some remove our dwellings stood;
Not wall to wall should we two build,
But so the statute be fulfilled:
The rain that courseth from the roof
The bounding-line shall put to proof.
If thou the common weal would serve,
The law of dripping eaves observe;
Crowd not too close, O neighbor mine;
The air-drawn limit is divine.

— I believe it was Mr. Higginson who said that it has taken a hundred years to eliminate the lark from American literature; but there are several other lingering delusions which we have unlawfully inherited from our English ancestry. I have lately found myself much dissatisfied with Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, because the skies of one and the waters of the other failed to keep up their time-honored reputation for unequalled blueness. I do not need to explain that English writers

have commented from century to century upon the contrast between the Italian atmosphere and their own, and have celebrated the glories of the former. The color of the waves that beat against the shores of Great Britain is apt to be a dull brown; in many places it seems as if the London fogs were the fountains from which the sea is replenished. But we Americans go on placidly making our copy-books say over and over again that the sky is blue in Italy, as if there were not a bluer and a more brilliant one over our own heads. Soft and tender the heavens may be in Venice and above Lake Como, but there is a tenderness and a softness of clear light and of shadowed light in New England of which we should do well to sing the beauty and the glory.

Just in the same fashion we mourn over the gloominess of autumn, as if ours were the autumn of Thomson, or of Cowper, or of any poet who wrote of fogs, and darkness, and shortness of days, and general death, and soddenness, and chill despair. Here there is little dull weather until winter is fairly come, but through the long, bright months of September and October, and sometimes the whole of the condemned and dreaded November, the days — not nearly such short days as in England — are bright and invigorating. But we are brought up on English books, and our delusions of this sort are, after all, rare disadvantages, that never can counterbalance the greater mercies and delights of our inherited literature.

But I laugh when I think of some mistakes I made in my youth, as I tried to order my life in conformity to the precepts of my little books. These stories were crammed with the English traditional ideas of our duty to our poor neighbor, and I remember that I diligently sought through the thrifty New England village where I was brought up for some suffering person with whom I might share the bounty which I did my best to enjoy. There seemed to be no leaky-roofed cottages, and I myself came usually as near to the description of a ragged child as any roving young person I could meet, since my clothing was always more or less tattered and damaged by the last fence or brier-bush. But one day I happened to hear some elder member of my family speak of a neighbor compassionately, and I lay in wait for her, so to speak. That afternoon, when I chanced to be overtaken by hunger, and had brought my piece of bread and butter out-of-doors, the neighbor came by, and to her great astonishment, and not without a great struggle on my own part, I offered her the square slice, from one side of which I had taken a little round bite. She treated me very kindly, but appeared somewhat surprised; and I felt that there was something not quite right about the whole occasion, as she walked away up the street. She had a child in her arms, to whom she gave my bread and butter. He seemed to enjoy it; but it was not the way poor persons behaved in my English story-books.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Description. The second volume of *The Wheelman* (The Wheelman Co., Boston) has the dash and noiselessness of this narrowest-gauged vehicle. It is extraordinary how the enthusiasm of the wheel makes even literature a servant. Baseball occupies more space in the newspaper, but the bicycle takes a higher flight, and spins triumphantly through the monthly magazine. It is a pleasure to find so clean and spirited a literature attached to this cheerful sport.—Seven Spanish Cities and the Way to Them, by Edward E. Hale (Roberts), is a contribution to the accumulating literature of Spanish travel; for Mr. Hale carried with him the wealth of the Indies, and while he writes in the lively, almost breathless manner which we know so well, he is full of interesting suggestion in historical matters, and the best of traveling companions always.

Literature and Criticism. The new Riverside edition of Emerson's Works (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) includes now the second series of Essays, Representative Men, Society and Solitude, and English Traits, four volumes. The clearness of the page seems to strike into the thought.—Mr. W. J. Linton and Mr. R. H. Stoddard have prepared a collection of poetry under the general title of English Verse, two volumes of which, one Chaucer to Burns, the other Lyrics of the XIX. Century (Scribners), have already appeared. The external finish of the work is extremely attractive in its elegant simplicity; the head lines alone mar the effect of the page, by introducing a needless eccentricity. The editorial work shows good taste, scholarship, and patient care. Mr. Stoddard has written a spirited introduction to each volume, and the editors have furnished useful notes at the end. The stream of verse is clear, and one will not find worthless work as he will miss—who will not?—many of his favorites; but the scheme intends compactness. In the latter volume American and English authors appear in a general chronological order.—The Book-Lover's Enchiridion is the catch-title of a little book which is further explained on the title-page as Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books, selected and chronologically arranged by Philobiblos. (Lippincott.) This edition is an American reprint, revised and enlarged. We do not think it was a courteous proceeding to revise and enlarge without stating specifically what is the share of the American editor. The selections are good and full of fine suggestion.—Pen Pictures of Modern Authors, edited by William Shepard (Putnam's), is a larger-paged and illustrated edition of a book published a year or two ago. It is a mosaic of personal descriptions of familiar authors.—Mr. Frederick Saunders's Salad for the Solitary and the Social, a book which is a medley of the curiosities of life and literature, has been reissued by T. Whittaker, New York.—The Wisdom of Goethe, by the veteran John Stuart Blackie (Scribners), is

an anthology, prefaced by an essay on Goethe. Professor Blackie is an old friend of Goethe, for it was he who introduced Eckermann to the English public.

Biblical Study and Theology. The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture, a critical, historical, and dogmatic inquiry into the origin and nature of the Old and New Testaments, by George T. Ladd. (Scribners.) This is a work in two octavo volumes, thoughtful, learned, reasonable, and in general agreement with the sense of Christendom. The author's conclusion states the result reached: "The race is in need of redemption, and man dimly or more clearly recognizes his need. The Bible is the book which presents the facts and ideas of redemption, as God has brought the process of redemption to its culmination in the personal appearance and work of Christ and in the founding of the Christian church." The book is thoroughly indexed, and is a thesaurus for the student of the subject.—Biblical Study, its Principles, Methods, and History, together with a catalogue of books of reference, is the work of C. A. Briggs, professor of Hebrew and the cognate languages in Union Theological Seminary. (Scribners.) He has collected and rewritten in a consecutive form a number of his special articles upon the subject of his book, which is in effect a hand-book for students of the Bible and of Biblical criticism. It is somewhat piecemeal in character.—A Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version (Harpers) is a manual of textual criticism, by Dr. Philip Schaff, and includes also a historical sketch of the work of the revision committee. The book will interest the curious, also, by its many facsimile illustrations of MSS. and standard editions of the New Testament.—In the International Revision Commentary on the New Testament, also edited by Dr. Schaff, a volume has been published on the Gospel according to John. (Scribners.) The editors are W. Milligan and W. F. Moulton, who were members of the English committee. There is a whole meadow of commentary to a trickling rill of text. It is a pity, we think, to publish commentaries which, like this, smother a reader's mind.—The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief, by Professor Geo. P. Fisher (Scribners), is a discussion of the evidences of both natural and revealed religion, with special reference to modern theories and difficulties. Professor Fisher always claims attention by his eminent fairness in argument.

Fiction. Fortune's Fool is Mr. Julian Hawthorne's latest novel. (Osgood.)—A Woman of Honor, by H. C. Bunner (Osgood), is the author's novelization of his drama; it has the brusqueness of style which seems the contribution of the stage to modern manners, and is clever, but its cleverness is wasted upon a trifle. What would a Scrap of Paper be, made into a volume of three hundred pages?—A Great Treason, by Mary A. M. Hop-

pus, is a story of the war of independence. (Macmillan.) The independence is of these United States, and the story centres upon Arnold and André. It is a somewhat galvanized work, but apparently the historic facts are studied with care. The liveliness of the book is not made less wiry by the use of the historic present. — Godfrey Morgan, a Californian Mystery, by Jules Verne (Scribners), is the story of — But why should we tell the story, since there is then nothing left for the reader of the book? By the way, is the general appearance of Verne's books an intimation of the publishers' estimate of their value? — Ruby is the second of Col. Geo. E. Waring's spirited horse stories. (Osgood.) — The Recollections of a Drummer Boy, by Harry M. Kiefer (Osgood), comes under the head of fiction, from the form in which it is cast, but it purports to be the author's personal recollections of three years of army life in actual service in the field. It has the air of honesty. — A new and complete edition of the works of Donald G. Mitchell (Scribner's Sons) shows that they have not lost the charm which won them multitudes of readers twenty years ago. The *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Seven Stories* constitute the first two volumes of the reissue, the typography and externals of which are exceedingly neat.

History and Biography. The third volume of Mr. Bancroft's last revision of his *History of the United States of America* (Appletons) covers what the author makes the second epoch, when Britain estranges America, 1763-1774. — *Comprehensive Dictionary of Biography*, by Edward A. Thomas (Porter & Coates), is a double-columned crown octavo volume of six hundred pages, containing from five to ten titles on a page. The editor has made his selection without any apparent law, his articles have not the conciseness which a book of reference requires, his information is not always of the latest, and the book shows little evidence of thoroughness and care. — Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has written Margaret Fuller for the *Famous Women* series. (Roberts.) — John Keese, Wit and Littérateur, is a biographical memoir, by William L. Keese (Appletons), of a New York book auctioneer who was a well-known figure in New York when trade sales formed the only literary congress, and by his tastes was a friend of the authors as well as of their books. — Albert Gallatin, by John Austin Stevens, is the latest volume in the series of *American Statesmen*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Books for Young People. Our *Young Folks' Plutarch*, edited by Rosalie Kaufman (Lippincott), is a reproduction of some of the *Lives* in a form for young people. While we are heartily glad that young people should read Plutarch in any form, we question whether the limp English of Clough's Dryden or the more picturesque rendering of North is not good enough for boys. — *Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores*, a story by Uncle Lawrence (Lippincott), is an adaptation from the French, in which the pictures and ideas are retained and the story is rendered by American persons. It contains a familiar explanation of an assortment of phenomena. — *The Hoosier School-Boy*, by Edward Eggleston (Scribners), is a pen-

dant to the same author's *Hoosier School-Master*, and like that reproduces with a blunt pencil characteristic scenes of Indiana life. Mr. Eggleston has, however, sharpened his pencil somewhat in this little book, and uses a finer taste in his choice of material. — *The Story of Roland*, by James Baldwin (Scribners), is another of the valuable adaptations of mediæval romance to a youthful audience. The more boys and girls cut their romantic teeth on these books, the better men and women they will make. — *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play*, by Helen Campbell (Putnam's), is an admirable hand-book for the family, full of good hints for sport and occupation. Mrs. Campbell refers to Mrs. Child's *Girl's Own Book* as if it had been in some sort the basis of this, but we think the acknowledgment is due to the *American Girl's Book*, by Miss Leslie, and not to the *Girl's Book* of the former writer. — The London S. P. C. K. through E. & J. B. Young & Co., their New York agents, send us two toy books, *Blue-Red* and *From Do-Nothing Hall to Happy-Day House*. The former relates in verse the history of the discontented lobster, in which the changes are run ingeniously on the colors blue and red; the pictures are fairly good and printed in colors. The second is a simple little parable with modest pictures. — The Bodley Library — it is almost as if one were to say the Bodleian Library — has a notable addition this year in a volume in which the American Bodleys are brought into personal relations with the English branch of the family. This capital idea affords Mr. Scudder the chance to give his readers a great variety of happy letter-press and fitting illustrations. The book, which forms the seventh volume of the series, is entitled the *English Bodley Family*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Poetry. Patrice, her *Love and Work*, by E. F. Hayward (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a story in verse, in which great injustice is done to the first wife. — *Whispering Pines* is a volume of poems, by John Henry Boner. (Brentano Bros., New York.) It is of Southern origin, and from the excessive attention paid to memory in it we should surmise it to be the work of a young man. — *Sol, an Epic Poem*, by Rev. Henry Eliowizi, Minneapolis, is a commemoration of a faithful Israelite in Africa, and incidentally a plea for more justice to the Israelitish faith. — *Hymns and a few Metrical Psalms*, by Thomas MacKellar (Porter & Coates), is intended for devotional use. — *The Early Poetical Works of Franklin E. Denton* (Cleveland, Ohio, W. W. Williams) is introduced by A. G. R., who states that Mr. Denton is but twenty-three. The title of the book is thus all ready for future use, but we trust Mr. Denton will get over this feverish attack.

Philosophy and Science. *Man a Creative First Cause*, by Rowland G. Hazard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a little volume of two discourses given before the Concord School of Philosophy. It is in effect a vindication of metaphysics from the charge of fruitlessness. — *Instinct, its office in the animal kingdom and its relations to the higher powers in man*, is a reissue of the Lowell Lectures of the late President P. A. Chadbourne. (Put-

nams.) Dr. Chadbourne was a most intelligible lecturer, and a good observer in science. — The Law of Heredity, a Study of the Cause of Variation and the Origin of Living Organisms (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), is by W. K. Brooks, associate in biology, Johns Hopkins University, and is modestly put forward as a contribution to speculation on the subject. It is dedicated to Mr. Darwin, from whose works the facts have largely been drawn, although the author is no mere compiler, but is himself an investigator.

Education and Text-Books. The Iliad of Homer, Books I.-VI., with an introduction and notes by Robert P. Keep (Allyn), is an admirable school-book, both from the thoroughness with which the text is annotated in the interest of school-boys and from the number of practical suggestions which Dr. Keep offers to teachers. It is a book which has grown, and was not made. — Dr. A. P. Peabody's translation of Cicero de Officiis (Little, Brown & Co.), though a contribution to the literature of ethics, is excellently adapted for educational uses by those who would naturally study the original if they had the appliances. —

Anti-Tobacco, by A. A. Livermore, R. L. Carpenter, and G. F. Witter (Roberts), is a little book which is plainly of most use to school-boys, or rather their teachers. Yet we question whether a more guarded presentation of the evil would not in the long run be worth more than this, which, while in the main good, runs into extravagance. — In Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities, by Susan Ann Brown (Scribner's Sons), the wise housewife will be glad to find directions for using the remnants of food usually wasted or unappetizingly reproduced. The author shows how these fragments may be served in two hundred different ways.

Politics and Society. The People and Politics, or the Structure of States and the Significance and Relation of Political Forms, by G. W. Hosmer (Osgood), is an octavo volume, which intends a critical and historical view of the subject. It seems to fail in establishing any definite conclusions. — In Putnam's Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing is a treatise on Work for Women, by George J. Manson, in which practical suggestions are made by a hopeful man.